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Respectfully
Matthew H. Jamison

RECOLLECTIONS OF Pioneer and Army Life

BY
MATTHEW H. JAMISON,

Lieutenant E Company, Tenth Regiment, Illinois Veteran
Volunteer Infantry;

Assigned Commander of F Company on the Hood Chase and on
the March to the Sea;

Assigned Commander of G Company on the Campaign through
the Carolinas under General Wm. Tecumseh Sherman.

Peace is the dream of the wise; war is the history of man. Youth listens without attention to those who seek to lead it by the paths of reason to happiness, and rushes with irresistible violence into the arms of the phantom which lures it by the light of glory to destruction.—*Segur.*



TO HARRY F. McALLISTER:

THIS IS MY CONTRIBUTION TO THE "DERISIVE SILENCE
OF THE CENTURIES," AND MY TESTIMONIAL
TO YOUR EVER FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP
THESE FORTY-FIVE YEARS.

PREFATORY.

Gone are they all! The tints of youth; the tumult of battle; the old and worn and tattered banners; the neighing horses; the broken caissons; the prisoners of war; the Mississippi flotilla; the defiant rebel yell on the midnight departure from Corinth; Bragg's broken columns on the shifting field of Mission Ridge; the bloody repulse of Kenesaw and Marietta; the discomfiture of Hood before Atlanta; the exultant March to the Sea; the advance in storm and flood through the Carolinas; the bloody hour before Bentonville; the Surrender of Johnson at Raleigh; and the pageant on Pennsylvania Avenue following the funeral car of President Lincoln. Gone are they all; and I too am soon gone! In the fleeting moment the aging veteran, hat in hand, waves a salute to the oncoming youth, bearing full high advanced the colors of his country to undreamed-of triumphs: for this is our warfare; no battle; no crown of Victory!

M. H. J.

October 1, 1911.

Battle Mountain Sanitarium,
Hot Springs, South Dakota.

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CHAPTER I.

OUR FAMILY IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

To bear willing testimony to the virtues of my honored parents, whose memory I hold in unfeigned love and reverence, is my first duty as well as my chiefest pleasure in the preparation of these pages. My father, William Rollin Jamison, was born in Grayson County, Kentucky, in 1808, the year in which the Congressional Act was passed prohibiting the slave trade, and in which Aaron Burr, after his trial at Richmond, left his country for Europe, an outcast, to wander a discredited man. My father's long and useful life compassed three-quarters of a century. My immediate forebears and myself were born on our American frontier. Some branches of our family were represented in the army under Washington, one of them a quartermaster, and others were usefully employed in different branches of the military service. One of these, a young man of eighteen years, left his widowed mother in the north of Ireland and escaped to this country as a stowaway, and under an old law or custom of the time, discharged his obligation to the master of the vessel by enlisting in the patriot army. A grand-uncle was a merchant high in repute and of considerable wealth in the city of Baltimore during the first third of the nineteenth century, and his descendants are now citizens of Maryland. My great-grandfather, John Jamison, from across the water in the north of Ireland, settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the richest agricultural part of the State, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. He it was who named the township "Little Britain";

and my grandfather, Samuel Jamison, moved from thence to Kentucky at the beginning of the century, where my father was born as aforesaid. The axe, the plow and the rifle were the implements used by the three generations of my ancestors to subdue the wilderness. They chose the route into the Mississippi Valley taken by the Lincolns—namely, from Pennsylvania and Virginia into Kentucky, thence across the Ohio River into Southern Indiana, and from thence directly to the Father of Waters. These migrations consumed the first quarter of the century. Clearings were made and homes established in the wilds of Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois. In Perry County, Indiana, my grandfather built a comfortable frame dwelling, the frame of oak, direct from the trees, the siding, sash and doors of walnut. Here my father was advancing in his teens and was the main dependence of the family in the care of such machinery as they had, such as horse-power for grinding corn, the fanning-mill for cleaning wheat, and possibly the crude cylinder threshing machine, although the ox and the horse were still in use in my childhood for treading out the grain.

My father was twice married. His first wife, Martha Finley, who died of cholera in 1832, was the daughter of a soldier of the Revolution, who fought under Washington at Monmouth and on the Brandywine. He had just attained his majority on the arrival of the family in Henderson (then Warren) County, in 1829. He was a man of strong will, persistent energy of purpose, and in his old age, leaning on his staff, might well have said, "These hands have ministered to my necessities." His hands were large and well-shaped, with the broad curved thumb, the sure sign of a man well endowed. He taught school on his arrival in Henderson County; could survey his own lands; was skillful in the budding and grafting of fruit trees, and practiced the art more or less all his life—extending this work to his wild orange groves in Florida. All his farm work was done with the crude implements and tools used in the period following the Colonial era. At the time of

my birth; some (a few) of the better helps were coming into use, such as the cast-iron plow, the then (not always) reliable steel plow. I recall my father in my earliest years, dragging in his small grain with a well-distributed tree-top, and he did a good job. The small grain was cut with a cradle, and his sickle, with its serrated edge (an implement of a former generation, with which "the mower no longer filleth his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom"), was an object of interest to me, and coveted, but denied to me as a plaything. The trace-chain, the flat wooden hames tied with a leather thong, the harness made of broad, flat strips of leather cut directly from the hide, the wide-track linch-pin wagon with its small fore wheels and extra large hind ones, the tar-bucket swinging under the hind axle, was the fashion on the public highways. A wagon of this description, usually drawn by oxen and scantily daubed with tar on the thimbles, warned the country round of its approach long before coming into view by its agonizing shriek! The late John Bruen, one of the wealthy live-stock men of the county, began life with such a wagon. I remember him well, swinging his ox-goad over his shoulder, a nut-brown, good-natured fellow, hesitating in his speech. The late David Rankin, another man of the same class, a reputed millionaire, started on a successful career with such an outfit.

My father had the mechanic's eye, and knew at a glance whether a line was straight or not. He had the charge, when under age, of the machinery or tools requiring special care, for my grandfather had little aptitude for such work. When doing work which required some skill, his usual comment upon his awkward sons or others assisting in the labor was, "He hasn't half an eye!" He "found" himself, and "came tō" himself, in his own way. He had considerable education: but gathered it as every pioneer did, by hook and by crook, no one can tell just how, for he was a man of few words and only briefly and casually reminiscent.

For a rail-splitter, inured to the toil of building homes in

the wilderness, he wrote a good hand, and spelled correctly, an accomplishment marked by the breach rather than the observance by alleged educated people. He never talked about it; but I think he must at one time have had an ambition beyond the commonplace, for he always had useful books in his possession, and one in particular (an Ainsworth's Latin dictionary) which he seems to have put to considerable use. During the winter evenings, when he was not otherwise engaged, he busied himself making split-bottom chairs for his children and larger ones for the family. He was skillful at any kind of repair work and owned a kit of shoemaker's tools, with which he kept the footwear of the family in good shape. These homely labors are best appreciated when those of us who are old enough can recall families where the stupidity was so dense, or indolence so extreme, that even in severe weather little effort was made in pioneer homes to provide these comforts.

He was diligent in his business, intent on his purpose, concentrated, and cheerful, whistling in a peculiar minor key as he went about his farm work. I recall him, as he appeared to me in my earliest years, wearing a broad-brimmed home-made straw hat and linsey-woolsey waistcoat. Usually the farmer of those days wore a red waumus of home-woven material, the same as the mother and daughters wore, except that the linsey-woolsey for the latter came from the loom in stripes. The elder Hanna presided at an old-fashioned Independence Day celebration at Centre Grove as late as 1853 in every-day attire—namely, in an old waumus, with the corners drawn to the front and tied in a knot.

In pioneer days my father was a sort of referee in local legal matters; that is to say, his neighbors made him "Squire" by regular commission, and by this official title he was always addressed by his friends. And too, he was available when his neighbors were ailing, for, while he made no pretensions to the healing art, his judgment was relied upon with great confidence by his neighbors. Blood-letting was still in vogue for

many diseases, and as a child I used to look upon his keen lance, with its tortoise-shell handle, with a kind of horror, and I never failed to lapse into a condition akin to nervous prostration whenever he bled my mother for sick headache. In this connection poor Josh Darnell comes into view. He was an epileptic, seven or eight years of age possibly. His parents, not knowing what better to do, brought him to father to be bled, which was done.

One day at school I came very near being the victim of one of Josh's spells. Mary Ann Bigelow, an estimable young woman, was the teacher at the old Davenport school-house, and I and my younger brother, Ewell, were sent to her to explore the mysteries of the alphábet. We were among the smallest urchins and sat with our bare legs hanging over the first low bench at the front. Behind us rose a higher bench and a writing desk or board running along the wall. Here the larger scholars sat. Josh was seated right behind me, and without warning the poor lad was suddenly taken with a "fit." His face flushed purple and he was caught by the teacher in the act of striking me a terrific blow from behind. The teacher was as much afraid of him as the scholars were and the school was in a fright; but, after a struggle, the boy lapsed into a stupor, and in an hour or so was about as well as usual.

The only event that arose to disturb the even tenor of Miss Bigelow's school was her method of getting even with the refractory boys. A feature of her academy was an improvised gallows, from which was suspended a piece of woollen yarn. The criminal was brought out upon the floor and placed on the trap. The rope was adjusted so that the transgressor stood on his toes, and if he acted as his own executioner, and sprung the trap—that is to say, settled down on his heels and broke the rope, he either got a "licken" or had to be hung over again. In the pursuit of learning the two children were sent to Aunt Tabitha Stice, who opened a competing university in a log cabin which stood on the site of my brother, Francis

Marion's home. At this time, throughout all the region round about, there was a great scare over the mad dog that bit Bradbury. The good mothers were particularly concerned at the risk taken in sending the children a mile or two to school while this dog was still at large. As a precaution Aunt Tabitha took the door of the cabin, which was off its hinges, if it ever had any, and laid it down on its edge across the doorway, which would let in the light and keep out the dog, as she supposed. The dog never came our way, however, and for a break in the monotony we had to fall back on our own resources. As for myself, I found a good subject in Will Graham, who had not as yet learned the art of blowing his nose. Being his next neighbor, I introduced some bits of vaudeville which proved a side-splitting success. At every joke sent as a surprise from behind my spelling-book there was a cataclysm—Will snickered—and the sheep-legs hung suspended at great length. Up to this time handkerchiefs had not been discovered, and the helpless boy could do nothing less than wind up his suspensories, until he must have had a coil in his head as big as a pound pippin.

CHAPTER II.

MY EARLIEST DAYS CONTINUED.

During my father's laudable effort to help poor Josh Darnell, I find that I have escaped into this world unbeknownst, as it were, and got as far as Aunt Tabitha's school before being discovered, and if my patient reader please, we will trace the fugitive back to his entrance. I was born on the 10th day of September, 1840, on the ancient hunting-ground of the Sacs and Foxes—two of the many collateral tribes of the great Algonquin race; within a few yards of an old stockade, pierced for musketry, erected at the opening of the Black Hawk War on my father's homestead, situated in the angle formed by the branches of the Henderson River, close to its junction with the Mississippi, and within five miles of the Yellow Banks, where I grew to manhood. My half-brothers, John C. (October 15, 1830) and Francis Marion (October 1, 1832), were born in that stockade, while the children of the second marriage, myself included, were born in a log cabin on the same ground. There was no booming of cannon on my advent into this world; but the Whigs throughout the country were on their sailor's legs through the inordinate consumption of hard cider. Does my reader remember the campaign song of 1840?

“Farewell, old Van;
You're a used-up man.
To guard our ship
We'll try old Tip.
With Tip and Tyler
We'll burst Van's biler!”

In the "Military Tract" the supporters of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" were short on the prescribed refreshment of the campaign. They were strong on coonskins and log cabins, but were in a strait for hard cider, and I suspect that my elders were compelled to work up enthusiasm for the ticket on the standard stimulant.

My father explored Fulton and Henderson Counties in 1829, and in 1830 my grandfather, Samuel Jamison, and my uncles James, John Calvin, Harvey and Nathan, my aunt Elizabeth, a grand-uncle, John Jamison, and a grand aunt, Sally Jamison, all settled in the immediate neighborhood known for three-quarters of a century as the "Jamison Settlement"; all of them within four and five miles of the Yellow Banks. I recall all the original cabins built by the heads of the different branches of the family—the cabin in the woods where my grandfather died; for some reason he was not at home, in his own good frame dwelling close by. I was a small child at play around the cabin when he breathed his last. He died before his time, at the age of sixty-eight, having torn his thumb on a splinter as he climbed over the rail fence. The wound resulted in time in blood-poisoning. He used to ride over to my father's on his old saddle-horse, "Jawl," and show my mother his wounded thumb, and when he held it out, by rising on my toes I could get a glimpse of it. Uncle James' rude cabin stood for some years close to the frame dwelling, which was not completed at his death. I stood in recent years at the door of the log cabin and looked in at the same four-square room where my Uncle Calvin and Aunt Sarah began housekeeping. Everything comes back to me now: the giant oak and hickory trees that cast their shadow over the cabin, the long winter evenings, the shell-bark hickory nuts and the hearthstone where they were cracked in the light of the blaze while the apples sputtered in a row and the corn pone slowly ripened in the little oven. The current literature was Horace Greeley's *Tribune*. The Jamisons all set out a fruit tree first and built their cabins

afterwards. Uncle Calvin was a clean, wholesome man; a good neighbor, without pretensions of any kind; blessed with common sense in a large measure, a sound judgment, and a proper pride in his own personality. He suffered much sickness in his family in the early days of his married life, which kept him back; but in later years he came grandly forward, and died with a good estate, rejoicing in having seen his great-grandchild!

The first built of the frame homes (those of my grandfather and Uncle James, the first about seventy years old and the latter sixty or more) are in a good state of preservation, promising to last to shelter still other generations. My grandfather's homestead, as cared for by Uncle Harvey in the old days, was especially beautiful, with its large mulberry tree on the lawn, the picketed garden-plot on the north, the wide-spreading pasture land, in which stood the spacious barn, and the orchard and noble grove of primeval forest for a background. Now, however, with the passing years the savage greed of the alien has made havoc in the forest, run the plow-share almost into the doorway, and threatens to make a manure-heap of the private burial-ground. I have always been affected in a peculiar way by this venerated spot. Across the vista of my earliest recollection passes a group of mourners bearing the remains of my grandmother from the ancestral home (a short way) to the private burial-plot. My mother led me by the hand, and I was awed and did not understand; but the cloth-covered casket borne solemnly along made an impression that time alone can not efface. My Uncle Nathan at his death was an octogenarian, and the last survivor of the ancient race whose members settled in Henderson County early in the first third of the nineteenth century. His relict, Aunt Sophronia, is living at an advanced age, richly blessed in her children.

It is the happy lot of the child born on the frontier to be oblivious to the sturdy blows of the axe at the root of the tree

—the patient accumulation of years by which the young married couple surround themselves with the comforts of home; the comfortable cabin itself; the necessary outbuildings; the conveniences of interior lanes and gates and bars; the well safely curbed against the feet of tottering childhood, the old oaken bucket; the lowing herds and flocks; my mother's old-style poppies and pinks in the garden; father's amber grapes and damson plums, and his stalwart orchard, the first and the best in the State (so the State Historical Society says), with its stout apple trees heavy laden; the cherry trees, in whose tops the birds were wont to compete with the boys for the ripe clusters; the pears, the peaches—in perfection all, untenanted by worm and unstung by fly! All this seems commonplace: but when I recall the aged couple whose ashes rest in Florida—"in their sepulchre there by the sea"—who supplied my earliest youth with such lavish abundance, the tears come welling up. Nor is this picture shown in its best light save by contrast. When I was a lad, I could look across our great prairies and not see in those wide open spaces a single farm-house, and fruit in the thinly settled country was almost unknown. My father brought his fruit scions (poor dried-up little roots, which could not possibly live, he thought) in a wagon from Kentucky! I believe that my father was the best farmer and the best all-around man in his neighborhood. He had a roomy two-story log barn and comfortable cattle sheds when the most of his neighbors had little or no shelter for their stock, or turned it out in the arctic cold. He always had a small drove of young cattle coming on, and as children we took great delight in attending upon the sheep-shearing at the sheep-house down in the pasture. The threshing scenes at the barn were a great wonder, where the oxen or the horses went round and round treading out the grain, and where the fanning-mill stood for cleaning it. The wheat bins were sections of great hollow sycamore or cottonwood trees which had been further perfected for use by burning out. He raised more timothy and clover

hay than anyone that I can remember, which seems odd enough in a new country where the great prairies were still unoccupied and wild hay could be had for the cutting. He raised flax also in small quantities to supply my mother's little spinning-wheel, on which she made her thread. The old hackle for cleaning the flax lay around the house for years after it had fallen into "innocuous desuetude."

CHAPTER III.

MY MOTHER.

My mother, Margaret McIlvain Giles, was born in Abbeyville Parish, South Carolina, the birthplace and home of John C. Calhoun. One of her earliest recollections, at three years of age, was of being carried on the shoulder of her uncle, Andy Giles, in subsequent years a wealthy slaveholder, in full dress, including his cavalry boots, from the tops of which hung pendent a tassel after the style of the Revolutionary period. Her people were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who emigrated during the first quarter of the nineteenth century with a considerable body of these sectaries into Preble County, Ohio, where they had an established church under the ministry of Doctor Porter, the father of the well-known first pastor of the Cedar Creek church in Warren County, Illinois. One of the brightest pictures of my childhood is the Sabbath scene at this country church on the occasion of one of our semi-annual visits to our numerous relatives in the vicinity: the warm sunlight of a perfect summer day; the noble forest; the interest of innumerable strange faces; the neighing of horses as of an army with banners; the groups of worshipers in the light and shade of the trees, held together by the living meshes of demure yet happy children; and the coming and going through the throng, with nimble tread, of a pet deer or two, with a tinkling bell under its throat. The pastor, a typical preacher of pioneer days, was marked by the romanticism of the mighty hunter. Woodcraft and the hunting of large game was second nature to him. He had, too, the wit, tact, and flavor peculiar to his class. Of no mean education, he lived a rude life, spend-

ing more time in the woods with his rifle than in the preparation of his sermons, which lacked nothing essential, however, to the homilies of the John Knox cult.

My mother was the idol of her household of boys—indulgent, gentle, affectionate. One of my earliest recollections is of standing at her knee Sunday afternoons repeating after her the Child's Catechism: "Who made you? God. Who redeemed you? Christ. Who sanctified you? The Holy Ghost. Of what were you made? Of the dust of the earth," etc. These great mysteries were doubly mysterious to me, and I could get no hold on them until my mother declared, with the Catechism to back her, that I was made of the dust of the earth! I recall perfectly how I pricked up my ears at the thought of being made out of the dust of the earth. I looked up into her face more questioningly than before; but it was serenely grave as usual; and withal I know all about the dust, for my younger brother, Ewell, and I did nothing else the long summer day than run up and down the lane, stopping at intervals to make of the dust foothouses, of which we had whole villages! My mind rested on the announcement that I was made of dust, and whatever else in the Catechism I may have forgotten, this great revelation remains as fresh in my memory as ever. When my father was absent from home, she took the book and led in worship. If Aunt Polly McKinney came over from Uncle James', close by, she sat in the kitchen and visited while mother walked back and forth whirling her spinning-wheel. I think she must have experimented with almost everything that was good for the table, for among my earliest recollections is seeing her trimming home-made cheeses, and pressing out the juice of blackberries for wine, and I am **sure** her delicately browned puddings served with a sauce two-thirds of a century ago were as nice as any we have in the wonderful Now! She was among the first to make fruit jellies when they were first introduced, and she made them beautifully. Her success was the despair of Mrs. Robert Ross,

her pastor's wife, of a later time, whom she was fond of having at her table for tea or an elaborate dinner. They were a newly married couple, and the wife, being ambitious to learn, got her first points, after some failures in jellies, from my mother. The cabin where I was born, afterward weather-boarded over, had a fireplace, where the cooking was done in the beginning of her married life; but she was among the first, if not the very first, in our neighborhood to have a cooking-stove, which was like the two steps of a stairway, the firebox the first step and the rising step the oven back of it. It was a simple affair, but effective as far as it went, for it was only an adjunct to the fireplace. The big corn pone, seasoned with small bits of fat pork scattered through it, continued to be baked on the hearth, in the Dutch oven, with coals and hot ashes on top and underneath. That old birthplace is still in use—by the alien. The ancient hearth is still there, in the room where I slept in my trundle-bed, where the fire blazed over the back-log, and scorched my face, while I tried to whittle with the first dog-knife on the Christmas day it was presented to me. The walnut doors, plain as a pikestaff, and the little old-style latches, which look like they had been beaten out on the smithy's anvil, are there, and it is a long time now since I had to stand tip-toe and make a struggle to raise the latch to compel the "open door" which John Hay, poor fellow! clamored for in the Orient so loudly.

She had small, beautifully shaped hands—the thumbs cunning little half-circles, full of character; and when they rested in persuasive admonition on my head, I felt the strength of that maternal love which is the most potent guiding force known to our race. When she was left alone, without company except her small children, and any unusual noise occurred at night outside, she would get up from her bed and go out around the house to find the cause. This is a pioneer home, where help was not at hand, during the years when the Mormons occupied Nauvoo. My father's horses were stolen by

Mormon thieves at this time. He recovered two in place of them, but did not get his own. One day an insane man passed through the country. He came down the lane past the house, hurling stones and clubs as he went. My father was away from home and my mother stood on the porch with her small brood around her, full of apprehension, relieved somewhat as she saw our neighbor, Sam Lynn, and others, riding hastily from the north, watchful of the man until he had passed our place and no harm could come to us. This kindness on the part of Lynn was always referred to gratefully by her, although he was a man who, his life long, kept a liquor-joint on his place and with whom our family could not fraternize.

I was a reckless rover about four years of age when my mother ventured one Sunday morning to leave me at home while she and my father went to church. Some older children (my cousins probably, or my half-brothers) had charge of me. Without announcing the fact, I concluded to look the premises over, and wandered off down into the barn lot, where I found a span of horses lying at their ease only a few feet apart; one of these a young gelding which my father had received from the Mormons in lieu of one their people had stolen from him. This animal was wild and unbroken. I went up to it, and in the most social way attempted to draw it into conversation. I laid my hand on it, or tried to. It did not wait to get up. It flashed, and gave me a kick that laid me out good and quiet in another part of the barnyard. I can barely remember that they came and carried me into the house, for my thigh felt like it had been crushed, and I could not walk. When my mother came home and opened my clothing and found the print of the horse's hoof on the soft flesh, my elders were brought to account, and there were a number of points in the cross-examination which have not been cleared up to this day. Some time afterward I saw a young fellow trying to break that horse; and the last view I had of him he was going head first over the horse's ears in a way well devised to break his neck.

I tried to trudge over to Uncle Calvin's one day and had got out on Sam Lynn's unbroken "quarter"—a piece of first-class land still untouched by the plow—when I was discovered by a drove of cattle grazing some distance ahead of me. I was advancing towards them with the utmost confidence in their good intentions when suddenly the leader bowed low his wide-spreading horns and began waving his tail aloft and throwing dirt in the same direction with his alternating fore feet. I stopped a moment to survey the enemy. Then the fellow with the big horns and another fellow with short horns and wrinkled countenance (as though the troubles of this world were proving too much for him) lifted their heads way up—very much higher than there was any warrant for, I thought; then they would trot around a little and paw the dirt some more, and by this time the whole drove was honoring the small object with two short legs standing in the grass gun-shot away with the deepest interest. Then the leader sent me another challenge, and the whole herd moved in my direction. I lost all interest in my visit to Uncle Calvin's. I thought he could wait a week or so, and those legs of mine, such as I had, went through the grass like buggy spokes in the wake of a two-minute nag. I didn't wait to climb Uncle James' fence—I just touched it lightly and passed over the top rail like a partridge on poised wings, and landed—I landed in the rotten cornstalks and dirt with a thump that disabled everything inside of me, while the cattle, having lost sight of me, rounded the corner and went down the lane toward the old church, looking for the fugitive, bellowing, and raising so much dust that I thought as I crouched out of sight in the weeds that I should never want to go visiting again.

CHAPTER IV. ,

RACHEL T. NICOL.

Some of my mother's forebears and many of her relatives rest in the churchyard adjoining the Cedar Creek church; and if my reader should ever visit the lonely spot (not so bright and fair as in the days long gone, for the meeting-house has been removed to conform to the public highway on the section line), on the center pathway he will find the grave of Rachel Nicol, a blood relative, the daughter of my aunt Susan Giles Nicol, and that of her brother David, a mere youth, shot from ambush by guerrillas while scouting with his company under the command of Captain John Gamble, on the public highway, near Fort Donelson, Tennessee, during the Civil War. This ambitious young woman was not favored by Nature in all which young women born into this world are fairly entitled to—comeliness of form and feature. She was plain, but she had redeeming gifts; she plodded, but the tortoise reached the goal. Her classmates were comparatively handsome—some of them distinctly so. Rachel's was a reserved, kindly, well-poised personality, manifesting a certain mental solidity and strength of character, rather than brilliance, and a uniformly neat person. She was fearless, and when others shrank from the scourge, she nursed the cholera victims. She was graduated by Monmouth College with high averages. When her class dissolved on Commencement day, some to idleness, some to fashion, others to work and still others to marriage, she went on with her studies—completed the course and received the degree of M.D. from a medical school in Philadelphia; then entered the New England Hospital, in Boston, where she

had the advantages of hospital practice, and nothing daunted, crossed the Atlantic and entered the University of Zurich, Switzerland, to further advance her studies in medicine and surgery. Here she was taken ill, it is believed, with pneumonia. In that hour which must come to all, the nurse bent over her and asked her if she knew that she could not get well; then for the first time the face of the brave girl showed emotion; the chin trembled, and the tears came! In due course her remains went by rail to the seaboard, then across the solemn main homeward bound, and by rail once more, a long journey, to the lonely churchyard on the hill, on Cedar Creek.

From a voluminous correspondence I select a few of the letters of Miss Nicol to her life-long friend, Mrs. Emma Kilgore, the accomplished wife of the late Doctor Kilgore, of Monmouth, which will aid those who treasure her memory with miser care to trace her preparations for a professional career.

To Mrs. Kilgore.

"New England Hospital, Boston, Mass.

"May 16, 1879.

"DEAR EMMA.—As you see, I am 'swinging around the circle,' and now find myself at the 'Hub,' where I expect to tarry for a year. The New England Hospital is delightfully located in Boston Highlands, on an eminence, from which the city and its numerous suburbs can be viewed. I have seen very little of the city yet, have been out but twice since I came, which I do not consider a great cross, as I did not come on a visit. The hospital is not connected with any medical school, nor is it a charity hospital—except a few endowed beds which may be occupied by free patients; hence the class of people with which we work is quite different from that ordinarily met in hospital work. I am to spend my first four months in the surgical wards and have already become deeply interested in my patients. Each doctor is expected to visit the patients under

her care before breakfast, dinner and supper, also again in the forenoon with the chief of the hospital. After supper each one reports to the chief physician the condition of her patients. Each puts up her own remedies also. Tuesdays and Fridays are set apart for surgical operations, so you have a synopsis of our work, except that I did not say that we are expected to write the histories of all our cases."

A Premonition of Her Fate.

"33 Warrenton St., Boston, Mass.

"Dec. 30, 1879.

"DEAR EMMA.—I think you might have made a further sacrifice in order to make me a visit and see Boston, whose wonders I would only be too glad to visit with you; then you know such a thing might happen as that I could not visit you for a long, long time, maybe never, and then—no, no, I will not try to work upon your feelings in such a way as to unfit you for responding to the demands of the present; but then, after a while—not now, but far away in the future, the burden of years or some such inconvenience may possibly interfere with the realization of anticipated enjoyments; only a bare possibility you understand, of course. You ask how I like my profession. My reply is, the more I know of the principles upon which its practice is founded the deeper becomes my interest in and the greater my admiration for it. My great lamentation is that I did not begin the study ten years sooner than I did. I am, and have been, in the dispensary connected with the N. E. Hospital. We have clinics every forenoon and while away our afternoons, and alas! too many of our nights, visiting patients at their homes. It is especially interesting to be called up at 1 or 2 in the night when the horse-cars are not running and find a walk of from 1 to 3 miles before you with the inspiration of a pouring rain or a terrific snow-storm to spur you on."

From Germany to Mrs. Kilgore.

"Hotel de la Rose, Wiesbaden.

"June 9, 1880.

"DEAR EMMA.—I postponed answering your letter until I could decide what disposition I would make of myself. I left N. Y. on the 11th day of May, then undecided whether I should remain there for any length of time, or come here. I spent the ten days in N. Y., and in company with two friends from Philadelphia, who met me there, did the city quite thoroughly. During this time I also made up my mind to come here, and in accordance with that conclusion sailed at 3:15 P. M. in the 'Maas,' one of the Netherland-American S. S. Co.'s vessels, sailing between N. Y. and Rotterdam. The time in which this steamer usually makes the trip is thirteen days, but owing to head winds, which prevailed all the time except the first three days, and the roughness of the German Ocean, the voyage was prolonged to fifteen days, lacking three hours. As regarded roughness of sea, we were told our trip was an unusually favorable one, even for this season, with the exception of twenty-four hours on the German Ocean, which was somewhat boisterous, but not alarmingly so. Notwithstanding the smooth sea, which was like a mirror most of the time, I was sea-sick eleven days of the fifteen; not very sick any of the time, but so dizzy I could not stand on my feet, and rather than substitute my head for these ordinarily useful members, assumed the recumbent position on deck sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, the remaining eight in my berth and in going to and from it. I am convinced that I might have escaped the sea-sickness entirely had I gone on shipboard in good condition, which I did not; the ten days' dissipation in N. Y. having had the opposite effect. But I will be wiser next time! The remaining five days I enjoyed very much. I will take this opportunity of commending our ship's officers for their thoughtful attention and gentlemanly bearing, which in no small degree aided in the mitigation of the wretchedness attendant upon sea-sickness. When you are ready to take a sea voyage, you can not do better than to patronize some of the steamers of this line. We arrived at Rotterdam at 11 A. M. June 16th, where I remained until 10:30 A. M. next day; then took an express train, which brought me here at 10:30 P. M. of the same day. I did not make the famous trip along the Rhine in

a boat, as it was raining that morning when I started and continued to do so all day. The trip requires two days by boat, while I came by rail in twelve hours and saw beautiful scenery for one day. It is truly magnificent—yes, glorious! The railroad track winds along the river just far enough from the edge of the water for a drive and walk, and upon the opposite side of the track, upon its very edge almost, rise abruptly the hills covered with grape vines which seems to be growing from a stone pavement as seen from the car window—not a speck of soil could be seen.

“The journey through Holland I enjoyed as much. It is like a fairy land. I could scarcely realize that I was not dreaming. It is a land of beautiful gardens. They grow some grain and grass, but always in small plots, edged by grass of a different tint, closely cut, serving as an ornamental border. Then surrounding this a wide ditch or small canal, these averaging about ten feet in width and serving the purpose of drains as well as means of connection between different localities. Of public highways as we understand that term there are very few in Holland, travel being effected in small boats on the canals, which I should judge use up fully one-sixth of the surface of the country. What few roads there are have on either side a row of immense trees carefully trimmed and whose branches meet overhead, adding greatly to the beauty of the landscapes, and no doubt contributing to the comfort of the travelers.

“I had quite an amusing experience at one of the railway stations in Holland. No one could speak or understand English and I could not understand Dutch. One fellow seemed to have a sort of vague idea of the signification of the words ‘ticket’ and ‘luggage,’ which he continued to repeat in very much the same tone and manner of the faithful on their Ave Marias, as if by so doing he hoped to receive inspiration sufficient to make victors of him and myself both. It was exceedingly amusing, but, as the inspiration was not forthcoming and everything around seemed to point to the early departure of the waiting train for somewhere, I determined to exercise my faith in a more energetic manner, and with an incredible amount of gesticulation performed during the few minutes left before leaving of the train, succeeded in getting aboard, bag and baggage. I leaned back and drew a long breath, feeling quite sure of being on the verge of departure for somewhere; just where was sufficiently mysterious to keep my interest in

the journey from flagging until about 1 P. M. of the same day (the hour of starting was 10:30 A. M.), when the train stopped and everybody got out and I could see they were unloading the baggage, and yet there seemed to be no station, only a single large building. Suddenly it began to dawn upon me that we had reached the boundary between Holland and Germany and here we were to have our baggage examined by Custom House officers. I sat in the car, knowing that if my surmise proved correct, the day's mystery would soon be solved. In a few minutes one of the uniformed guards appeared at the door of the car and addressed yours truly as follows, 'Haben Sie baggage?' to which I replied in the affirmative and immediately clambered out, went into the Custom House, opened one of my trunks, into which the officers cast an indifferent glance, and at once marked them both free from duty. Being now among Germans, whose language I could speak and understand to some extent, I learned that I was on the right track. I then took my seat in the car and in a few minutes we had resumed our journey, reaching Wiesbaden at the hour previously stated. I shall probably remain here two months, then go to Zürich or Berne, which I can not yet say.

"With kind regards to all my friends and love to yourself, I am as ever,

"Your sincere friend,

R. J. Nicol."

From Switzerland to Mrs. Kilgore.

"Zurich, Dec. 11, 1880.

"DEAR EMMA.—You evidently think crossing the ocean an extraordinary affair, yet you think nothing of making a long journey by rail every few months which is attended with many more inconveniences than traveling by water. I admit sea-sickness is not the most agreeable sensation imaginable, yet believe it can be to a great extent avoided by going on ship-board in good condition and exercising a little common sense the first few days of the voyage.

"As to your question, 'Am I attending the University?' Yes, I am attending two lectures daily and the remainder of the time devoting to the clinics and the hospitals; am also having

practice work in the pathological laboratory three hours every Friday. * * * * Would be glad to take you the satin and silk dresses were I going in your direction, and what you want will be sent as soon as possible. If there is any other article which the second cousin of the President-elect of the U. S. wishes, I would be most happy to lend my aid in procuring the same. One can buy the best quality of kid gloves—four buttons—for four and a half francs. They can be sent by mail for 12 cents per pair.

"Sincerely yours, etc.,

R. J. N."

Miss Nicol was my mother's favorite niece, and although widely sundered, the two loving friends made the journey to other worlds than ours nearly together.

CHAPTER V.

THE SOUTH HENDERSON CHURCH.

The South Henderson Associate Reformed Congregation was organized by the Rev. Alexander Blakie on July 4, 1835, with a membership of fifty-nine. My father and John Giles were elected elders. Four sermons were preached in my father's barn prior to the organization, two by Rev. Jeremiah Morrow in 1834, and two by Rev. Thomas Turner in 1835. The first meeting-house, a frame structure, was built in 1837; the second, of stone, in 1855.

The frame meeting-house was the one familiar to me in my childhood. Here the honest yeomanry of the new country met in reverential worship. Here the local workmen put together their share of the moral framework of the political structure which forms the commonwealth of Illinois. The interesting spot, hallowed by association with so many good and useful lives, became a notable landmark in the county and a modest force and center in our Western civilization. Our fathers did a crude and imperfect work possibly, but it was done in sincerity and there is none to gainsay it to this day. The open, original forest (the heavy undergrowth has since obscured the view) permitted us to see the meeting-house one-third of a mile away from my father's doorstep, and we had a private pathway through the woods by which we attended the services. Here the old-style preachers of the ancient Scotch faith made the spot lurid with the fires that are never quenched and made the prayers hold out better than the legs of those who stood to hear them. At unanticipated intervals we had a supply direct from Scotland. They were of the

straight John Knox brand—very raw. They employed the method direct. They handed out the prescription. If the flock would not take the dose, because it was “too strong,” then the devil would be to pay, and his terms were hard to meet.

I am glad I did not hear everything the preacher said. While he breathed threatenings, and warned the good people of an impending smash-up, I leaned my weary head the long, hot summer day on my dear mother’s arm, oblivious of it all, and I think she was as glad as I was to get out of the stifling close room into the fresh air, where we could eat cookies, pie and chicken, and talk with the neighbors during “intermission.” I am happy to say, there was a constant aspiration toward better things, both as to forms and doctrine—a permanent revolt among the less hide-bound members against the absurdities of Rouse’s version and allied straight-jacket methods of scriptural construction. The old church cracked the whip over its poor slaves who would not—many of them—so much as look up and claim an inheritance here, much less a rest with the people of God hereafter. Derision in the seat of the scornful, and ridicule in the church itself, drove Rouse back to his native highlands, and opened the hearts and minds of men and women nursed in the ironclad forms of an ignorant and brutish age to the light and warmth of the truth as it is in Jesus—and America!

The indulgence in strong drink, a convivial weakness not uncommon among the members and not wholly unknown among the clergy, was esteemed a trivial offense compared to a little sanity in the ritual. I can speak by the card, for my mother declared that the old preacher who baptised me had a preternatural affection for his toddy and was crazy withal! Almost without exception, all the old-time clergy were groveling tobacco-chewers. There were some odd specimens among the early pastors of the South Henderson church. Father Friedley was one of these. He had a very priestly air when harnessed for service, and he was an honest little man, but he

couldn't preach worth shucks. His best point was an unfailing good nature, and his worst an incorrigible laziness that must have reached back lineally through seventeen generations, it was so thoroughly bred up. His morning service was scheduled for 11 o'clock A. M.; he did nobly, for him, if he hove in sight of his flock at 1 o'clock P. M., and the apprehension the poor man felt, that under the circumstances the "session" would have a rather chilly reception planned for him, did not add to his peace of mind! Later on he taught the Brokelbank "Academy," and still later the public school in the court-room at the Yellow Banks, where I took advantage of his kindness, and along with two other boys got leave to study in the shade of the black-jacks outside! Why our elders put us to studying Latin when as yet we knew nothing about our own tongue is one of the mysteries not pertinent to this narrative. There was blue-grass in the bushy groves in those days, big bull snakes, strawberries and flocks of quail. My companions, John Brook and Jim Pollock, were very good in the Latin grammar and in reading "*Historiæ Sacræ*," but a large portion of our time was spent in gathering violets and fighting 'em as Johnny Jump-ups. I remember well, at a point not over fifty yards from the court-house, catching over a dozen quail in my trap and losing half as many more in my efforts to hold them all in one hand while I reached under and pulled them out by twos and threes with the other. The sandy level extending back from the river to main Henderson was heavily wooded and the soil fertile, the result of decades of rotted leaves. In places the ground was heavily carpeted with blue-grass, and the whole of it so covered, but in places thinly. When the original forest of large oak trees was cut away and the fierce heat of mid-summer fell unbroken upon the sandy loam, the strength thereof disappeared like snow in May. The forests in the great economy of Nature are ranked by the Psalmist with the seas and the mountain ranges, and the mental feather-weight who will invade their ranks for indiscriminate slaughter

should be indicted for the murder of earth's chiefest conserving glory.

To gather up the threads of my discourse: Dominie Friedley I believe really preferred teaching to roasting such an immense majority of the human race in the flames of the pit. He did not take kindly to the business of a stoker. The dear, kind, patient old man! He will get his share of the good things coming I verily believe, whatever becomes of the rest of us!

As a class the old-style preachers knew no other way than to strike terror into our guilty souls—to scare us into the kingdom. The Sunday aspect at South Henderson was rather grim. The sermons were wrathful. Robert Ross, who was a comparatively modern preacher there, had but one burden—the wrath to come! His favorite phrase, which he never omitted, regardless of the text, was “the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth” as the seething masses of humanity, like maggots in a dunghill, crawled over each other in their efforts to get out of the flames. One impression only was indelibly stamped upon my youthful mind by these sermons—that of terror, and the nightmare follows me like a shadow to this day! And yet to my immature understanding there was the suggestion that my elders took these anathemas with some grains of salt; that, after all, it may not be as rough sledding in the great hereafter as the picture drawn would seem to imply. My father, contemplative and discerning, did much thinking on religious subjects on his own account. He was an inquirer, and welcomed the light which shone from his varied reading. He was a great admirer of Dr. N. L. Rice and he never failed, when opportunity offered, to hear that eminent man in his own pulpit in St. Louis. On these occasions he was fed on manna not so severely roasted as that to which he was accustomed at home.

An interesting old couple in regular attendance upon the services were the aged Mr. and Mrs. Davis—coming and going in their well-remembered “one-horse shay.” Mr. Davis was

a figure sure to attract attention from any boy. His age (he must have been a veteran of 1812), his erect carriage; and his queer, drab-felt great-coat coming down to his heels, and its series of ever-enlarging capes, beginning with a small one at the throat and increasing in size down to the point of the shoulders, and the fastening at the collar (a twisted brass chain and hook)—the whole giving one a good idea of the appearance of historical figures of the past.

The fathers of South Henderson were of that grain that if a prejudice once found lodgment therein, it was like a four-pronged, hard-and-fast molar tooth—one must break the jaw to get it out; but with all their shortcomings, of whatever nature, which they shared in common with their fellow-men, they were, as a rule, clean as a new silver dollar, as welcome, and would pass the solid globe around. The congregation was about equally divided between immigrants from the North and South—members from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana had their equivalents from Georgia, South Carolina and Tennessee, and some of these latter who had withdrawn from the South were so poisoned by the virus of slavery that they continued to vote for the oppressor as before; but while the elder generations have passed away, I remain steadfast in the hope and belief that some time or other, in the future ages, their descendants will cease to vote the Democratic ticket.

And now as to King David: he was a musician—the chief musician and composer of his time, the leader of a choir; the companion, friend, and patron of choristers. His psalms, or songs, were all addressed to some one of the chief musicians, by name, his contemporaries. It was his business and chief delight to “sing a new song” unto the Lord, with “the harp, with trumpets, and the sound of cornet, with the timbrel, and with stringed instruments” and “organs,” with the “loud,” the “high-sounding cymbals.” He was the inspired composer of Israel as Mozart and Mendelssohn and their compeers were the inspired children of song of a later time. Our dear old

fathers affected to admire David's songs above all other men, and in the same breath to despise his orchestra. How could that be? But his orchestra, as we have seen in the passing years, is a monster which the old Church, with all its qualms, "endured, then pitied, then embraced." I salute them most heartily in their emergence from the thralldom of Rouse and all the bigotry of centuries. May their choirs, their organs, and their "gospel songs" prevail and spread till they fill the whole earth! And I lament and mourn with them that one of their immature preachers, in a public assembly, in the year 1905, should make such an ass of himself as to attempt to cover with opprobrium the inspired song "Lead, Kindly Light." The Church will purge herself of all such indigestible matter in due time.

CHAPTER VI.

OFF FOR OREGON. FRONTIER LIFE IN THE EARLY FORTIES.

In the year 1845 some of our kin and acquaintances—a part of that restless, migratory advance guard of the race—anticipating a lack of elbow-room on the fertile soil of Illinois, gathered up their small effects and struck out with their ox-teams and prairie schooners for Oregon! Think of all that has happened on the “plains” since that year! Around Forts Bridger, Snelling and Kearney; Zack Taylor and his little army on the Rio Grande; the expeditions along the Santa Fé trail; John C. Frémont and Kit Carson and their alleged explorations; Albert Sidney Johnston and his army menacing the Mormons in Utah; the Argonauts in search of the golden fleece; the dramatic scenes in the Lava Beds and the bloody vengeance taken on the pale-face; the score of Indian campaigns marked by the bloody reprisals and heroic deaths since these emigrants made their peaceful journey to the Willamette valley!

They pulled up at my father's gate to say farewell, and they might well do so, for it was the final separation of old friends. They had gotten a mile distant on their journey to the Pacific when we discovered that they had forgotten a rifle (an important part of their equipment, as regarding game and defense), and my young cousin Mary, always quick to act, picked up the gun and ran across lots, through an eighty-acre field, and intercepted them; I, doing my best to keep up with her, got lost in the weeds. During these years my young cousins, older than I, Sarah Ann, Mary and Ellen, daughters of my uncle James Jamison, took care of me and

younger brother when our parents were absent from home. Mary was a fearless, enterprising girl, and was wont to take me down to the sheep pasture, along the little spring-fed "branch," among the crawfish-holes, in search of adventure. Here she found a garter snake or two one day, and stunning them by a stroke with a stick, would lay them on a stump and cut them in two with an axe she held in her hand. I stood by in consternation, looking at the pieces wriggle!

My uncle James and aunt Polly McKinney died at thirty-five years of age, or thereabouts, leaving behind them these young cousins and their brothers, Samuel R. and George McKinney, all of whom lived to old age and have been blessed in their day and generation. The three daughters made their home under my father's roof at intervals while they were growing up, and all of them were married under it. Sarah Ann was my mother's right hand for some years, and much endeared to us by her faithful services in the household. My uncle James was the eldest son in my grandfather's family, an honor to his race, as indeed were all my uncles, his brothers. He was a member of the Presbyterian congregation at the Yellow Banks, and after the pioneer method, he went to the woods and cut out and delivered the timbers for the frame of the church, which is still in use in an almost perfect state of preservation. The brothers, James, William R. (my father), John Calvin, Harvey and Nathan H., were home-builders, as were their forebears. They founded Christian homes and surrounded them with peace and plenty. They were all lovers of choice fruits, and literally rested under the trees which bore twelve manner of fruits in this world, as they had a well-founded hope should be their lot in the world to come. And now, when I recall them in their old age, their bent forms and their blameless lives, I feel that just pride in an honorable ancestry which should be the inheritance of all.

It was during the winter of the deep snow (1845-46) that my father would bundle us all into the two-horse sled and drive by moonlight to the Davenport school-house, where the

singing-school, under the training of Mr. Joseph Chickering, was held. The patrons were David and Aleck Finley and their sisters, Sarah and Eliza, and the young people of their generation. The school was very small in numbers and the income slight for the young Yankee singing-master. Whatever it may have been, it was subsidiary to the old gray mare and the big undulatory driving-wheel of the turning-lathe at the furniture factory, which would be under full swing the next morning at the Yellow Banks. There must be some of Mr. Chickering's kitchen and rocking-chairs, bedsteads, etc., in use in Henderson and Warren counties to this day. If none can be found in use, but a piece of one of them can be recovered from the weeds back of the stable, I hope it will be placed in a glass case for preservation, for I know of no man's handiwork better worth recovery from the "tooth of time and razure of oblivion."

One of the figures that interested me in my childhood was old Mr. Lusk, the deer-hunter. He was a dilapidated-looking old sheik, with a glittering eye. He rode a horse whose surname might have been "The Ancient of Days," and it had a movement like the planets; that is to say, if you had the necessary instruments and were versed in astronomical calculations, you might determine the progress of that horse. It was beyond the scope of plain mathematics. It was a special Providence in behalf of the old hunter, having been designed from the foundation of the world for stalking big game. Mounted, you could not tell where the man left off and the horse began, the two were so essentially one. Moving like Fate through the open forest in the early, frosty morning, the old hunter of sixty years ago rode imperceptibly along with his long rifle on his shoulder, a tinkling bell hanging under the horse's throat and a bit of bright red flannel conspicuously in view. He never pursued his quarry; the agile, sinewy pride of the forest heard the soft, scarcely audible notes of the bell long before it came into view. Its well-known curiosity was in-

stantly aroused and it strode inquiringly, in its clean-cut beauty, directly toward the hunter, whose searching eye took in the slightest movement in the wide forest around. The instant the stag came into view, and stood like a statue with uplifted muzzle, the report of the rifle was heard, and the game was there to take home!

CHAPTER VII.

THE ILLUSIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Every child has its share of illusions, acquired in part from the conversation of his elders, which he misconstrues. On a journey into Rock Island County with my parents to visit my aunt Susan Nicol, I was queerly impressed by an old bachelor who lived alone in a cabin on the roadside. He believed in witches, and would not sleep on the first floor of his cabin, but in the loft, to which he ascended by a ladder, which he drew up after him! The lower floor was covered with a jumble of trumpery, including buffalo robes, and so forth. I tried to catch the meaning of the conversation between my father and mother concerning this man and the witches which were his unwelcome visitors. I was curious to know the dimensions and appearance of a witch. At the edge of the grove near his cabin were some singular bits of handiwork made of split hoop-poles the size and length of wagon-bows. These were bent and the sharpened ends stuck in the ground; they were in pairs, the one bent over the other at right angles. I wondered what these were for. Did the witches live in those wicker houses? My father was not communicative on the question of hobgoblins, and I did not feel at liberty to push my inquiries.

When a small lad, I was playing near my father's store when a wraith came out of the invisible and disappeared before my affrighted gaze in the same direction. Out of the viewless air came he and went in the same way—like a flash. It was the figure of a man in a devil of a hurry, carrying something. It might have been the devil himself, who had captured a small boy and was making off with him! He made

the dust fly as he sped away into the unknown. He made an impression on me at the moment which slowly faded away as the years passed on. He never came back and I am glad of it.

I was standing under a certain tree with another boy in the deep woods of the Henderson River bottoms when a certain warning sound seemed to come from the tree and we thought it trembled. We left the spot without so much as saying "Good day" to the man up-a-tree, or whatever it may have been. Possibly it was one of those lofty elms the poet refers to, which "murmur sometimes overhead and sometimes underground." I was taken to Burlington when the town was known as the "Flint Hills," and as we sat in the wagon waiting for the ferry-boat I was fascinated with the scene across the river, which I was looking at for the first time. The hills across the broad stretch of water looked like mountains, and at their base along the river shore a number of men were busy washing lumber in the cribs and piling it on the bank. They looked like Lilliputians a finger-length in height, and the boards they handled like toothpicks! I seemed to be looking at them through the wrong end of a telescope, and my eyes were riveted upon them in mute astonishment. There was nothing illusory about the ferry-boat, which was a flat-bottomed scow propelled by horse-power connected to paddle-wheels, and would carry two teams at a crossing. It was steered with a big oar like a raft of lumber.

I made the acquaintance of Elijah the Tishbite early in life. In one of my father's old books there was a picture of Elijah seated in an automobile borne up on a billow of fire. He had lost his hat and his bald head stood forth, the long, thin, gray hair on the back of his scalp streaming in the wind. His foot was on the brake, and he was holding on for dear life. His Mobler seemed easily dirigible, notwithstanding the horses on the front. They were there for effect! They had no pull, for they had no harness on! But they were beautifully rampant and I could see that Lije was stuck on his team. They had no use for harness in the country he was going to.

and he gave his set to Elisha along with his old clothes. He was two miles up when I first noticed him, going lickety-brindle, no open bridges to engulf him, no traction cars crossing just a hair ahead of him, no woman frozen stiff with fright on his beat. I never saw a man enjoy a ride so much. No wonder Elisha tore his coat from tail to collar when he found he could not go along! I got nervous for fear one or more of those horses would plunge off the billow of fire and break his neck. I watched that Mobler spin away, up, up, and away, till night came on; then Lije sheered up to the door and asked the man in the moon for the loan of an overcoat. He explained that he didn't think it was so far; wanted to kick himself for throwing his own coat out at Lish's head as his chariot responded to the throttle and lit out. As he sped away for the Big Bear in the polar zenith overhead he confessed to himself that the climate was different from what he expected; then he began to wonder if the contents of the storage-tank would last the trip out, and if he could buy a bearskin cap with eartips anywhere on the route. The next station was Mars, and he made as if to stop a few minutes and aid the constable by an inquiry as to whether Rockefeller had been seen anywhere around; and too, Lije had another motive up his sleeve: if, in aiding the officer to serve his subpœna, he might in the same motion persuade Rock to refill his storage-tank; but Mars was not to be caught napping. He mistook the Mobler for an English fishing-smack and let go a broadside with his quick-firing guns. That settled it for Lije. He bore away limping, but not completely disabled. I watched him as he mounted into the inaccessible verge of planetary life. I felt bad for Lije, to think he would go on such a fool trip. The billow of fire was dying out; it was dull red, almost cold; the storage-tank had collapsed, the punctured wheels shriveled up, and the skeleton of the venerable chauffeur sprawled over the disjointed chariot, the grinning skull and its streaming hair crowning the wreck—drifting, drifting, to shores where all is dumb!

Most dreams are of the earth earthy—in line with the current of our lives; but some of our visions are separate and apart; flashed upon the penumbra of our slumber world for a definite purpose; prophetic they are, and savor of admonition, instruction, inspiration, or all together. Most men affect to laugh at them, but all men believe—reticently and reluctantly perhaps, but they believe. No intelligent man questions the visions that crossed the disk of Abraham Lincoln's slumbers—that wonderful, startling portent of tremendous events. Ten years before the Civil War a marching column of troops intercepted my progress in the slumber world, led by cavalry, followed by infantry, artillery and trains—a formidable array that threatened to trample me like a leaf under the horses' hoofs; unlike anything I had ever seen in reality or on canvas, but familiar to me during the Civil War. I have forgotten a thousand of my idle dreams as completely as though they had never been. Not so this one—the token of a coming day!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FAMILY REMOVES TO THE YELLOW BANKS.

In the year 1847 my father rented his homestead, which had cost him so much labor, and removed to the Yellow Banks, to become a merchant, for which he was well fitted; that is to say, for general merchandising, which was the vogue in his day. He was a skillful and experienced trader, and his enterprises included investments in the Northern pineries, the sale of lumber from the mills on Black River in Wisconsin, and the buying and shipping of grain, which involved long credits to the farmers and the maximum of bookkeeping. The transfer to the county seat was easily made, for he owned a good residence and half a block of ground in the residence district, a combined storeroom and warehouse on Market Square, and a separate grain warehouse ready to hand. For many years he was highly prosperous—down to the time foreseen by sagacious business men, when the channels of trade and commerce underwent a radical change—from the river south to New York and Boston via the steel rail. In the palmy days there was an immense river tonnage and the number of steamers in commission in surprising contrast to the slight carrying trade on the river in 1911. This pioneer county seat, known to the Indians as the Yellow Banks, has a site favorable to the eye, if broken to the hope. The traveler on the deck of the steamer approaching the town from the south, looking up-stream over two miles of the channel, is apt to inquire with an awakened interest the name of the metropolis where the landing is about to be made. The town is now undergoing a renaissance; the residences of yesterday are beau-

tiful, and as the years file away it will become more and more a desirable place of residence. The public schools are good, the locality extremely healthful, and markedly picturesque, in the combination of bluffs and flowing water. There are strong-flowing mineral springs (the Rezner and McKemson) in the hills, within an hour's drive of the landing, which would be an attraction to visitors if properly exploited. I hope to see these springs, and others in my native county, surrounded by cottages, and the Mississippi bridged at the Yellow Banks for a traction system, supplying direct communication with Mt. Pleasant and other prosperous towns west of the river.

My earliest familiarity with the river, at seven years of age, afforded glimpses of the old slavery days, at the Yellow Banks, outside of the slaveholders' jurisdiction. With his usual arrogance, he did not scruple to violate a constitution of whose provisions he considered himself the heaven-ordained custodian. Some of these gentlemen, residents of St. Louis, were not cotton- nor tobacco-growers, nor tillers of the soil by slave labor in any sense. They were gentlemen of leisure, who sold the labor of their slaves to the officers or owners of steamboats, where it was employed on the deck. All grain was sacked for shipment, and I have a vivid recollection of the loading of large steamers, winged with great barges, one on each side of her. On a hot summer day, or in the early fall, the warehouse was set wide open, revealing the sacked grain in tiers piled to the roof; wheat in cotton sacks; corn in burlaps or "gunnies." Double stages reached from the ground to the deck of the steamer and also to the warehouse's double-entrance, affording room for a long file of deck-hands (black as the ace of spades most of them) to file down on one side, each with a bag of grain on his shoulder, and a similar file to return empty on the other side, an endless chain. These deck-hands (some of them, at times the majority of them, slaves) went at a trot, hatless, with an empty bag drawn like a priest's caul over the head. The ideal mate (there were two of them, first and second) was a survival of the fittest, and was chosen

for that reason—because he was a brute, big and burly, with a voice like a fog horn, and who would not hesitate to take a stick of cord-wood and brain the wretch that crossed him. There was often great rivalry between these freighters. As fully as possible the steamer going up engaged the cargo for the trip down, but there were odd lots of freight to be picked up in considerable quantity and the passenger traffic to look after, and the boat that could lead her rival by a few hours or a day was in luck. Under the circumstances, the brutality of the mate was apt to come into full play. I have seen him with the "big stick" driving his herd of slaves at top speed, the perspiration dripping from their faces. Before we had steel-rail connections with New York a large foreign immigration landed at New Orleans, and came north along the Mississippi—the Germans dropping out all along the way, in large numbers at St. Louis and in constantly lessening numbers as they advanced northward; the Scandinavians doling themselves out scantily until they reached the upper river, discharging *en masse* upon the soil of Wisconsin and Minnesota. The arrival at our landing of one of the Northern-line packets of the largest size with double barges loaded to the guards with immigrants and merchandise was a scene to rivet the attention of the small boy no less than that of his elders. From the water-line to the pilot-house she swarmed with life. Sharp eyes caught her large size two miles down stream and when her whistle called the citizens of the landing to attention, an imposing body of merchants, idlers and small boys, under the leadership of Jo Hand, the steamboat agent, went down onto the wharf to receive the new arrival. She overwhelms us with interest as she advances, floating in majesty, and with a sense of power. A railroad train strikes to the heart of the town, or through it like a dirk; but the steamer comes before you with grace, full of color, like milady within the charmed circle of foot-lights. The bell sounds and the captain from his coign of vantage on the hurricane deck gives a quick signal over the shoulder to the pilot in his handsome conservatory so

high and lifted up, and which the small boy on the landing imagines must be a very heaven indeed. The engine bells jingle and talk back to the pilot, and the great paddle-wheels reverse, and Leviathan lays his nose gently upon the rocks to doze and sleep while the cargo is carried ashore, preceded by the clerk of the steamer. He is a distinguished personage. He is in his shirt-sleeves. His linen is three X fine. From time immemorial it has been correct form for a Mississippi River steamboat clerk to flash upon the landing in his shirt-sleeves, never otherwise; but those sleeves! And the fullness of the garment of which they were a part! Only the angels would feel unabashed in its presence. On this spotless front glittered Kohinoor, the possession only of kings and emperors and steamboat clerks. He has under his arm the book of records whose contents correspond to the bills of lading. The small boy notes the fine long pencil behind his ear, which is there for ornament only, as he has another for use in his jeweled hand. He exhales the aroma of Ind as he settles with metaphorical outspread wings on earth before the steamboat agent, to whom he offers the latest St. Louis papers (a week old) and the vouchers according to which the freight is checked off. Close at his heels, on the run, comes a caravan of deck-hands bearing boxes and bags and rolling barrels and hogsheads of brown sugar—two men, sometimes four, to each of them. He has a large cargo to discharge, for in addition to the quotas for our own merchants, there are tons of groceries, hardware, wooden and willow ware, crates of crockery, dry goods, what not, for the country stores in Monmouth, Greenbush, Berwick, Ellison and Stringtown. He plats the space along the wharf for each of these consignments and long before he has exhausted his tally he is crowded for room. The small boy is awed at the excellence of things around him. His senses are keenly alive to the odors of sweet and precious things that rise like incense from the heavy-laden steamer. The round globe has contributed to the happiness of the Yellow Banks. The subtle pungent barks and seeds from the

spicy isles, the oranges and limes from the languorous South, nuts from Brazil, sugars from "Belcher's sugar-house" and "New Orleans" molasses from Louisiana—and the "Tiger" State, with its slaves and sugar plantations, seemed more remote to the small boy than Spain or Italy, both of which were well represented in the cargo. Think of the anguish he endured when the figs from Smyrna and the fine layer raisins from Catalonia were laid down on the wharf—so near, and yet so far! He has his revenge. He got all the boys he could and all the shingles he could, broke the latter into long narrow scalpels and ran them into the knot-holes in the ends of the hogsheads of sugar and brought forth nectar for the gods! He ate sugar till he should have died if he didn't. Afar off, piled from the "Texas" to the limit of the hurricane deck, the light, bulky freight, such as furniture, rose in pyramids, and at the fore, suspended by block and tackle, hung the new family carriage, or a farmer's wagon bright from the shop.

The interesting part of the cargo now unloading at the Yellow Banks is the immigrants and the cabin passengers. The steamer is crowded with both classes. The old country people, in wooden shoes and queer headgear, swarming over the steerage and barges with their hard-wood, iron-bound trunks built during the reigns of the Great Frederick or Gustavus Adolphus, and which can now be found in use all through Wisconsin and Minnesota as shed kitchens and silos. There was an interchange of curiosity and comment between the loungers on the wharf and the cabin passengers, noticeably between the young bloods of the town and the fair travelers clustered along the railing of the ladies' cabin. As the delay promised to be considerable, many of these came ashore and studied the architecture of our temple of Justice, with its Corinthian columns, which aspired to rank with the fallen glory of Baalbec. Some of them were tempted to see Moir Brothers manufacturing high wines, and found their way with difficulty among the saw-mills, and the lumber piled high around,

and celebrated their return to the steamer by regaling themselves with confections from Chickering's "Yankee Notions." I have spoken of Belshazzar's feast elsewhere, but the real thing was served *a la carte* at 12 o'clock noon of each day on board these great steamers in the good old days. None of your pale Pecksniffian coffee, but the stout black Turk, and plenty of it; meats and roasted birds and puddings—but I do not care to be set down as lax in strict veracity. Solomon had wives enough to turn out a fair quality of hash and enough to go around, but he'd pale his ineffectual kitchen fires, once he got a glimpse of the saloon of a Mississippi steamer in white and gold, the glittering chandeliers, and the colored waiters and the swell people on the right and left of the captain at the dinner hour!

CHAPTER IX.

MY BOYHOOD AT THE YELLOW BANKS.

Idle "skiffs" were plentiful along the river shore, some of them fastened with lock and key, others drawn half length ashore and not tied. One day Will Henderson (a lad of my own age, long dead, poor fellow!) and I got hold of one of these free-for-all row-boats, and by dint of a long struggle got it launched. There were no oars and we could not have used them if there had been. After a search, I found some pieces of rotten string on the wharf, with which I tied the boat to a stake. Will sat in the stern and occupied himself as first cabin passenger. The string would allow the boat to float out a few feet into the current, and with a stick I propelled our craft from the shore to the limit of the string a number of times. Each successful trip made the navigator more bold and stirred him to greater enterprises, and the last passage out I gave her a shove that broke the string and sent her out into the stream, and in my fright I jumped, landing knee-deep in the water, and that sent the boat far out on the current! Will, in his excitement, got to the bow and clambered over, clinging to the gunwale, his body suspended in the water. I was in momentary expectation that he would let go and drown. Every moment the current was carrying him farther out and down stream. He had drifted a hundred yards from the starting-point before some workmen along the shore discovered him, and soon there was a half-dozen men calling to the boy to hold on, and it took a very few minutes only to get another boat and bring him ashore. I thought I would be punished for this affair, but I heard no more about it. Poor Will. I fear, did not fare so well. The boys learned to swim at a

tender age by playing hookey to get into the water, and I learned the manly art by getting into a hole one day, and I was so frightened because I could not touch bottom that I struck out and landed without difficulty. Ever afterward for me to swim was no trick at all.

I grieve to add that I went to war almost at daybreak. There are few boys that escape it. There were the King boys—the blacksmith's sons. They dug a hole in the ground for a play-house, a fireplace therein, and a cupboard—dishes and so forth disposed around. I made a friendly call; but they had just set up housekeeping that morning, and were not "at home" to their friends, nor to their enemies either, and proceeded to prove it by both of them jumping onto me. I was surprised at their lack of hospitality, and I rose up something like Sampson when he grasped the pillars of the temple and brought it down, roof and all, upon the heads of his persecutors, and the dishes flew like the sparks from a Fourth of July whirligig, the cupboard turned a handspring, and the house caved in. I don't know whether anybody got licked or not. To the best of my recollection, I got out whole; but Mrs. Carmichael, who was passing at the moment, had a good laugh at us.

Coming home from school one day at noon, I met my foe in the alley. We were of the same age and size. I do not remember what it was about; anyway, at the first cross-fire we grappled. He had long hair, which was a decided advantage to me. In the struggle I got two full hands in the wool and I was slowly pulling his head down into chancery when his father came yelling at the top of his voice, as I supposed to jump onto me, and I cleared that battle-field at a bound! I met the gladiator often afterward, but he seemed not to want any more of it and I was content to let him alone.

At the old Fryrear house we had a circus. Charley Cowan, Jr., was the general manager and clown. He appointed me ring-master and gave me a small cowhide riding-whip with which to encourage the "horses" and performers. The grand entry had been made and the three-ringed show was in

full swing, with the clown winning bursts of applause by his acrobatic feats and Shakespearean jests. Now this star protégé of Dan Rice was clothed in delicate gingham knickerbockers, and at a moment when the beauty and fashion on the upper tiers were in a cataclysm of delight over his jokes, he stooped, with his head down and his hands on the floor, and the ring-master, quick to see his opportunity, came down on the clown's "full moon" with a thwack of that raw-hide that made the veteran of the sawdust ring jump about ten feet and flush painfully in the presence of the ladies. I fear but for the presence of our sweethearts on that occasion the ring-master would have suffered affliction, for the noble jester was much the older and stronger of the two. These were the days when Uncle Sam was waging war with Mexico and the boys' sports all took the military form. Through the sandburrs and stinkweeds of the suburbs our campaigns were conducted. The forces were divided as nearly equal as possible into two armies. One of these had its headquarters at the Fryrear house aforesaid and the other in the unfinished brick school-house not far away. The armies met in battle's stern array on the sandy plain between. We secured a modern equipment of arms at the lumber-yards, where the bunches of lath and shingles suffered marked depletion on account of our requisitions. From this raw material we constructed muskets, swords, and some of the most savage-looking daggers known to warfare. At a given signal the armies emerged from their fortifications—the captains, the horses and the banners! Contrary to ordinary usage, the captains did not loaf in the rear, under a tree, smoking a cheroot, while the trash mixed for victory or death. They went to the front, and with a drawn dagger, four feet long, dared Alexander the Great to come on! The result was that in a cloud of dust or sand that obscured the battle-field there was a sort of military dissolving view in which the non-combatant could get a glimpse at times of a mass of bare heels in the air and noses in the sand, with guns and swords and bayonets writhing and squirming to secure a

decisive stroke. At times it would appear that twenty-seven veterans were heaped upon one poor fellow, who still had life in him and was yelling defiance and striking fiercely at his foes with a deadly weapon in each hand. As a rule, both armies were slaughtered to a man; the field being strewn with the slain, who rose up at dinner-time, when they proved that the next best thing to fighting was to devour the rations.

At the close of the Mexican War I found that I was a radical, if not an offensive, partisan. General Zack Taylor was my father's candidate for President. Forthwith I discovered that I was a Free-soiler—whatever that was, and had never been anything else, and when election day came, I ran barefooted around and around the old temple of Justice where the ballots were being deposited, yelling myself hoarse for old Zack, and singing the campaign couplet:

“And he had an old ‘Whitey’ and he rode him very fast,
Because he was a ten-mile nag;
And he answered back to Van Buren and Cass,
‘A little more grape, Captain Bragg!’”

When President Taylor died, all of “us Free-soilers” nearly died too, for we loved that old man!

I was pleased to accompany my father in his drives, on mingled business and pleasure: out to the farm, over to Uncle Calvin's, and on to Uncle John's—a grand-uncle, who differed from all of the Jamisons whom I have ever seen. He was trimmer built and finer boned; a handsome man, I am sure, when he went “sparking” among the belles of Kentucky; full of the milk of human kindness and in his old age childlike in his fondness for his kin. Like the folks at Grigsby's Station, he was “so happy and so poor,” for he was no money-maker; and when we drove up to his doorway, enclosed by a two- or three-rail fence, like himself decrepit with age, he would lead us around and point out along the distant groves the spots where all the kin lived, with the simplicity and eagerness of one showing something new. Poor old man! with his shaggy

eyebrows white as wool; he has gone where the mists of the morning have gone—swallowed up by the universal light in which we shall all be merged at last. He lived the typical simple life of the pioneer, in marked contrast to my father, who at that time was in his prime, restless and ambitious. In a sense they were far apart, yet full of that love for each other which had run in commingled blood for generations.

And then again we were driving along Cedar Creek, where herds of deer would cross the road ahead of us, single file, and hop leisurely over a low rail fence into a corn-field. The dense woods along this stream was a favorite haunt of wild turkeys and "varmints" of different kinds. At a turn in the road an opossum exploited his tail and his person along a limb overhanging the water. This gave my father his opportunity. He asked me to spell 'possum. I spelled it correctly as he pronounced it; but he declined the civility. I noticed at an early stage in this mortal life that if one confidently (a good deal depends upon the amount of "bluff" you put into it) raises a doubt, it will almost certainly breed another; so I followed up my stunt by omitting one s—"posum"; but I felt right away that this was a reflection on the gentleman with the elongated tail out on the limb on our left. All I knew about him I had picked up in conversation and I spelled by sound, for I had not as yet met with an account of him in my speller and reader at school. Albeit I found I was sinking in the syllabic mire, but before I stuck in the muddy bottom I returned to the double s. "No, sir!" came more emphatically than before. I was not aware that his Prehensile Excellency had his origin in Ireland and I expired without an O!

Frontier life in Henderson County was marked by all the characteristics common to newly organized communities. The Methodist camp-meeting was one of the diversions peculiar to the time. "The groves were God's first temples." Under every green tree and on every mountain-top the pagan worshiped his idols before the Christian era. The worship of the true God followed under like conditions and the camp-meeting was

the final development of outdoor devotion. The saints took these meetings seriously; pitched the tabernacle in the wilderness; erected booths; provided rations; and made a direct assault on the world, the flesh and the devil. His majesty never shirked the challenge, but met Gideon and his band boldly, and it took more than a ram's horn and a perforated tin lantern to scare him off! At the first blare of the preacher's horn, the foe tapped a whiskey-barrel under the guise of cider and supplied the scoffers who mingled with the crowd; the livery-stables established quick round trips and did a land office business, and there were other traffickers with an eye to the main chance. Once in a while a brand was snatched from the burning, and he was wept and exulted over alternately; and Fashion came as in later times and hung on the outskirts of the crowd to display her millinery. The camp-meeting at Ryerson's, in the old Sugar Camp, at the foot of the bluff two miles from the Yellow Banks, is the one I remember best. A copious spring flowed out from the rock to quench the thirst of the multitude. Interest centered in the mourners' bench. Here the penitent in deep abasement grovelled in sack-cloth and ashes until the preacher, in Stentorian tones, declared him absolved from any further allegiance to Satan, or the attendant saint whispered in his ear the supreme deliverance from the thralldom of sin. There was jubilation. The bold, bad sinner, having regained his freedom, vented his joy in war-whoops or wept on his marrow-bones, and the ransomed sisters went off in a trance or figured in the green-corn dance. Old-timers recall one of the WycKoffs (a hulking country bumpkin) who on a time got religion at Ryerson's, and in a paroxysm of pious frenzy and self-importance exclaimed: "Nobody knows how much I knows!"

CHAPTER X.

TEMPTATIONS OF THE GREAT RIVER.

The river steamers had a bar, which shone with the effulgence characteristic of Satan's favorite decoy, the cut-glass service of high rank, as becomes the plate in use by "gentlemen." The iced cocktails were a temptation to over-smart clerks at the landings, who were disposed to "take something" and pay for it with coin filched from the employer's till, for I am pained to say that graft was noticeable at times "before the war," where the salary was incommensurate with the vaulting appetite! and there were other temptations. The great river gave the Yellow Banks connection with the world-wide commercial ganglia, and stirred the imaginations of youth on its shores to a strong desire to penetrate the Utopia that lay beyond their own immediate region. Ed Knowles was the first of our enterprising lads to make the venture. He would throw the "old man" off the trail by placing a suit of clothes—hat and all—on the raft anchored to the shore. "When the Judge discovers these," Ed argued to himself, "and cannot locate the owner thereof, he will infer that his unfortunate offspring had made his accustomed plunge from the spring-board to rise no more!" But the father was a discerning man, and upon examination he found that the young man had left home in his best clothes, and the noble father ceased to mourn. In a few brief disastrous moons afterward, Ed was discovered in an unwashed, famished condition, sneaking in at his mother's back door.

John McKinney, Jr., a youth of the town, verging on manhood, felt that he could improve on Ed Knowles' romance. He had given the matter profound thought and assured him-

self that he could not only surprise the old 'Squire, but give the town the worst jolt in its history. Captain James Findley, an old-time steamboat pilot, who had a long and distinguished career in the wheel-house on the lower Mississippi, was the hero who stirred the youth of the town to emulation. They observed the marked respect with which he was welcomed when he returned to his estate near the Yellow Banks for a brief respite from his labors. They were speechless at the scintillations of the gem on his fourth finger; the gold wheel on his shirt-front, the emblem of his guild; his air of a man of the world. In this renowned Presence all the glittering baubles of this present evil world were as nothing. John cut his bridges behind him. He went by night to the 'Squire's strong box and fortified his purse with a roll of the "shin-plasters" of the period, charged himself with the amount, and took French leave on the night boat going down. He would a pilot be. He had not explored the great world further than Burlington, but felt in his heart that St. Louis and New Orleans were cities of mosques and minarets whose foundations were jasper and whose walls were sapphire. On the landing at the Yellow Banks he had often studied the pilot at the wheel, pulling the signal-cords and whirling the helm around and back, and resting his foot upon it when the noble craft stood to sea to suit him. He marked the smiling, vivacious daughters of the South at his side, up from the ladies' cabin, to look the Northland over from the pilot's coign of vantage. Ah! what would the youth not give to be the cynosure of such a group as that? He could and he would be! Right now; at once! He would enter the lower river trade; experience and training and a close study of the treacherous currents would be superfluous labor for a youth from the Yellow Banks who had spent his whole mortal existence rowing over the Father of Waters. He knew all about it. Owners of steamboats would trample on each other in their scramble to obtain his services. He would secure a five-years contract to begin with, provided the salary met his expectations. He would be wary

as to salary and stern-wheel steamboats. "Nothing but the best," he said. "There is room at the top," he quoted. St. Louis was something of a disappointment to him. There was a mile of steamboats at the wharf, mostly stern-wheelers, with here and there a three-decker, cotton craft, the most of them rather uninviting. As he stood on the levee a friendless youth—a mere speck of aimless humanity in the midst of drays, pounding over the rocks with their immense loads, the odor of perspiring negro deck-hands, the grime of world-wide traffic in the ponderous, pungent things of commerce, like barreled salt, old-time heavy sugars in hogsheads, tierces of rice, slabs of greasy pork in ton lots, molasses, oakum, tar, pitch and what not, his elusive dream slipped from him like a soap-bubble in the hand of a child, and without warning he stood face to face with a giant mate of a Northern-line packet, directing a file of deck-hands bearing the heavy cable to make fast. Taking John by the shoulder, the brute growled, "Git out o' yer!" and the young man slunk hurriedly away, when another file of deck-hands from the opposite way corralled him with another cable, which tripped him in his headlong flight and sent him sprawling into the smear and smell of the sloping, smooth-worn wharf. He went down to the water and washed his hands and face and sought the sidewalk, obstructed with freight along the front of the seamy, stained, age-worn warehouses. Disenchanted and not knowing what better to do, he went down and boarded a swift New Orleans packet. Having ascended to the clerk's office and registered for his destination, he began to slip bank-notes from the diminishing roll of shinplasters. "Bank of Nemaha," said the clerk; "we don't take that—it ain't worth a d——." "Farmers' and Traders' Bank of St. Joseph," and the clerk turned to his broad-leaved, thumb-worn "detector," and ran his finger down the column of suspicious fiat money, not unlike a row of condemned criminals, the forehead of each branded with the number of years discounted from a checkered career. The logarithm "20" was in the margin. "Yes," said the clerk, "it is twenty off, but

that ten-dollar note is a good ways from home, and I'll allow you fifty cents on the dollar for it." John weakened at every bluff. He despised figures anyway, and the clerk settled the account on his own terms. Then he entered the number of the berth, perched right over the wheelhouse, and known in the parlance of old river men as the sanitarium of diseased livers. The boy, having no baggage, was now relieved of every care and took a seat with the other passengers, on the focs'l along the railing, and looked out over the crowded, boisterous wharf and the steady stream of deck-hands going and coming. He was ill at ease. There was an undefined brooding at the heart; a sense of helpless drifting to sea, without compass, hope or haven. He thought of home, and the picture of the old 'Squire and his rod, and the short shrift he used to get, gave him tranquil pause now that he was beyond the sweep of the paternal arm. At this thought a joy unknown before elbowed the mulligrubs off his perturbed spirit and he came to himself. He took heart; he was bound for the land of eternal summer! He rejoiced at the prospect of seeing Natchez-under-the-hill, that ancient cavern of gamblers. He would revel in the glances of the French creoles in the Crescent City. Under a spell of returning lunacy in due time he was landed in the great sugar and cotton mart of Louisiana, and a brief season of shinning along the back-doors of the tuppenny restaurants in the French quarter, where silver coin was the recognized medium of exchange, chilled the ardor of the youth with his few remaining discredited shinplasters. He was treading now a precarious path. Silver and gold he had none. He could not feed the swine, for the slave did every menial service. He could not earn a wage in the counting-room, for he scorned the schoolmaster at the Yellow Banks, and all his works. Ignorance is not bliss. Hunger was on his right hand; the police station on his left. With a feeling of deep contrition, he said: "I will arise and go to my father." He went to the captain of a steamer, who by good fortune had served in the up-river trade, and knew all the shippers at the Yellow Banks.

Questioning the Prodigal, he said to him: "What is your weight?" "One hundred and twenty pounds," said John. "Charles," said the captain, addressing the clerk, busy casting his accounts, "make out a bill of lading for this young man at live-stock rates, consignee John McKinney, Sr., Yellow Banks." "You will be transferred," continued the captain, "to a Northern-line packet at St. Louis, and may the Lord have mercy on you!"

John McKinney, Jr., was a creditable soldier during the Civil War; the captain of a company in the 94th Ills. Infantry. As a private citizen he had many friends. He was rated as a skillful politician, and no blemish attaches to his memory.

CHAPTER XI.

THE YELLOW BANKS.

The years 1840-1856, inclusive, the Yellow Banks was one of the important markets and chief distributing points on the upper Mississippi. As a lumber market it was second to none of the up-river landings. My father exchanged merchandise for grain, pork and other farm produce from points as remote as fifty miles, and the widely separated settlers in the area came here for lumber and repairs at the wagon shops. The country stores in the interior received their stocks of goods at this landing. Rankin, of Monmouth, delivered his barreled pork here for shipment, and the travel from the East came to this point on the river by stage-coach via Peoria, Galesburg and Monmouth. A very considerable part of the population of the town came from New England. The old Middle West contributed its share—Ohio chiefly; and South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee contributed heavily of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians to the country surrounding. The intelligence at the county seat was above the average for a frontier town, and the public schools were well supported. It was the center of amusements, such as large singing-school classes, the cotillion, the circus, the concert troupes and the vaudeville. Dan Rice was here in the early forties; the Hutchinson family of concert singers, the Peck family of Swiss bell-ringers, and the Lombards, who came down to and included the Civil War. The old Pioneer House was the scene of many elaborate and liberally patronized social events, and the fashions of the period were promptly displayed on the streets.

One of the characters about town in the days of the

steamboats "Clermont," "Iron City" and "Uncle Toby" was Al Eames, who had the genius to make something out of nothing. His first venture was to saw a canoe in twain, lengthwise, and utilize the halves for the sides of the flat-bottomed hull of his first steamboat, a small affair, not much more than a toy, with a steam escape-pipe not much larger than a broomstick. Back from the shore two or three rods the boat was hardly visible to the pedestrian, but one could hear its feeble, asthmatic cough as it shunned the strong current and hugged the shore. He completed the engine for it from scraps picked out of the junk-pile. It was a stern-wheeler of approved pattern. Afterward he built a larger boat with a double hull, equipped with an engine of the same sort as the first, but the paddle-wheel worked on a shaft between the hulls, and not at the stern as usual. His third effort was the construction of what was known as the "Tow-String" saw-mill. It was a creditable work—a practical mill of its kind, that turned out thousands of feet of lumber, and turned in good revenue to its owners, and the digestive apparatus, as heretofore was pieced up from the scrap-pile—castaway pieces of machinery and engines which men of less skill counted as worthless. It was said that when he lacked necessary connecting links of metal, he used a tow-string to supply the want. Strong drink was poor old Al's besetting sin, but he came in time into the possession of a good steamboat and made considerable money towing rafts through Lake Pepin, which was a profitable business in the old days.

Some of the illustrious and not a few of the infamous men of the nineteenth century have walked the streets of the Yellow Banks. April 27, 1832, four companies of militia, enlisted for the Black Hawk War, began the overland march from Beardstown for the Yellow Banks. A part of them were organized at Quincy and formed a junction with the main body near Rushville. O. H. Browning, later United States senator, and later Secretary of the Interior under Andrew Johnson, was a private in the Quincy company, and squealed like a pig under a gate at being exposed in camp for one night

away from the timber and water. Abraham Lincoln commanded one of the companies, and in referring to this fact many years afterward said: "I cannot tell you how much it pleased me to be elected captain of that company." The troops followed a trail which led them past the site of Stronghurst, Olena and Gladstone. The spot where they crossed the Henderson River, is not known, but it was probably below the confluence of the two branches, near the railroad bridge, where they improvised a bridge by felling trees into the stream. Here they lost one or two horses in the swollen river. Not lacking in the picturesque, this body of frontiersmen trailing north along the sand-ridge to the landing, under the leadership of the great Emancipator! They were detained in camp at the Yellow Banks for four days, awaiting supplies by boat from Rock Island, and it is certain that Abraham Lincoln was a compulsory citizen of the town for that length of time. Their camp was located by a bayonet found years afterward sticking in the ground with a piece of candle in the shank! This "candlestick" I used as a plaything, and it lay around my father's house for many years. The battalion of mounted men marched from this point to Dixon. The presence of Abraham Lincoln at the head of his company in camp at the Yellow Banks on this occasion confers a distinction upon the town which should be acknowledged by the citizens with a suitable memorial erected on the spot where the troopers camped. A "lost rock" (a granite boulder of the glacial period) with a suitable inscription, secured from desecration and ornamented by shade trees, should be provided. Now, even now, when such a memorial can be placed at small expense, is the time to act; for in the coming days of a new and ever-enlarging growth avarice will pay little heed to "the better angels of our nature."

During the Indian campaign the following historical characters, then young men, officers of the line in the regular Army, appeared at this landing, and doubtless were ashore more or less during the discharge of cargo: Jefferson Davis, General

Harney, David E. Twiggs, Albert Sidney Johnston, Robert Anderson (of Fort Sumter fame), General Joe Johnston, and many others.

Some of the celebrities of the campaigns of the Mexican War enjoyed the hospitality of our citizens. Among them, I have special reasons for recalling General James Shields, who was billed to fight a duel with Abraham Lincoln. My playmates had their views of all the incidents of the Mexican War. We got these from the veterans of the service or by reading them in Colonel Patterson's *Spectator*. In talking them over we drew wrong inferences from some statements and unconsciously embellished others. As a matter of fact, we knew that General Shields had been shot through the breast, and in some way we got the impression that as the combat deepened the doughty warrior disdained to have his wound dressed, but stopped long enough in the saddle to draw a silk handkerchief through his body along the channel of the wound and kept right on carving "Greasers" right and left with his reeking sabre! When we discovered that General Shields in his own proper and distinguished person had arrived at the Yellow Banks, our imaginations glowed like a prairie fire. We resolved to feast our eyes upon him as upon the supernatural! We believed with gospel sincerity that the silk handkerchief (the big red bandanna was the vogue in those days) still illuminated his mortal remains, that the flow of blood was still unquenched, and we were determined to see a real soldier in that condition. The great man, fresh from the field of his fame, was announced to address the citizens in the court-room on a given evening, and this was the opportunity for the bare-footed boy. The general had already entered upon his address to a full house when I ran up the stairway and stuck my head in at the door to see the wonderful, soul-harrowing sight! I suppose the English language never was more impotently inadequate to the portrayal of a boy's amazement and disappointment than at this precise moment. I craned my neck around the door-jamb, and there stood a plain

little man in perfect health and a swallow-tail coat, talking to the crowd! I pulled my head back out of sight a moment and took a gulp or two at my Adam's apple, feeling awful cheap. However, as no one seemed to be aware of the contretemps, I made bold and took a back seat to hear something about the Constitution, the enlargement of our national boundary, our glorious free institutions, and other stereotyped matters of the kind.

CHAPTER XII.

"GOLD! GOLD! FROM SACRAMENTO RIVER!"

The Argonauts of 1849 followed hard upon the election of Taylor to the Presidency. The gold fever affected multiplied thousands and sent its lessening warmth to the uttermost corners of the earth. The Yellow Banks was the center of preparation for a wide region. Impecunious men foresaw an opportunity to get rich quick. The conservative element in the community smiled at the ebullition around them and kept on plodding, content with small but steady gains. Attractive nuggets had already found their way from "the diggin's" to the Yellow Banks. I have a distinct recollection of some of these, displayed in my father's store. They showed plainly that they had once been in the molten state; of the value of \$20.00, some of them—enough indeed to fire the imaginations of men! Interested parties who could not go sent proxies; that is to say, provided a young man of brawn with a grub-stake and sent him forth to try his luck. Men gambled on the discovery in all sorts of ways, and took all the desperate chances, as men have done and will ever do—all for gold! That magic word has thrown a glamour over the State of California that has lured scores of men to a tragic fate, and many thousands to disappointment.

Mr. Hart's blacksmith-shop was the headquarters for shoeing the animals for the overland trip. It was equipped with gearing for shoeing the ox-teams and the work went merrily on. George Muck's wagon shop, George Sloan's and Blackhart's were all busy in the repair or construction of wagons and in shoeing the animals. At the warehouses the wagons were loaded with provisions. At Blackhart's shop I

was a curious observer of Aleck Henderson's vehicle, with which he was to make the long journey across the mountain ranges to the Pacific Coast. It was not larger than an ordinary grocer's delivery-wagon and seemed to my boyish eyes a very frail craft, by comparison, for such a trip, which indeed it was. I can see them now, more than sixty years after the event, bringing the lines taut over the horse teams and swinging the gad over the oxen as they pulled out upon the street to take the trail, marked all the way along by sickness, hunger and death. Some got away furtively, feeling that they had undertaken a big job! I recall perfectly a modest train passing along the street bound for the new Eldorado: Mr. Roberts, the principal, following along behind, his poor wife in tears, trailing after her husband, unwilling to part with him! The children in the street—the neighbors all—were in deep sympathy with her. But after all, there was a strong hope and a just in the hearts of these men. There was no doubt no longer as to the precious metal being there in quantities. The tide westward had already set in and was irresistible. There was Sammy Snook, the hunchback liquor-dealer on Water Street. His neighbors lifted their brows in amazement when it was told around town that Sam was going to "the diggin's." If he was stopped in the street, taken to one side, and cross-questioned on the momentous theme by one of his confidential friends, Sam would smile blandly in the face of his interlocutor and reply with the couplet on the lips of all the boys on the street in those days:

"It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze to death.
Susanna, don't you cry!"

On the journey out Sam was in hard luck, but he got safely through, and the next year, on the Isthmus, on his way home, he was much "jollied" by Wils. Graham on his success in making the round trip. Glancing out of the corner of his

eye, Sam would answer with the gag which had been a by-word with him all his life: "Catch a weasel asleep, will ye?"

All the phases of human nature shone forth in sharp contrast on the journey. Personal and property disputes arose with aggravating frequency, and when the parties were in the neighborhood of a military post the matters in controversy were submitted to the officers in command, whose award was accepted with more or less grace. Footsore animals crippled the trains and added to the emergency problems to be solved. A crisis arose when life-long neighbors quarreled, and a solution in equity was arrived at by sawing the vehicle in twain and dividing the provisions and draft animals, one party driving off with the fore-wheels of the wagon, the other with the hind-wheels. In desert lands the ox and other teams gave out, the provisions were piled upon the desolate trail and the men with grub on their backs pushed on for succor, and if Fortune favored, returned and gathered up what they had left behind. Some of our Henderson County men, reduced to the last extremity, made up the remaining moiety of flour into biscuits, gave each man his share (a beggarly portion) and climbed the icy altitudes of the Sierra Nevada Range in hunger and privation. Rumors of these hardships drifted back home, and the boys of my own age had a tale which passed current in our school circle of Sammy Snook, who in a strait betwixt two, out on the Snake River, took refuge in the carcass of a disemboweled mule, where he lived comfortably and regaled himself as he had need with steaks of imitation mutton at his hand!

Captain John McGaw, Alex. P. Nelson, and Sam Plummer were among the adventurous spirits who participated in this forlorn hope. They were typical men of our American frontier, descendants of the hardy pioneers of our earlier history. Nelson's father was one of the American volunteers surrendered by Hull to the British on Lake Erie in 1812. The trio named stood together on some of the immemorial heights of the Civil War. Sam Plummer (a jovial, sincere, honest

man) fell in the bloody encounter on Stone River. The other two were with the beaten right wing of Rosecrans' army at Chickamauga. Captain McGaw survived many notable engagements in defense of the Union, and in the great festivals and solemn assemblies of the people of my native county these American volunteers will be held in grateful remembrance.

All of our Henderson County men made money enough to get home on, which is about all that can be said for their trip to the California gold-field. Porter Nelson boasted of having a "quarter" left! On a sailing vessel bound for New York from the Isthmus. Captain McGaw, later of the 84th Ills. Vols., suffered shipwreck. In the fierce gale that was blowing, a friendly vessel stood in the offing to help them, and was in the act of sending the life-boat to take the passengers off. High seas were breaking over the wreck, which was hard fast on the rocks, and no time was to be lost. The officers of the endangered vessel had prepared numbered slips of paper and distributed them among the passengers, who were to form in line and enter the life-boat, at each successive trip, according to their number. Captain McGaw for a minute or two did not look at his slip, for fear it was a large number; but he found on examination (lucky man) that he held preferred stock in Fortune's bank. He was one in the only boat-load that was saved!

By and by a day came, as still such days will come, to call "dogger"-keepers, as well as sober people, "home." Sammy Snook died, and his friends on Water Street said he must have a funeral, and they invited Dr. Campbell, of the Cumberland church, to make a few remarks at the private obsequies. The kind old doctor responded favorably, and discharged the obligations implied in the emergency act to the satisfaction of all concerned; but, to the amazement of some of the hide-bound burghers, the solid globe on which we live did not collapse on account of the observance of this Christian duty.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VILLAGE BAKERY.

Deacon Benner's bake-shop was the fond attraction of the small boy. It had a flavor of its own which affected me much as the smell of grog undermines the equilibrium of the toper. The odor of the gingerbread was demoralizing. Under its spell I was drawn irresistibly to the door to gaze in helpless rapture on the squares of sweet bread when I had not a cent in my pocket and no expectation of ever having one. Right there in full view the good deacon had a heaven, whose bliss, for the lack of a penny, was as remote and inaccessible to me as the real thing may prove, alas! for many of us in the great day later on. I was in despair. At this time Jamison & Moir were at the southwest corner of Market Square in line with a row of grain warehouses. In the same row, north, stood the deacon's bakery and lunch counter aforesaid, and on further north, along Water Street, on both sides, were the "doggeries," the principal one and the most celebrated Sam Snook's, the hunchback. At the extreme north end, facing east, stood the principal business house of the town in the earliest time, that of the Phelps Brothers. McKinney & Adams had a general merchandise store on the then business outskirts—on Schuyler Street as it existed, mostly on the town plat. Trian & Day had a similar store on the corner of Schuyler Street and Market Square. There were other minor places of business, clustered around Colonel Patterson's printing office, the brick addition to which stands a disfigured relic of the past. Deacon Benner's little bake-shop was of the humblest origin, but there was a man behind it! In the northwest cor-

ner of the small business room, behind a bit of counter, rested a keg of spruce beer and the display of gingerbread. On the main counter and shelves were luncheon goods with such unusual neighbors as two or three styles of plain ribbon, one or more patterns of calico, and a suspicion possibly of millinery; but of this latter I cannot make oath—whatever there was, it was the promise of things not seen. The family occupied the back rooms. The daughters, of whom there were three, were the main attractions, and no inconsiderable ones either! The family was of German descent, dexterous in the use of English, but with a noticeable lisp. They were "Pennsylvania Dutch" probably, or Hessian. They were Baptists, and the good deacon stood by his colors nobly. It may seem a bit odd even for that day that the bake-shop should include haberdashery among the articles for sale; but thereby hangs a tale. The deacon was a born gentleman. The rogues like Ed Ray and Brent Jones made a butt of him; the Yellow Banks "Four Hundred" winked at their jokes, and the bad boys were none too decent in their deportment toward the girls, who were regularly at school up to their majority, or nearly so. The current fun of a frontier town is of the broad stripe; the kind that takes so many risks that it sometimes drops its molasses jug, to use a phrase stolen from Uncle Remus. Deacon Benner had just enough of the German lisp in his speech to make him an interesting character when allied to other peculiarities which lent themselves to the picturesque. The two practical jokers aforesaid fastened on him at once. Always treating him courteously, or seemingly so; but ever with a card up the sleeve. Brent Jones was a printer, and it was no surprise when the town woke up one morning and found itself in the possession of this bit of verse:

"Old Deacon Benner of our town
Is now a man of great renown;
He left the East in an angry mood—
He left it for his country's good!

He landed here with a picayune,
But soon he sang the temperance tune;
He made a barrel of ginger beer,—
If you 'd mention rum, he 'd shed a tear!

He put on a religious face,
And they made him deacon of the place;
But every Sabbath he is found
Selling beer on the old camp-ground!

The 'Suckers' suck his ginger pop,
But they find it all molasses slop.
His ginger beer and ginger cake
Give the 'Suckers' the bellyache!"

I have no doubt the rhymester reported the Deacon's financial condition correctly on the day he landed. but Brent maintained a familiar intercourse with Water Street—where water was the only refreshment unobtainable—and it is possible that he was overseas when he made the claim that the Deacon sold pop on the Sabbath; that the brand was not the best known to the trade, conducive to abdominal calm and a better grade of morals than pertained to hilarious printers. If the Deacon landed with a picayune, he quit the town with a barrel of 'em; and that is where he had the advantage of the jokers, for if the assets of the nondescripts of the town had been pooled, the Deacon might easily have bought them in with his small change. Business at the bake-shop prospered; the pop and ginger cake were in time let out, the luncheon trade was abandoned, and the Deacon and family (for each member contributed to the success of the business in a direct way) became the leading venders of millinery, not to mention dry goods, of which he came eventually to carry a large stock. The town did not continue to thrive like the trade-

centers in the interior on the railroads, and Deacon Benner removed his business to Galesburg, where he prospered and died in the possession of a very considerable estate, having realty holdings in some of the growing cities in the West.

It was not so disreputable to sell and drink whiskey in those days as it is now, although it was felt by many to be an unqualified curse. Legal enactments were not as yet leveled at it, but self-respect compelled many to shrink from its associations. The town was well equipped for the display of the business in its most degrading aspects, and could turn out a grist on short notice. I recall passing in the early morning the window of a grog-shop kept, I am sorry to say, by so good a man as Obadiah Eames, and discovering the floor covered with men who had fallen in a drunken stupor and gone to sleep at the close of an all-night carousal.

For some years after my father left the farm the family continued to attend the services on the Sabbath at South Henderson, and it was a common thing, as we drove along, to see drunken men lying at the roadside, sound asleep, their bloated faces upturned to the burning sun, their clothing saturated with the premature disgorgement of an overcharged stomach—their saddle-horses grazing close by.

Among the vicious class it was supposed to be a mark of genius for a lawyer or doctor to be drunk when off duty, and if he succeeded in making a good plea or prescription when drunk, it was a miracle to be noised to the ends of the earth. Old Doc Hulbert, of Rozetta, was one of these miraculously endowed physicians. In the opinion of many people, the drunker he was the greater his skill in the practice of his profession. He was a good doctor and would, of course, have been a better one of it had been possible for him to have lived a sober life. It came to be a street scene to occasion little notice when this unfortunate man, obviously drunk, seated in his old buggy, his trusty horse carefully picking its way along the road, from which it would not depart until the old

master had been safely landed at his own gate some miles away.

Firewater is not a good protection from cold, but on a day the late Charles M. Harris (distinguished lawyer and one-term member of Congress) ran this gauntlet without injury. He was a three-hundred-pounder, and on a trip to Keithsburg in an open vehicle with some boon companions, in the dead of winter and against a fierce north wind, he was seen with his shirt-front wide open, in the full enjoyment of the supreme luxury of a drunken stupor.

CHAPER XIV.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL AND ITS MEMORIES.

My uncle James Jamison went to the woods and cut down, hewed out and delivered the oak logs for the framework of the Presbyterian church in the village, and it is as neat a pioneer chapel as can be found in the State. I can hear the tolling of the bell in the cupola this moment as in the far-away years, when each stroke counted one for every year of him who was being borne over to his last rest in the village cemetery. I was at the burial, when a lad, of a brother of Judge William C. Rice. As the scene closed the Judge said to a friend, "This is the last of earth!" How a few words like these will stick in the memory! It so happened that, after an absence of many years from the State, I was within call when I heard that the remains of two old friends, those of Joseph Chickering and Mrs. John M. Fuller, the mother of those gallant soldiers, Lieutenant Wm. H., of the Signal Corps, and Sergeant Andrew M. Fuller, would be buried in this consecrated ground the next day. I obeyed the promptings of my heart and went to see the remains of so much that was good, and so closely associated with the early history of the county, left to silence and the worm.

When I wish to recall the fair young faces and the grave and reverend seigniors of the days of my youth, I am wont to summon a gathering at the crowded Presbyterian chapel on a bright Sunday morning in June in the forties. Whoever designed the little house of worship had a lot of good sense. It possesses the beauty of true proportions, and escaped the beggarly attempt at ornament so common in the structures of its class in the new West. The interior was finished in

solid walnut, and the builder was not stingy in the use of the raw material. Walnut lumber is so much prized now that the quantity of it used in the construction of those pews would start a man in business. The backs of the pews (since cut down) were so high that I had to stand up and lengthen out onto the ends of my toes to see what was going on at the front. But we had a fine view of the preacher—of his head merely. He was boxed in, far and away!

The pulpit was an architectural triumph. There were two routes by which, if you were careful and observed all the finger-boards of direction, you could find the good man when seated and lost to the view of his flock. One could start on either side where there was a broad and sure footing and begin the ascent of the ecclesiastical Matterhorn. A guide bearing a banner with a device, as "Where he leads we will follow," would have been a great convenience. By keeping one's eye fixed on him and not permitting him to get too far ahead, up the winding stairway, one might come at last upon the object of his search. I have heard of preachers unused to this sky-scraper pulpit getting lost, trying to find the "way"; but once in the box, they could look down and count the warts on all the bald heads in attendance. The stranger was given a seat right under the droppings of the sanctuary, where, hearing a voice somewhere overhead, he uniformly suffered dislocation of the neck trying to locate it. We faced about to see the choir in the gallery, over the entrance. I suppose the time never was when the choir (the organ-loft) was not the favorite spot for the display of millinery. Not always, I suppose (bless their honest hearts), was the vocalization of the "old school" church in inverse proportion to the display of head-gear. The young women in their flounces and furbelows and the young gentlemen in their soap-locks gave prestige to the choir by their numbers, for there was a widespread desire among the young folks to be of the elect coterie; but as for their deliverance, they rested secure in the belief that in Father Chickering and his violin, his fine baritone and

his accomplished leadership and the accompanying melodeon they had a safe refuge from detection. There was a sensation among the young gentlemen when the soprano and her convoying sisters filed in, enveloped in a distinct odor of the perfumer's art—the seven angels with the seven vials filled with seven kinds of bear's oil, from which I think the young gentlemen helped themselves surreptitiously to more than their share, since they smelt so loud.

In the depths of those high-backed pews I made one in the row of the Sunday-school class, which sat under the ministrations of good old "Squire" Patterson, with his spectacles hanging helplessly on his venerable nose. I maintained allegiance to the "Squire" to secure the right to draw a book each Sunday from that wonderful library consecrated to the spiritual welfare of the on-coming citizens of our glorious country. I acknowledge with some dismay the greed with which I turned over the leaves of the different books to find the one that had the "purtiest" pictures. Having come off victorious in that reconnaissance, I carried it home in triumph to read about Albert Toogood, who was so pious he always looked down like Grief on a tombstone, who committed to memory a chapter of the Bible every day of his precious life, who was so patient and sweet when one of those old flinty sand-burrs ran one of its spirited needles a stout half-inch into his heel. No; he never dropped one—not one of those pearly tears nor bad words over so trifling a thing as that. I was satisfied with one of those nice books. I got through with it in a hurry. I felt so discouraged over Albert's superior goodness that I wanted to drown myself. The quality had a rock-ribbed pre-emption right to certain of the pews. These they furnished with foot-stools and cushions, and there was no denying the distinguished manners of gentlemen like the late William Moir and the ladies of his family and the allied families, of whom there were a number, who worshiped here. One of these (the late Asa Smith's) had artistic talents of a high order. One of my earliest recollections is of Mr. Smith's

studio in a building which stood on the corner west of the old Conger boarding-house, where portraits from life, in oil, hung on the walls. There was slight patronage in the pioneer town for one so regally endowed, but the wonderful discovery of Daguerre made it possible for the humblest the world over to possess the likenesses of those dear to them, and Mr. Smith established a gallery and supplied the people far and near with the pictures they so much prized. Many families still have specimens of that art of surprising beauty and fidelity. Then came in succession the ambrotype and finally the photograph—all of which Mr. Smith successfully cultivated. I recall an incident which illustrates his skill in drawing. His neighbor, Mr. Blackheart (which indeed was not a name one would choose for a good neighbor, but was the best the forebears of the old, well-known blacksmith could do for him), had lost his cow, and after some days he chanced to call at Mr. Smith's book-store, where he found a pencil sketch of a cow the artist had drawn from life as she stood under a tree two miles north of the town. A peculiarity in the faithful portraiture convinced the owner that here was a true picture of the estray, and on going to the spot the animal was recovered.

Chickering & Fanning's furniture factory came in time to be an important enterprise in the industrial development of the town. Both of these gentlemen were skilled mechanics, and most of the burial caskets were made to order in their shops, and Mr. Chickering was the familiar official at the obsequies of his friends and neighbors. I shall never forget my astonishment at being told one day that Johnny Roberts was dead! He was of my own size and age. We were classmates. He? Johnny? So blithe and gay—dead? I was dumb. The next day Mr. Chickering's son Henry, also my classmate, told me his father was making Johnny's coffin. I made no reply, but we went down together to the factory to see it. I stole softly into the room where the good man was deftly putting in place the white lining of Johnny's narrow

house. I was sober beyond words in going close to it. I did not care to touch it, but I looked down into it, and my first thought was, "It is so long! Johnny could not be so tall as that!" Then Mr. Chickering explained to me why the foot of it was made at an angle—that the pair of little feet themselves came, as it were, to "attention," till the dissolving years made them relent. It was all very wonderful, a part of the great mystery, but I could not utter a word.

The pastor at the chapel at one time was Dr. King, a fiery, impetuous spirit, who might have led a forlorn hope on Marye's Hill at Fredericksburg. At a morning service he made a characteristic parenthesis. He read the old familiar hymn in which Dr. Watts sacrificed his orthodoxy to accomplish the rhythm in the couplet which declares that

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return!"

In short, sharp staccato the doctor said: "The choir will please omit the stanza [giving the number], for I believe it to be wholly and essentially false!" Many a time and oft had I heard the hymn used in the service, but this was the first time I had ever heard it challenged.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GHOST AND THE FINK & WALKER STAGE-COACH.

My mother's relatives, the Giles, were the most friendly people in the world, and when they came down from "Cedar" to pay us a visit, there was a demonstration of "that fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind"; but I recall an incident which occurred on an occasion of this kind which left a different impression. My forebears were Scotch-Irish on both sides, with a distinct vein (if only a vein) of the superstitions of the race, as this instance will show. My uncle Eli Giles was paying my mother a visit, and the family had separated after supper and left my uncle and my mother in conversation at the table, with myself as the third party. The conversation turned upon the subject of ghosts, in which Andy Allen (another uncle) was a firm believer, according to the representations of my uncle who led the conversation. My elders had forgotten me, or were careless—certainly unconscious of the effect of their narrations upon the nervous, diffident boy who was their only auditor. I was unused to ghost-stories, and was startled from the first, and I followed the tales with increasing alarm. My easily awakened imagination magnified the incidents in the story of the dark woods, the road running past the haunted house, where the man had been murdered and from whence the belated traveler was intercepted by the ghost, etc., etc. These phases with their variations were related as facts; attested, they said, by my uncle Andy, and I believed every word of the story. As I listened my senses sank under the load of fright and I started up from the table distraught! I looked at my mother. Her face had changed. I knew her not. I remember distinctly these changes

in my senses, but I was powerless to recall them or to rid myself of the spell. I was for the moment daft. I made no outcry, and my mother, unconscious of my condition, continued in an amused way to listen to the stupid outrage from which I suffered. I think it was her low, kind voice, reassuring, although unconsciously so, which restored me. I seem never to have gotten quite over the shock, but I said not a word to my mother nor to others about it; and in this I was wiser than I knew, for if I had confessed to my suffering, I would have been quenched in the brutality of our human nature, for the savage is so strong, in the young at least, that I would have been laughed at.

The youngsters at the Yellow Banks were an enterprising lot. We had ambitions—assorted sizes and kinds. Our thoughts rested heavily, like the weight of the globe on the shoulders of Atlas, on two choice professions—namely, that of the pirate and the stage-driver. We stood on the edge of the water and saw through the fog, or thought we saw, a low, rakish craft steal from the shadows of the main shore over to one of the islands. During the passage we spoke in whispers, and our eyes were as big as the ivory rings on the martingales of Bill Van Pelt's livery nags. We exchanged comments on the size of the scowl on the pirate captain's face and the pike, as big as a fence-rail, with which he scuttled ships and split the liver of his enemies. But the stage-driver was our beau ideal. Him we worshiped. If he condescended to walk on earth after the grand entry, we trailed after him (all the small boys in town) like a brood of sucking pigs! If he indulged himself in a bit of humor to the effect that old Mathews, the baker, filled his pies with stewed potato vines in lieu of apples, we snickered in the most truckling way. I can see him now, seated on the box, over "the boot," high and lifted up, armed with the long braided whip, with which to touch the leaders under the belly with that hawk-like circle and downward swoop known only to stage-drivers of a generation now extinct. As he descended upon the admiring town with break-

neck speed, he blew his horn. Ah! was it not grand! the tally-ho, as it poised for a moment on the brow of old Schuyler Street in the days before the hill was graded down! And the bare-legged, shirt-tailed boys swooped around the corner like pigeons to take it all in! How the old Fink & Walker stage-coach rocked and plunged, and stood on her beam ends, as she rounded the corner in a cloud of dust and landed before Colonel Patterson's post office, where the mail-bags were thrown out and the passengers braced themselves for the role of distinguished arrivals to meet the expectations of the staring crowd!

Colonel J. B. Patterson was hardly less distinguished in the eyes of the small boy than the stage-driver himself. In our minds he was intimately associated with that great rival. He received the mail-bags from him, and the mail in our youthful thought was an important matter. I supposed the Great Father, who lived in some great temple of fame like unto that which used to serve as a frontispiece for McGuffey's second reader, wrote all the letters and sent them to everybody and everybody sent him letters in return and paid Colonel Patterson for the privilege. And I used to look with an absorbing interest on the little tray at the table open to all, where the good Colonel kept the old-fashioned pennies, big as our "quarters," the picayunes, the 12½ cent "bits," the "smooth" quarters with a cross on them which marked them as degenerate and worth only 20 cents, all of which were used as legal tender in the payment of postage, all the way from 6 to 25 cents per letter, according to the distance.

One of the "lame ducks" in the early history of Henderson County was Watty Burnside. Watty was a patriot after his kind. He was zealous in the matter of specie payments, and in his role was a sort of financial prophet in the wilderness. His contribution to the country's circulating medium was home-made. His equipment consisted of a pair of molds, or dies, and a melting-pot. In the latter he was wont to reduce old pewter spoons; lacking these, he challenged Fate and the

scrutiny of the public with plain, bare-faced bar lead. With this material he "struck" half-dollars bearing the similitude of the coin of the same denomination issued by Uncle Sam. Watty was a dense old simpleton and thought he could exchange the output of his mint for the common moonshine whiskey of his time. But the boss of the Water Street grog-shop was built on the same lines as his lineal descendant of to-day—calculating and sober in handing out the drinks, and knew the kind of money that would "pass" better than anybody. I never heard of Sam Snook being drunk—never! and when Watty came along and threw down one of his galena half-dollars to liquidate his bill for corn-juice, Sam (who had a hammer and nails close at hand for such emergencies) took the alleged coin and, with a deep and horrible oath, nailed it to the counter. In this manner Watty left souvenirs of himself all over the country. And by and by the sheriff came along and took him by the ear and locked him up, and at the following session of the circuit court he was sent down to Alton (the State's prison was at Alton in his day) to serve time.

Mr. Joseph Chickering, the founder of the pioneer furniture factory, was of Massachusetts origin, and the family name adorns the history of the old Bay State. His forebears were persons of culture, distinguished as clergymen, musicians, and manufacturers of musical instruments of national celebrity. He possessed in full measure the varied talents peculiar to his ancient and honorable family, and it was a kind Providence that sent this good man, so useful in his day and generation, to the pioneer village so close on the heels of the departing red man. One needs to take a second thought to appreciate this fact; to recall how barren the pioneer life was of all that refines, softens and elevates the social scale at this period. I remember well when I could not have been more than three years of age awaking in the morning in my trundle-bed from the child's all-night deep slumber and meeting (so unexpectedly) Mr. Chickering's cheerful greeting. I had already learned

that here was the kind, paternal face of the wonderful magician who carried in a curious oblong box a something I did not know the name of, which he lovingly took up in such a funny way and across it drew a polished little stick with a pearl in the end of it, and forthwith came softly the sweetest notes the child had ever heard, and which made him glide sideways around and take refuge under his mother's arm.

"The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times." Mystery. Silence. The usual activities of the household suddenly ceased. The members were invisible. Myself and young brother, Ewell (whom I dubbed the "Deacon," after Deacon Brown, the capitalist of Monmouth), were spirited away. I cannot tell how nor where we were held in duress. We must have been chloroformed, or captured by brigands and held for ransom. I cannot say. Strategy. Women display unexpected and wonderful skill in maneuvers. There are few of them that do not excel Napoleon in the art of concealing the movements in the campaign which they are directing. They were supernaturally smooth on this occasion, or there would have been a big kick. The "Deacon" and I "got fooled oncet," as the Dutchman says—and with all our wits so miraculously sharpened! Some hours passed. I do not know how it came about, but my brother and I as by a flash regained our liberty and our consciousness. We realized at once that our home was in eclipse. Darkness reigned, and trouble. Cousin Sarah, I think it was, came with an anxious face and took us by the hand and led us up into mother's chamber. We were amazed at the large group of sad faces, the physician in the midst, surrounding mother's bed. The ominous fever had taken hold of her, and they were in despair. Father hung over her pillow the picture of suspense and apprehension. There lay the loving face—the one face in all the world! She said some tender words to her two small lads, which I cannot repeat here, and we were taken away. The night came on—the night which has steeped in forgetfulness so much of the sorrow of the world. Out of childhood's long, dreamless slumber I

awoke the first of all. It was scarce day. I started from my bed with all my senses in an agony of inquiry to know the truth. In the death-like silence I stole out from my own room and went half creeping, I knew not why, to my mother's room and looked in. The watchers were asleep and the doctor and the friends were gone. My mother's bed seemed so still and large and white; it startled me to look at it, and she was lost to sight in its folds. During the night hours the fever had not at least increased and the sick one had fallen into deep sleep, and the doctor and attendants had all agreed that she would be well again and separated.

But think of the happiness of that mother! She had lived all her married life in a household of noisy, willful boys—young savages, that gave her little peace with the demands made upon her time and patience. There, on her arm, she had a pulsating life more fragile than a Sevres vase, more precious than fine gold—a little daughter, to be the companion of her old age, and in whose arms she was to die! My mother's face was very sad at times, and her thoughts seemed far away. As she mused the fire burned and her lips moved as if in prayer. I often wanted to go and put my arms around her, but it seemed like a kind of sacrilege to disturb her at such moments, and I refrained. What soul born into this world hath not had such moments, when the pulse beats low and the spirit seems aweary of time and sense? I was often a truant boy, and this dear Christian mother would take me into a room aside and close the door, and we would kneel down, and she would offer that prayer for me which I hope will avail when all other pleas are in abatement.

Two notable publications that appeared during my boyhood not only made a distinct impression on my own mind, but stirred the anti-slavery sentiment of the country to its profoundest depths—Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "My Bondage and My Freedom," by Frederick Douglass. The first was read in the humblest homes in almost every hamlet in the Northern States. My mother had a strong

prejudice against fiction, but she read "Uncle Tom," and she and my cousin Sarah Ann were amusingly agitated over the incidents in the story. The reading of these books made a dangerous fanatic of me. I was not noisy, but if "Osawat-omie" Brown had marched by at the moment in the prosecution of any of the turbulent schemes of his career, I certainly should have enlisted under his banner and got hung in my zeal.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SCHOOL-TEACHER DESCENDED FROM THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Brokelbank; do you remember him? Alexis Phelps was living when I went to school to Brokelbank. James K. Polk was President. Yes, that is quite a ways back; sixty years now and more. I would like to be a child again—a small boy; but not on the old terms! Those were the good old days, that is true; but “ye that say the former times are better than these, ye inquire not wisely concerning these things.” I would like to be a small boy now and hold in my strong embrace “the faces loved long since and lost awhile,” and all the other precious things that I have garnered and that are the furniture of the soul. Brokelbank must have been a Dutchman. Look at his name! A Hollander by blood descent, although I would not needlessly hurt the feelings of the good young queen of that country by saying so; nor would I cast a slur on the Pilgrim Fathers, but I find the name among those folks who came over in 16—. He was not of the true Dutch type, to be sure. He had not the rubicund face nor the jovial capacity for lager beer commonly attributed to that ancient and honorable race. In the last analysis Brokelbank was an attenuated Dutch Yankee. He appeared on the streets of the Yellow Banks quite unlooked for by the honest burghers. He said he was a school-teacher. His accomplishments as such seemed to lie in the direction of a strong aversion to earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. He dropped in at Henderson & Graham’s store in the old Trian & Day building on a Saturday in the year 1848, and after discussing the weather and the probable

success of General Zach Taylor in his race for the Presidency, he was on the point of taking his leave; when, admonished by the approach of winter that a pair of gloves would come handy, he turned to the counter, on which lay a quantity of the buckskin variety, which, along with buffalo-robcs, were the vogue of the period, and pulled on a pair, but declined to purchase at the solicitation of Colonel Henderson, but he would see the Colonel later, he said, or words to that effect. In relating this incident in his reminiscent hours the Colonel used to say that it gave him a pang to recall that Brokelbank did not keep his word, but that a **hurried inventory** taken on the heels of his departure disclosed a shortage in the stock of gloves by one pair!

I was a freshman at the seat of learning known as the Brokelbank school-house, which stood across the street from the grounds of Alexis Phelps. My time was occupied in learning to spell "horse-back" and similar words in Webster's old blue-back spelling-book, and in solving the conundrums in McGuffey's second reader. The picture of Albert driving his dog hitched to the victoria was the *piece de resistance* around which my affections revolved. I quarreled with the order of things every time I looked at that picture. I wanted a dog like that, that would work anywhere you put him, single or double, and a wagon like that one, in which I could rest at my ease, whip in hand, and drive the dog and keep on driving him forever. When my attention was withdrawn for the moment from Albert and his dog, I was industriously engaged with a Barlow knife, cutting my initials in the desk, which was a plain slab already overloaded with the hieroglyphics of preceding generations; and when this labor palled, my **energies were** absorbed in writing love-letters for Bill Kelly. Bill couldn't write, but he was moving heaven and earth trying to learn the art, which seemed an up-hill business for him. I can see him now, sprawled over the desk, his tongue squirming around in his mouth like an imprisoned boa constrictor on the point of breaking through, his cramped fingers bending desperately to

the task of making parallel lines, which was the first lesson after the ancient method. I don't remember whether I acted as Bill's stenographer and took the matter down at his dictation, or whether it was a scheme of my own to test the young lady's affections by proxy. I don't know what came of it all; nothing in particular, I think, except the evidences, which were plain enough, that Cupid's wings were short in his first flight. The young lady was well worthy the amorous forays of the most gallant knights. She was a pretty little body, the daughter of Dr. Clendenin. I wonder if any who read these pages remember Dr. Clendenin? Whether they do or not, some of the big boys, like Billy Wood and Homer Conger, locked old Brokelbank out of the school-house and nailed the windows down! Y'see it was this way: Christmas had come and Brokey had failed to treat. The big boys determined to force the issue, and they got a padlock and fastened the door solid, and set two big forked posts in the ground in front of the door and laid a rail from fork to fork, and this they called a "horse," on which they said they would ride Brokey if he should conclude not to "set 'em up." Then they got a stick and furled a handkerchief upon it and set it a flying from the head of the "horse," as a sort of challenge from which Brokey might take warning at a distance that the boys were "onto him." Then they took to the brush and watched to see what Brokey would do. Well, he came along at 9 o'clock (the school hour), and the horse was there to receive him, but never said a word, nor Brokey a word to the horse. Then Brokey looked around, raspy and hot, and found an old hammer lying on the ground, with which the boys had nailed the windows down and had forgotten.

Brokey did it with that hammer—he smashed that padlock till it looked worse than one of those Russian battleships in the Straits of Tsushima after Togo had gotten satisfaction cut of it; then he opened the academy on time, as usual. But I want to say confidentially that Brokey rallied handsomely and went down to Deacon Benner's at noon and bought a

bushel basket full of sweet-cakes, gingerbread and things, and fed us like chickens at the coop.

Other shadows fell on the old school-house. The children whispered to each other how bad some of their playmates felt when a new report came from the sick-room across the way. It was one of the palatial homes of a branch of an influential family engaged in the Indian and domestic trade of the frontier. The loss of such a man would be severely felt by the community. The children at school had some comprehension of this, and we were in deep sympathy when a young girl came to the door and beckoned to her sisters in the school-room. They went out in tears and we all knew that Alexis Phelps was dying. The old school-house was affected by the California gold fever with the rest of the town. Brokelbank showed strong symptoms from the first. He was absent minded in the conduct of the school. He was a diligent inquirer after the latest news. He would start up in his dreams with a bag of gold as big as a beer-keg in each hand. He early made up his mind to go. He went. But, like most of his neighbors, he had difficulties to overcome. He was breasting a financial shortage. He had not thought of California having a gold eruption. He had been teaching geography for a number of years and California was "laid down" in the old Olney school atlas sicklied o'er with the pale cast the few "Greasers" and old Spanish missions could confer upon it, never once suspected of the largess she held in store for the seekers after the golden fleece. He must now make the best of it, and take his chances. He elaborated plans which involved a wagon, oxen, and provisions in quantity. He placed an order for a wagon at one of the local shops, linchpins and all, and started the men at work on it forthwith. The woodwork finished in due time, it was up to Brokey to provide the iron for it. At this point Brokey struck a sawyer. He was "busted"—to use the vernacular of a frontier town in '49. On his pillow he thought it all over, and took heart in a way. I will explain if my reader will forbear. He rose from his couch and shook

himself, to clear his wits—and disappeared in the darkness, fired with an invincible resolution. If he weakened at any moment, he recovered his courage at once as the gold mirage flooded the dark offing of his mind with its glory. There was something extraordinary in the buoyancy with which he slipped through the inky night in the pursuit of his evil purpose. His feet were shod with wool, and his long thin legs strode nimbly and noiselessly down to Jamison & Moir's iron-house, which, under the provision of honest merchants who believed in the "open door," stood open all night. Here Brokey found bar iron in quantity for all purposes. It nearly broke his back, but he carried off iron enough and more to complete his wagon in every detail. Years afterward the blacksmiths acknowledged that the scars were plain where Brokey did his best to file away the shipping-mark "J & M" on the bar iron used on that wagon, but they did not "give him away," because they had money and labor tied up in it which they did not wish to compromise.

Brokey's weary wanderings out over the plains to California are not of sufficient interest to justify rehearsal here, but I will indicate in a word what became of him. Teaching, and Nature's bias had unfitted him for delving in the bowels of the earth. It made him tired to think of supporting the frail tabernacle in that way, and in the hour when the owl is abroad, the tempter came too, and said something to Brokey, and he went and thrust his hand under the sleeping miner's pallet and drew forth his buckskin bag, and the Vigilance Committee took him—they took Brokey and hung him on the limb of a tree!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MENACE OF THE GREAT RIVER.

As the river was a fruitful source of apprehension to my mother in the summer, it was none the less so in the winter time. During Saturday holidays the boys were out on the frozen river in crowds. Frequently dangerous air-holes were in close proximity to our skating-places. In addition to these, the noise of the contracting ice, sounding like the sullen roar of distant artillery as the mercury descended rapidly toward the bulb, often filled her startled senses with foreboding. On a Saturday night of a biting cold winter all her flock were safe in the fold except her oldest boy, Porter. The short winter day had closed and no word of him. None of us had seen him since the early morning. All that was known of him was that he and George McKinney were seen skating on the river. At the close of an hour after dark my mother sat down in tears and would not be comforted. She had sent word to my father at the store and he had consulted with uncle John McKinney and the two had left town walking south along the river shore, but my mother knew nothing of that. Another hour of suspense and anguish wore on, at the end of which, dazed by mental suffering, not knowing what she did, she drew a thin shawl over her shoulders and went out on the porch, holding byself and younger brother, Ewell, by the hand, and stood trembling and tearful, on the point of plunging into the darkness and cold, she knew not whither—my cousin Sarah pleading with and trying to comfort her. She was gotten back into the house, where she sank down unconscious. The neighbors surrounded her, and the doctor came in, and at length my fath-

er returned with the missing boy. The parents had gone on down the river shore till they met the boys returning over the ice on their skates from Burlington, twelve miles below.

This brother years ago followed his mother into the great unknown. In a note bearing the date of April 29, 1881, received by mail from his home in Minnesota, he says: "We were sadly pained to receive the news of our own poor mother. If there is any reward in the next world for a true and trusting woman, she, I know, will receive it. I saw her a little over a year ago and knew she could not last long."

Lying before me are two old letters and a lock of gray hair. It startles me to look at the dates. Can it be that thirty years have sped away since my mother's death? For sixty centuries, more or less, man has been admonished that time is a swift courser; but, heedless and forgetful, we have to be ceaselessly pricked by the arrows of the arch enemy to keep us in remembrance of the fact. Here is a letter written by an only sister, who was my mother's companion for so long a time and almost her only solace in her last hours. Without doubt the removal of my parents to Florida prolonged their lives, but it was a great hardship for my mother to be removed so far from her kindred and life-long associations. The obvious result of this isolation was to bring mother and daughter closer together, if possible, than ever before. When the daughter came, therefore, to have a home of her own, the mother was left alone indeed! This my sister dutifully tried to remedy by going back and forth from the city as often as possible. She explains in the letter from which I quote: "I had been staying with mother a few days and left on Tuesday afternoon, and Wednesday night she was taken with a bad pain in her side and could not lie down; had to sit up all night. Thursday morning father sent for me. I went to her as soon as I could, and found her very sick. She could only lie down a minute or two at a time, and father had arranged a support so she could rest as easily as possible in a sitting posture.

After dinner I went in to sit with her, and father said he would go out and see what the men were doing in the garden. Mother said she would like to sit in the rocking-chair while I arranged the bed for her. Having done this service for her, she said she could not sit up any longer; for me to lay her down. I did so, and she closed her eyes and seemed to go to sleep. I rested a little while and then walked quietly out on the balcony so I should not waken her. Having put Roy to sleep, I returned to mother and spoke to her; laid my hand gently on her wasted form and felt her pulse, and found that she had passed away. You can hardly understand my anguish when I discovered the truth concerning her." My mother's was the initial mound in the new city (Jacksonville, Fla.) cemetery, around which a great company has since gathered. Two years afterward, in his seventy-fifth year, my father died, walking in the yard with his cane in his hand.

During the summer vacation when I was about twelve years of age, I was hunting down at Grizzly Island, where my father owned timber lands and had a woodyard and flatboat and men employed, cutting cordwood. When an up-stream steamer called, the flatboat (which was kept loaded) was loosed from its mooring and taken in tow by the steamer, which transferred the wood to her own deck as she proceeded on her way. When the transfer had been completed, the woodboat was cast off and floated back to the landing to be reloaded for the next steamer. By boarding the steamer I was saved a walk of several miles home. On the day aforesaid I was standing on the gunwale of the woodboat nearest the steamer as she came plowing her way under a full head of steam. The force of the deep, strong current brought the woodboat square across the bow of the steamer, which struck it a stunning blow and knocked me, like a shot from a rifle, into the deep, dark water below, between the boats, which were rapidly swinging in together over the spot where I had sunk out of sight. The first I knew I was struggling in the water and could see the light

as I swam to the surface. The mate on the deck of the steamer was watching for me, and when I came up, he had two men hanging over the gunwale of the steamer with hands extended toward me, and when I got near enough, they grappled me and pulled me to the deck with my hat still on my head and none the worse, except being well chilled through before I got home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A RIDE WITH ONE OF THE CLOTH.

Our home was the headquarters for the visiting preachers of the old Scotch church. As a matter of fact, my parents ran a sort of "Preachers' Inn," and I can hardly recall a time when some of the cloth were not enjoying themselves at my mother's table. I looked at them askance, for the prayers were long. They seemed to feel bound, under the claims of hospitality, to repay my mother for her good cuisine by ranging over seas and across continents in search of material to lengthen out the petitions to the point she would accept as liberal compensation for the free lunch. While the debt was being paid I usually fell over dead asleep.

One day Tom Cunningham came along. You remember Tom? He was the "flash" preacher of the old church when I was merging into my "teens." He had one of the best jobs under the paternal care of the Western Synod—the pastorate of a big congregation in St. Louis. It was a sunny morning in June when Tom got off the Northern-line packet at our landing and met father at the gate, just starting down town. I was standing in the yard, stunned by the appearance of the dapper young preacher in his white silk hat, nobby garmenture, and winning ways. For a minute or two my father, the family, I—even I—everybody—was thoroughly saturated by a spray of Tom's choicest salutations. When the sign was about right, Tom sprang his request. I never knew one of those preachers that did not have a deep-felt want of some kind. Tom had a good old father and mother out on a farm, northwest of Monmouth, and could my father land him on the spot? Father could do that, or anything else, one of the

preachers of "our church" asked him to do. Yes; he had a horse and buggy and a boy, and the boy was listening, and heard his father acquiesce in the plan. It was the boy that was always called on to handle the preachers, and he's handled his share of 'em. I got out the nice buggy with old *Cœlum*. *Cœlum* in Latin means "heaven." What better than *Cœlum* to haul the man who was directing the world to the port after which he was named. Good enough—we started, not for Paradise, but for the preferred landing at Father Cunningham's in Warren County. Tom was voluble, and the landscape bright with the tender spring verdure, and everything took on new beauty as seen through the eyes of the young preacher from the city, who was in a state bordering on ecstasy as we jogged along. Betimes we pulled up at the gate of a farm-house where the roses clambered over the entrance and the moss-covered bucket invited man and beast to refreshment. There was a pause of some minutes if Tom came in contact with some of the fair young faces of the household, which gave opportunity for an exchange on the transcendent loveliness of everything when you "feel that way," and when you don't "feel that way" everything is a theory and not a condition. My distinguished companion's exuberance was the counterpart of the affluence of nature in the most hopeful month in the year. He could not repress himself. He became more communicative, even confidential, with every mile accomplished. He had a load on his mind and he must ease himself by making me a partner in his joys. He told me all about it. He was in love! In a few choice phrases he told me all about it; how divinely fair she was. And then she had a further charm not universal among expectant brides. She had a rich "Pop," think of that! Tom thought about it every day, and every hour in the day, and every minute in the hour—poor young preacher! She was sixteen he said. To head off all rivals, Tom had "cast his fly" early. Having secured his catch, he had nothing to do but to play with it until she had reached her majority, then land his prize. The

children of light are as wise as the children of this world in some things! It is seven and fifty years since I took that ride with Tom and it is little less than that since I saw him the last time. It was on the day in 1859 when William H. Seward made his bid in Chicago for the vote of the young West for the Presidency. Quite unexpectedly I caught a mere glimpse of him on the street. The young St. Louis wife was with the angels, and Tom had a second one, leaning joyfully on his arm as they tripped away through the crowd. On what seas sails his barque now, or is poor Tom a-cold?

The limits assigned to these pages preclude the interest that attaches to the lads identified by birth with the early history of the town. Suffice it that John M. Fuller, Esq., a staunch supporter of the great cause, took an honest pride in his sons, but the one that gave the least promise led all the rest. The rather delicate, freckle-faced lad learned a trade, and the knowledge of tools gave facility in the handling of agricultural implements for one of our great Illinois manufactories which led to position and a competence. George Fuller sits now among the commercial princes of the earth, and, what is better, his exemplary Christian character puts to shame the unbeliever and the scoffer. I cannot refrain from a passing allusion to two others of the contemporaries of my youth: Tom Scott—"our Tom," as he is affectionately called, and Horace Bigelow, who led me in age by a year or two. Both have won a fair share of worldly fame and fortune in the face of adverse conditions, and none of my early friends are more worthy.

The "Q" railroad, or Peoria and Oquawka, as the charter read, was completed from the east shore of the Mississippi, opposite Burlington, up through the Henderson County bluffs, in the summer of 1854, and the company on the 4th day of July ran an excursion train from the river to the groves along the hills, the terminus being at Ward's mill, where an old-time barbecue was held—the pit dug and the ox roasted, with such

side dishes as the people chose to bring. The train was made up of platform (dirt) cars, with plank seats. A large crowd took advantage of this opportunity to take their first ride on a railroad train. Junketing parties were let off anywhere they chose among the natural groves along South Henderson Creek; those in charge of the train accommodating themselves to the whims of the people in that respect. Some of these small parties, with their lunch-baskets and hampers of champagne, showed greater nimbleness in getting off the train in the morning than they were able to exhibit in getting on again in the evening.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BLOOMER COSTUME, THE CRINOLINE DISTURBANCE, AND OTHER MATTERS.

One of the great sensations in the town was the advent of the "Bloomer" costume. When it first crossed the disk of fashion, the young misses throughout the country craned their necks till they nearly pulled them out of joint staring at it, and the staid matrons had to put on their glasses to make it out. But the weakness of human nature to grab at every new style met with a perceptible balk as the Bloomer tide rolled westward. The Yellow Banks were agitated as never before over the question of trousers becoming the wearing apparel for both sexes, with only such modifications as modesty might suggest. At the last it assumed the form of give and take. To maintain the judicial balance, the men thought it would be correct to adorn their breeches with some of the trimmings heretofore in exclusive use by the ladies; while the sewing societies of the town almost broke up in a row over the adoption of hip pockets. Ed Ray, as the strenuous advance agent of the new style, ordered fringes around the bottoms of his new trousers; while Luke Strong, as a Miss Nancy, occupying a position between the rival parties in interest, had a row of steel cut buttons sewed on the seams of his'n. The new fad was making progress after all! The ladies took courage, but who should take the first plunge? By and by it leaked out. The garments were being made. An expert seamstress had 'em on the way, seven-ninths completed, and she would have them ready to launch the next Sunday for church. There would be new millinery attachments and everything in rapid-

fire order. There was an excess of joy throughout the purlieus of the Yellow Banks. Everybody hoped it would be a pleasant day. For once in the history of the town, the people had a pious spell, and all with one accord brushed up their religion, and said they were going to attend the services. The eventful day dawned at last—a sunny summer day. Services were held in the court-house, and as the tribes went thither the windows were packed with noses flattened against the panes to see the pants go by! Crum Mathews was in command; but as to the particular frills and the fit of the calico pantaloons, ask any of the old-timers. They can tell you all about it.

The Crinoline atmospheric disturbance which followed in due succession equalled that of Free Silver under "Coin" Harvey in '96, and they were alike in the dependence upon wind for their exploitation; the more you talked against them—the more wind you raised—the greater the increase in circulation. It was dangerous for mere man (the old man of the house) to suggest to his son that the hoops on the rain-barrel needed mending. The daughters of the household took the slur and drove the male beasts away with a stick of stove-wood. Hoops got to be such a necessity that an order for groceries was seldom issued that did not include a skirt of the approved pattern. The grocer had the latest in stock, and the hardware man did not consider his purchases complete without assorted sizes of the common and the patented articles. They hung like gigantic Chinese lanterns swinging from the awnings of enterprising dry goods houses, and the town corporations were in a condition of chronic defense against suits for damages by men in a hurry to catch the train whose feet were caught in the meshes of a cast-off hoop-skirt thrown into the street to trip the unwary.

In those days came Queen Victoria looking like a dirigible balloon, and Mrs. Lincoln (poor Mary), when she appeared on state occasions, a miniature replica of the dome of the

Capitol. Lord Lyons and the other gilded gentry of the effete monarchies had to stand out under the dripping eave-troughs.

In the woods one day on Cedar Creek, with my uncle James Giles, he asked me if my teacher had ever given me for a copy the line, "The eagle's flight is out of sight." I answered that he had, and he said to me, "Look up there and you will see the eagle now in his flight." It was a clear sunny day, and I was eager to see the national bird looking his dominion over. I scanned the sky with a boy's keen eye, but was disappointed. I looked for a large bird, which I thought might be easily seen. Then my uncle said to me, "You will see only a speck moving in a great circle." After some further search, I found it. No incident in nature in all my life, certainly not in my younger days, impressed me more deeply, save perhaps the comet of '58, the total eclipse of the sun in '69, or the descent of an immense meteorite in '73, in Iowa, a copper-colored globe of fire. The majesty of that flight in the far ether! The bird seemed in no hurry. A sentinel in the third heaven, it seemed to have eternity itself in which to make one of its grand rounds. Nothing had so completely captivated the boy's imagination as the bird that dared to look in at the sun's open door and feel the breath of his furnace fires. My uncle suggested to me that the bird from its far eyrie could see across many States, and that the energy of its vision was so great that a rabbit hopping along the ground would be an easy mark for it.

Almost all American families, especially of the farmer class, in the course of a generation own some fine horses—draft or steppers. If not natural horsemen, they get the overflow, which not infrequently contains some speedy animals. I believe America has the best cavalry in the world, because we have the best horses, and the most of 'em, and the best riders. Englishmen and Germans, as a rule, are too pot-gutted for cavalry. Take a thousand Germans, as they run, from civil life, and they are the most awkward riders on earth. As we are to-day and have been, good horsemanship is a national

characteristic. My brother Marion owned two fine steppers at different times. They were so fast they were at the quarter-pole before they started. Some of my happiest hours were spent in the very early morning riding out behind one of these flyers over a good country road in the fall of the year with my brother, who was proud of his "typewriters." Grouse were plentiful—I miss them so much from the Illinois landscape nowadays! and from the top of almost every stake along the "worm" fence they called to one another in prolonged cadence as we rode along. What a shame it is we can hear them no longer! The too zealous sportsman has driven them out, and our wheat-fields where they fed have disappeared also. Every fall after I had reached the age of twelve or thirteen I hauled hundreds of bushels of winter apples in from the farm to those who had ordered them at the Yellow Banks and in Burlington. As I drove along the road I used to throw apples at the "prairie chickens," which scorned to retreat under my bad marksmanship.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

He was a gentleman of the old school. He liked to fix up. He was as fond of the frills of the toilet as a young miss. A portion of each day was devoted to the placing of his person in dry dock, where it was scraped and adorned for the voyage to the morrow, when the regulation for repairs was observed as before. The Algonquin would have said that his hair was yellow; it was parted in the conventional way, but when the comb reached the crown it descended to the back door, parting the locks in the descent, and carefully brushed them forward over the ears. He seemed never to have been young, and yet he was not old, and at the close of each succeeding decade he seemed about the same—a sort of perennial Beau Brummel. He was the only man in town who went habitually well dressed, day by day. He uniformly shone upon the street in a swallow-tail coat, silk hat and white vest; his hands neatly gloved, brandishing a gold-headed cane. A precious stone of uncertain value glanced like a serpent's eye upon his faultless front. His linen was Byronian, his ivory plates conspicuous to a degree. His unequal extremities caused a distinct but slight pause in his gait. He illuminated the streets of the Yellow Banks for many years. He was one of the attractions; a phenomenon indeed; the Mysterious Stranger—all in one—of the town.

He was the unique and incomparable host of the old Pioneer House in the palmy days of the Fink & Walker mail-coaches; he assisted the travelers to alight from the tally-ho; he was the Sir Walter Raleigh at the reception of his lady guests; he was old J. K., and no other; a shrewd man of the

world; posted on the news of the day, and had his opinion of George Washington and everybody else. And withal, he seemed suspiciously well versed in the under-world—the submerged tenth, and all that implies. This information, however, he kept carefully to himself. He was never known to comment on it, but if it became the subject of conversation in his presence, he was complacent, serene, disinterested, Satanic. The great games were played on the river in those days, from St. Paul to New Orleans; chiefly on the lower Mississippi. The big stakes and the guns to defend them were on the tables in the gentlemen's cabin. But the Phenomeon was no fighter; he had what was better for him, a demoniac's cunning, sharper than a needle point, and luck came his way sometimes; but he was too cautious, I surmise, for a successful gambler. He had compensations. If Fortune gave him the cold shoulder at the gaming-table, he brought his reserves into the fight. His touch was light and sure, and he did not disdain revenue from any source, nor object to it in small amounts. An observing Boniface, accustomed to study his guests, can create opportunities, if they are not apparent. For many years he paid on demand, and shone resplendent. Other men aged under their burdens, but the Phenomenon carried the world on his shoulders as it were a puff-ball.

The swell society functions throughout the forties and fifties at the Yellow Banks were held at the Pioneer House, which, with its bold river front and shade and its Corinthian columns, affected my boyish gaze quite like the Parthenon is supposed to overwhelm the traveler. The great semi-annual events were the cotillion parties, or "balls," as they were called in the golden far-gone times. There was a noticeable stir among the young couples when the date was announced for the next one forthcoming. The fair ones lapsed into a form of hysterics over what they were to wear; they ran across the street the back way and compared notes about it, breaking out into fits of lunatic laughter at their own quips.

The impending social convulsion struck the hotel kitchen in advance of all others, and the staff shoveled up pie stuff till the stanchions gave way and the *chef* and his retinue of aids were buried under a landslide of raw material.

The Nestor of hotel managers, our imperial J. K. was on earth in his best form on these great occasions. All things being in readiness, the couples began to arrive. They came in all sorts of vehicles from everywhere. The high-over-all *ton* came from Keithsburg and Monmouth. The real nickel-plate could be easily distinguished by the height of his boot-heels. He always wore boots on great occasions. To wear shoes was plebeian. He scorned the suggestion. The more "ply" he could persuade the cobbler to nail onto his boot-heels, if only one more than his rival displayed, puffed him up horribly. When he walked, his heels struck the cobble-stones some seconds in advance of his toes, if the latter landed at all. The women of 1911 are becoming knee-sprung by the revival of this barbarism. The man afflicted with an excess of boot-heels when I was a boy—well, his head ran up to a point as his heels ran down, the terminus in either case being small. Having acquired knock-knees, his pace along the sanded floor was painful to behold. The ball-room of the ancient hostelry was well proportioned for the gayety of its time, and it tends to sober one to muse in silence now on the animated scenes redolent there far beyond the half-century mark.

On these occasions the early settlers got together. The ball served a good and an evil purpose, as their successors do to this day. There were many reputable people at these gatherings, and Satan came also. Virtue came clothed in the latest fashion, and otherwise, and Vice followed her example. Couples from up the creek came within the charmed circle of Terpsichore not in the best tonsorial form, clothed in black satin vests venerable for service, but with honest dollars in their pockets and honest purposes in their hearts, and it would have been well if all had gotten home in the gray of the next

morning with a conscience equally void of offense. As a rule, there was an odor like that of a bad circus left in the wake of these balls; the livery-stable crowd prevailed, and the atmosphere had a horsey taint. At the upper end of the ball-room sat the orchestra in state. The first violin was a character. He was known in all the region around, and was considered indispensable to a successful function. He was known as "The Man that Slept on His Violin." I don't know that he had any other name. Nobody ever heard him talk; none ever saw him awake! He went to sleep fifty years before Rip Van Winkle was heard of, and he is asleep now—for good. He was an exceptional character, and will prove exceptional doubtless when Gabriel blows his horn, and sleep on regardless of what the other fellows do. He was playing for balls when Columbus discovered America, and was at it like a mere sprig of youth when I was a boy. When they got ready to open the ball, they just gave the old fellow a hunch and music rose voluptuous. His touch was delicate, resonant, militant! He dreamed celestial dreams as he drew his bow back and forth, and his head dropped in dead slumber and swayed from side to side as he played. He was on duty from the opening to the close. To ease himself he rose at times to his feet, asleep, filling the room with his strains, keeping the accompanying instruments busy. At the close of the cotillion, and before the waltzers began to spin, he would imitate the nightingale. The bird struck its sweetest note far up in the twilight, a challenge to every bird that carried a harp of gold in its throat; then followed an intricate melody too subtle in its method and triumphant in its strains for mortal ken; the note of victory was so complete that one thought it would cease, nothing more being possible, but the note of exaltation continued to rise till the heavens were filled with its glory, and all the angelic choirs, the answering harps of seraphim to seraphim, broke forth in jubilant chorus. And still the wonder grew how one man with that frail little instrument and bow could so entice the soul

and overpower it with the charms of music! Knight and lady sat still under the spell of this backwoods master of the violin. At the hour of twelve, midnight, the guests were summoned to Belshazzar's feast, for which tickets were required.

Frontier criminal exploits along the Mississippi may be supposed to have reached high-tide about the time of the murder of Colonel Davenport at his home on Rock Island in 1845. The minting and circulating of counterfeit coin was one of the active pursuits of these river rogues. The owner of the mint was not always the most successful distributor of the "queer"; that required a nimble endowment not possessed by every man. In pioneer days the Yellow Banks was not short on original genius of this and other kinds. Some of them were birds of passage. If they had been flushed, they came in from abroad on tired wing, more or less bedraggled, and took refuge at "The Catfish"—a hostelry that started with the best intentions, but fell under the opprobrium of too much skin-fish on the *table d'hôte*, a pabulum interdicted by the old Jewish economy, nor enthusiastically popular with the Gentile as a daily ration, and for that reason this particular travelers' rest suffered martyrdom all its days. "The Catfish" did not shelter the game birds, however; they stepped softly with gum-shoe footfall into the dove-cote farther up the hill. The Mysterious Stranger took care of them, and when the pursuit had lost the trail and the sky seemed propitious, the rascal sallied forth again, and the Mysterious Stranger in dandy attire went with him. The guests at the Pioneer House and the man-about-town noted the absence. These pilgrimages, more or less prolonged, occurred at intervals annually. They came to be a feature. One day the report came in that the mail-coach had been robbed. Alert ears kept tab on the absences from the hotel and the coincidence of the road agents' activity. Well, the years came and went, children were born and the aged passed away, but the Mysterious Stranger held steadily on his course like an ocean greyhound through fog and storm and ice-floes. On a

sunny day in June he arrived in port. The air was balmy. The world had been clothed anew in leafy splendor and the great river flowed serenely on to the sea as our lives flow on into that vaster eternity. The bush was full of happy children, and they plucked the tender, spongy, half-formed leaf, surcharged with its cardinal tints, and placed it between layers of snowy white sheeting, put pressure upon it, and lo, the print of the leaf delicately transferred to the cloth; and as the children shouted their triumphs to each other, they noted the Mysterious Stranger as he passed, tapping the walk with his cane, and then the long step and the short step. His leathern pocket-book with a fold and a tuck was gorged with bank-notes, and the Yellow Banks and all the world around was conscious of a great change going on, involving the Mysterious Stranger and all his neighbors. The Fink & Walker mail-coaches had ceased to run; the railroad carried the mails, and the Pioneer House was no longer central enough for travelers. These facts had hardly been accepted before the Eagle House was open for business under the suave welcome of its distinguished host. Now came some brief years of prosperity when Julius Gifford ran his livery-stable in the rear of Jamison & Moir's brick block and Thad Warner hustled his mail and passenger hack up and down from the Junction to the county seat. Thad remembered the thundering display of the Fink & Walker stage when it made the grand entry, and attempted a feeble imitation. Thad had a facial trick which he always played when he wished to win the admiration of the crowd. He could look cross-eyed at will and he had a distinguished leer. He had other crooked accomplishments, but these were his trump cards. It was a humiliating drop for the whole town when the advance of civilization on the frontier compelled it to exchange the pomp of other days for Gifford's two-horse hack, but Thad conceived himself more than equal to the amend. Driving up from the Junction with the mail in the evening, on reaching the brow of Schuyler Street he assumed his most

powerful strabismus stare, and with an artistic flick of the whip he gave his two old plugs to understand what was required of them, and down they came, making the grand curve at Phelps' corner in approved style. I am sure the old-timer falls short of what is due to Thad whenever he omits to shed a few tears at the remembrance of that performance.

In due course there was an enlargement of the household at the Eagle House by the addition of two sons-in-law. As the increase in numbers was purely ornamental, there was no incumbrance in the way of additional revenue. This made hard sledding for the Mysterious Stranger. There is hardly anything in this present evil world that will make a man's face blanch whiter than to look into his cash-box and find it empty. It was noticed that the old gentleman was less spruce than formerly. The broadcloth was getting a little seedy; the step less springy, and Hope sat on his brow less securely. The inexorable years will bind the best of us hard and fast. In the early morning of a day long gone the early riser went down to the river shore as usual. The fresh morning air cleared his brain and his heart, and there was something like the finger of Fate in the mighty river that rolled ever in that one direction in which we all are going, and a voice seemed to say, "That stream cannot turn back upon its course, nor can you return and make good the wasted years." The town breakfasted as usual, and in the interval of going and returning from the morning meal the "jimmy" had been at work and forced an entrance to Phelps' Bank. The safe had been wrecked and the contents taken—all in a moment's time, and silence reigned. As the rising sun burst upon the streets he who kept the keys returned to the scene of his life-long labors to find the evidence of the burglary—the forced entrance, the confusion within, the prints of feet without. The first thing we do in a case of *this* kind is to stare in unbelief. Then one or two neighbors come along, and we point to the havoc, and we explain that when we went to breakfast all was as usual. In a few minutes the town

awoke to what had been done, and the singular thing about it all was that while few glimpses, or none, were had of figures going or coming, the mass of the people had but one opinion as to the identity of the robbers, but all was serene at the Eagle House. The old Mysterious Stranger was there, supervising the first meal of the day. The household seemed intact. If there were any discrepancies, they were not noticed at the moment. As the people canvassed the situation the excitement increased. After some consideration, the crowd of citizens as if by common impulse went to the Eagle House. I was in the crowd, along with all the boys in town, and I stood at the head of the cellar-way when Frank A. Dallam, of the *Plaindealer*, led the searching party, thrust his hand into a hole in the cellar wall and brought forth a double handful of paper money. There was a shout of exultation, not so much over the recovery of the money, but at everybody's "I told you so." The additions to the family by marriage went over the road. The Mysterious Stranger, who formulated the scheme of robbery, and enticed the willing tools to do his bidding—well, the gold-headed cane thumped the walk as in the past, followed by the long step and the short step.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GHOST.

On a dark and stormy night in recent years a physician, returning from a midnight professional call in the country, caught a glimpse of a moving taper through the windows of the Eagle House, when it was unoccupied, in its uncanny, discredited old age. Having left his conveyance at the livery, on his way up town his curiosity awoke on passing in front of the deserted hotel, and he determined to go in and quietly survey the premises. Taking a station at the window through which he had seen the light, he silently awaited developments. He had no better company at first than a mouse gnawing in the wainscoting or an occasional rat scurrying along the dark passages. At a moment when he was not looking directly through the window into the interior of the building, he caught a glimpse of a dim tongue-like flame (a mere wisp of light) as it quickly passed out of view, going from one passage-way into another, and along with it a slight noise which he could not make out. Putting his ear to a small opening in the corner of the windowpane where a bit of glass an inch square had fallen out, he listened with an awakened interest. He was rewarded in a few moments by a slight noise, scarcely audible, like the thump of a cane on the floor, tapping at regular intervals, accompanied by the mere whisper of a foot-fall, a hesitating, regular, but soft footfall, as of a long step and a short step. In a moment it seemed to be descending a stairway. The doctor stood with his back to the outside cellar-way, which stood wide open, dismal and damp. The footsteps seemed to be coming nearer in that direction and he crouched and peered down into the cellar, a part of the interior of which at intervals, by the glow of intermittent light-

ning, he could see—the whole, in fact, of one side of the wall. He could hear the gentle tap of the cane and the footfalls as they reached the bottom of the stairs. The doctor, being a man of iron nerve, was not in the least disconcerted, and related this incident afterward in the assured, easy way characteristic of him. The invisible Presence then strode across the cellar floor, diagonally, to a small, irregular hole in the wall in full view of the silent visitor on the outside. The taper cast a pale, peculiar light and moved unsteadily about as if held in an invisible hand, while a real hand (pale and finely formed) reached into the hole in the wall, withdrew, and—here a large loose stone under the doctor's foot rolled and fell with a crash into the cellar. Instantly the Presence disappeared, and the doctor withdrew, determined to investigate later on.

Ghosts are supposed to stand their ground, but this one cut sticks for the happy hunting-grounds, breaking all rules for good behavior, all records for speed, and I fear will seriously impair the confidence of my reader in this and all other ghosts. The details of this well-accredited experience were never related to more than one person. The doctor, ordinarily uncommunicative, was particularly so on a matter which his senses could not readily credit. To one close friend, however, the doctor, before his death, gave the minute phases in full of this extraordinary occurrence, and discussed in a way peculiarly his own his beliefs respecting the gulf which marks the boundary of another world than ours, and the probabilities of an interchange therewith. On two occasions subsequently, months intervening, the doctor verified the main features of his first nocturnal visit to the deserted caravansary. During the first of the last two visits, on a night of arctic cold and darkness, he saw the taper in the old office of the hotel in a state of strange agitation. The light, as before, seemed to be carried about by an unseen hand and the movements of the pantomime seemed to answer plainly to an ungoverned pas-

sion. It would swoop down at times as if in a great rage; then tremble as if in a paroxysm of anger; the drawers of the desk would open and shut with a slam-like movement, and yet they made no noise. The lid of the old-fashioned desk lifted like the jaws of Leviathan and closed with an apparent snap, but there was only silence, and no other visible movement except that of the little taper. In a moment the noise of the cane passed through the doorway into the passage, tapping quickly along in company with the long step and the short step. On a Christmas night, for the last time, the taper was seen at the head of the long dining-room table. In the darkness, relieved by the dim rays of the quarter-moon, it was seen apparently in the hands of one doing the honors. It seemed to be bestowing the compliments of the season upon the invisible guests seated to grace the holiday occasion. The taper raised high and bowed low, as if mine host interlarded his speech with the good cheer and pungent raillery with which the year's chiefest festival is usually adorned. At times one might suppose the company to have broken out in continuous quavers and semi-quavers of laughter, the taper cut such curious antics, as it passed with measured pauses down one side of the festal board and up along the other side. Arriving at the head of the table once more, the little flame made three grand flourishes, from which one might suppose the Mysterious Stranger delivered his valedictory; reviewed his three-score years and ten upon this earth, his meteoric successes, his humiliations, and the vanity of it all!

CHAPTER XXII.

OVERLAND TO FOUNTAIN GREEN.

During my school-days at Monmouth I made an overland trip with Robert Wilson McClaughry, a well-known fellow-student, now a distinguished authority on penology and warden of the Government Prison at Fort Leavenworth, whose fame is founded on exhaustive study, and a career of many years of supervisory control of some of the great prisons and reformatory institutions of our country. The journey was made in a single-rig livery conveyance of the subdued pattern of those days. Mack called the horse "Bones," which was illuminatingly descriptive, if not elegant. The steed was tall and his ribs shone resplendent: peace to his ashes, for he must have died a long time ago. Our destination was Fountain Green, in Hancock County. I am sure it was a poet that named that hamlet; anyway we were going there if "Bones" and good fortune could help us out in a bad job. In the old days that are not forgotten the flat prairies of our dear old "Sucker" State were in a condition of chronic moisture, and when a lane was forced on a community and the traveler could not muster courage to throw his neighbor's fence down and drive over the corn crop, that portion of the interurban subway became anywhere from one foot deep to a bottomless bog. Well, the brace of travelers were not responsible for the state of the Union, nor for the condition of the roads of the commonwealth, so we made bold and drove gleefully south over the level prairie until we came upon the kind of obstruction noted in the few cautious words just set down. At this point we made a pause; then the travelers glanced naively at each other: then at the landscape; then at "Bones." I suppose the

instant before a Jap commits *hari-kiri* upon his honorable person—for he professes great contempt for this mortal existence—he is just as happy as he ever was in his life. I suppose also, when one jumps from a spring-board for the bottom of the Colorado Canyon two miles below, that he is as serenely comfortable at the precise second in advance of his pre-determined leap as one ever could be here below. It certainly is after, and not before, a Frenchman “sneezes in the basket” that he



"BONES" AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOG

feels “the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.” So here, looking ahead upon the long stretch of liquid mud ahead of them, the travelers were not in the least dismayed; on the other hand, your humble servant, who bore aloft the ribbons, proudly said “cluck” to “Bones” and advanced confidently. We sank a foot the first length, the second length out we were up to the axles, at half of the third length “Bones” had

difficulty getting his feet up out of the stuff muck at the bottom; then he laid down flat and rested, out of sight, except the half of his neck and head. “Bones” did this respectfully, quietly, without disturbing anybody. But he was not ailing, and there was a chance for an argument. Mack gave an audible gasp and succumbed. By and by a little resolution, the size of a pea, began to flutter under his waistcoat, and he crawled out onto the rail-fence and cooned along to land not so moist and went up to the farmer teaming near by, and I could see the pantomime between the two. Mack first stood on his toes, bowed his back, pushed his telescopic neck out three meters and lifted his hat. The tiller of the soil stood

as rigid and unbending as a statue of Patrick Henry. Mack, seeing he had failed to make an impression, turned, and with desperate eagerness hurled his long arm, barbed with a keen index finger, toward "Bones" and his driver. The agriculturist continued sphinx-like, as though he had stood there for four thousand years and meant to stay there for a season longer; whereupon Mack, who was full of resources, thrust his windward arm deep down into his spring pajamas. I took that for a feint, but before he could turn and give me a grave wink that farmer had unhitched from his wagon, backed his team up to the disabled vehicle far out from shore and "yanked" it from the jaws of Erebus, while the driver sat on the box triumphant as it emerged. The travelers contemplated "Bones" in silence for some minutes. Then one said to the other, "He is richly embossed and I think we had better have him baked and hand-painted, and return him to the liveryman as a 'shef-duver.'"

We took dinner with Mr. Eldridge, of Roseville, not without some apprehension as to the appearance of our entourage as we drove within the porte-cochère. We greeted our host meekly as he glanced at "Bones" and observed the evidences of the desperate efforts we had made to clean him off with cobs and sundry other aids we found along the road, and after the noon hour, as we drove away, our courteous host seemed to smile in an unwonted manner as we trotted off down the lane. Our stepper had been refreshed with a good dinner and was winsomely blithe and graceful, barring the mud on his sides, on the harness and on the vehicle, which did not seem to impede his movements as we drove southward toward the next frog-pond, which we reached in due time, and on the verge of which Mack deserted his companion, and took to the fence again to observe the behavior of "Bones" and his driver across the worst place we had yet struck. A farmer plowing in the field adjacent was also interested in the passage, and craned his neck over the plow, bent on not missing any part of the show as he saw "Bones"

cautiously descend into the abyss and the driver lay on the whip at the supreme moment. At the bottom of the bog "Bones" declared himself, and walked out of the harness and away from the jaunting-car onto dry land, leaving the driver with a piece of the lines in his hands. Mack from his perch on the fence and the plowman in his furrow exchanged wireless messages, while "Moses" sat speechless down where the bulrushes grow. Mack dubbed me "Moses" on the journey,



MOSES IN THE BULLRUSHES.

on account of my superior wisdom and meekness, characteristics which, I am pleased to acknowledge, adhere to me to this day. Henceforth the skies relented, the roads improved, and we passed through a series of landscapes not surpassed in the Garden State, nor matched outside of it. On our return trip we bore away northwest and reached the Mississippi River at the Yellow Banks. Here we should have turned

due east on the old stage road to Monmouth, but the bridges were gone, and we drove north to Hollingsworth's; but the storm god shook his head, and we continued north to Coghill's, where the bridge was also gone, and under grim necessity poor "Bones" dragged his weary way far north into Mercer County, where we found lodging at the hospitable farm-house of Mr. Duncan. From this point we drove nearly due south, finding a crossing near Little York. On our last day out we came upon Monmouth in the happy possession of her overgrown cottonwood tree and fathomless mud-hole in the north-west corner of the public square, which were her chief ornaments in ante-bellum days.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GLIMPSE OF HORACE GREELEY.

The Civil War of 1861-65 was one of the stepping-stones of the ages; like the expulsion from the Garden; the Exodus; the fall of Babylon; the civilization of Greece; the fall of Rome; the crucifixion of Christ; the Crusades; the discovery of America; the overthrow of British tyranny by the thirteen Colonies. It was a fight to hold what the race had already won of civil liberty—a free conscience and a free right arm. With the crisis came the man—our great political prophet; born in due time, among the lowly, in deepest poverty. There was no beauty that we should desire him. We were faithless and unbelieving. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" "Is not this the carpenter's son?" "Whence getteth he this wisdom?" Derided, scorned, hated, threatened, murdered! Anointed of God, bearing His unmistakable image in his soul, and confessed of just men, willing to stand for the truth at the cost of blood and treasure. And so it came to pass that he was made President of the United States, and wrought a work which has transfigured the man for all time.

A root out of dry ground, he is still an enigma and an astonishment to many; incomprehensible now in this age of graft and colossal selfishness as he was to the great men of his own generation, who assumed superiority over him. A matchless pilot he, to the consternation of the shallow pretenders in high places. He had none of the pride of life. The obscurity of his birth weighed upon him down to his entering the White House. It was only then that he was emancipated. "I am not fit for the Presidency," he wrote to his friends.

At the opening of the senatorial joint discussion, he said: Twenty-two years ago Judge Douglas and I became acquainted. We were both young then—he a trifle younger than I. Even then we were both ambitious—I perhaps quite as much so as he. With me the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure; with him it has been one of splendid success. His name fills the nation, and it is not unknown even in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. I would rather stand upon that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow."

The one glorious and glorifying fact concerning Mary Todd, a fact that should hallow her memory to all future generations despite her weaknesses and follies, is that she believed from the first, implicitly, with a faith rock-ribbed and unshakable, in the inherent greatness of her husband. "Douglas is nothing but a scrubby little Vermont Yankee, not to be compared with Lincoln," said Mary. The woman's intuition surpassed the wisdom of the great.

During my school-days at Monmouth there were no hard-and-fast contracts with literary bureaus to secure popular lectures on diverse current themes. Some of the distinguished men of the period were at our service, among them Horace Mann, George D. Prentice, Dr. Haven, and Horace Greeley. The literary societies of the college were the intermediary for providing this mental pabulum, and we negotiated with the principals direct at an average cost of \$50.00 each. It fell to my lot to secure the services of some of these men—to see that they were properly domiciled during their brief stay among us—and that the leading professional men of the town had an opportunity to meet them. Horace Greeley was the most interesting figure that appeared on our platform. He was the man behind the anti-slavery guns during the years leading up to the Civil War. He had the conscience and the ear of the nation as no other had. The people were eager to see and hear him. His eccentricities no less than his great ability contributed to this curiosity. Since the foundation of

our Government we have had only two (not more) great journalists in this country—Benjamin Franklin and Horace Greeley. This was my thought when a young man and at the close of half a century I am still of that opinion. These two men in intellectual force surpassed a thousand, and they will be remembered when ten thousand bright editorial pens are forgotten. It is true that the founder of the *Tribune* was brought low during the Civil War and had to dip his colors to the Great Commoner in the White House, but he might have done that and still easily be the one great editorial light to lead a nation to rid itself of a damning stain.

Benjamin Franklin was not a pattern in morals for his generation and Horace Greeley had his limitations; but when that honored memory is menaced, a mighty throng of the chivalrous and impartial stands ever ready for its defense. Mr. Greeley arrived in Monmouth, according to agreement, on the early morning train. I was late in getting down to meet him. The depot was a dirty little dry-goods box, the reserved space fully occupied by a "cannon" soft-coal stove, by the side of which stood the solitary figure of the great editor, wrapped in an enormous buffalo great-coat, his well-remembered face and full dome of thought o'ertopped by a broad-brimmed Quaker hat of the precise pattern of William Penn's own. I concealed my amazement as well as I was able, and found him most cordial and companionable. I saw him comfortably quartered at the old Baldwin House. On assisting him to divest himself of his woolly buffalo investment, we uncovered the famous old "drab overcoat" which had become, on account of its age and constant daily service, a piece of garmenture subject to national comment. At the last, or first, however, I found the old gentleman in conventional evening attire as good as the best, barring his neck-tie—a wandering accessory to his toilet, which Elizabeth Cady Stanton, on one occasion, had to bring into control on short notice as a distinguished company was on the point of passing in to dine. At the solici-

itation of the local photographer, I had agreed to entice Mr. Greeley over to the sky-light for his picture. This he good-naturedly assented to, and after breakfast and other preliminaries were out of the way, I sallied forth with my peculiar charge in the ancient drab envelop and Quaker hat. Mr. Greeley had a certain inequality of carriage as a birthright, a lameness, or shuffling gait, which made him appear to disadvantage as he made his way through the town, and it followed that we had all the idlers and street Arabs at our heels. They lay in ambush while we were occupied in the photograph gallery, but at our reappearance upon the street they fell in again like Falstaff's army, receiving recruits momentarily, so that by the time we had got around to the *Atlas* office we had a large convoy. The local newspaper office occupied another dry-goods box under the old cottonwood tree at the northwest corner of the public square. At this point the motley crowd, narrowly watching our distinguished visitor's every change of direction, and probably anticipating our objective, overflowed the local editor's sanctum in advance, so that I had difficulty in getting the two men together.

It was Horace Greeley's influence and active personal labors, as is well known, that led the convention of 1860 to nominate Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. Little thought we, as this singular figure slouched around the public square in Monmouth in 1859, of the strange determining influence which was so mightily to effect the history of our Government, and how this personal triumph over William H. Seward in the old Wigwam was to be requited by his own complete discomfiture at the hands of the man whose elevation to the Presidency he had so signally aided. Greeley's helplessness in his encounter with Abraham Lincoln may be accounted for in precisely the same way that other distinguished men whose ability equalled that of Greeley discovered their master in the man in the White House—the failure to comprehend and rely upon the consummate pilot in charge of the helm of State during the Civil War.

We are not to kick, therefore, if in being helped in the advancement of a great cause, we ourselves should suffer humiliation and contumely. Alas, that it should be so! His great and sensitive heart was broken at the last, and it was a hard and stony heart that felt no qualms when that great editorial light went out in eclipse.

George D. Prentice, the biographer and friend of Henry Clay, the poet, editorial wit, and paragrapher of considerable fame was greeted by a full house. His best verse, written in his earlier and better days, will survive the flood of similar literature, but the Lyceum platform suffered no loss when he retired from it. He was billed for two lectures at Monmouth, but he was let off with one appearance at his own request. We transferred him to Oquawka for the unemployed evening, where the receipts, owing to the short notice, barely covered the expenses. Prentice, at this time was supplying Robert Bonner's *New York Weekly Ledger* with a quarter column, more or less, of paragraphs, wise saws, and otherwise. On our way over to Oquawka by rail and hack I had the opportunity of observing how this *Ledger* work was done. He carried a volume of "Quotations" in his hand, from which he would make a selection, transfer it to his mental hopper, turn the crank, and lo here and lo there—something bright and new; nothing more or less than old straw threshed over! Who was it said, "There is nothing new under the sun"?

CHAPTER XXIV.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS.

Stephen A. Douglas was well known at the Yellow Banks when Henderson was a part of Warren County. My father sat on the jury when Douglas was the circuit judge, and his charges to the jury, as my father was wont to say, were models of force and clearness. At the age of thirteen or thereabouts I first heard Douglas in a public address. It was during the "Know-nothing" eruption and the gathering took place at the north door of the court-house. General Dodge, of Burlington, Iowa, introduced the speaker, who presented a striking figure as he came forward on the platform. On a compact little body, clothed in a black broadcloth, claw-hammer suit, sat a remarkable head, surmounted by a shock of dark brown hair. It was an Irish mug and he looked like an unabridged edition of Admiral Dot. But he was mighty in the pulling down of his enemies' strongholds. For concentrated vituperation his denunciation of the political forerunner of A. P. A.-ism has had few equals. His invective did not appear in its most significant aspect in the printed page. I recall it now as though one of our battle-ships had placed one of her twelve-inch shells ten times in succession in the same spot on the enemies' water-line. In the course of his address he undertook a defense of the repeal of the "Kansas-Nebraska Act." It was then that the crowd became restless under the interpellations of Gideon Russell, a thoroughly sincere, courteous, fearless and well-informed citizen on the current political questions of the day. The local anti-slavery champion was persistent and sent a shot in at every favorable opportunity. The Democrats in the crowd finally got nervous over

it, and boldly accused Frank Dallam and Colonel Henderson of molding the bullets for Mr. Russell to fire at the speaker. At this moment there was a chance for a row. As a boy, earnestly partisan, and watching the corners, I could see that there was an undercurrent of deep feeling in the crowd. This was made plain in various ways; as for Colonel Henderson, he was shaking like an aspen with anger and excitement. Douglas could on occasion make the *amende honorable* in a very neat way, and so, here and now, oil was poured on the troubled waters; the crowd quieted down, and the meeting dispersed in an amiable mood. Afterward, I heard Douglas on the public square in Monmouth. He had grown stouter; his voice, always strong, now seemed at times Stentorian as he rolled off his periods. His deliberation was such that his words seemed hyphenated, and too the syllables, and he became so absorbed in his theme that he was oblivious of his handkerchief and other trifles till the foam gathered in the corners of his mouth, not an object specially attractive. I was at school at the time, and having a good voice myself, I used often to amuse my confreres by imitating Douglas' peculiar bull-dog notes and manner. I usually began with the Senator's opening sentence in his Monmouth speech: "Fellow-citizens-of - old - Warren! We - have - come-together - to-dis-cuss-the-'great-questions-which-are-now-ag-i-ta-ting - the-country-from - cen-ter-to-cir-cum-fer-ence!"

His stump speeches were composed largely of pure sophistry and bluff, but he will be remembered for his sturdy, all-around, large patriotism. If Great Britain put up a bluff against us, Douglas was sure to call it on the floor of the Senate. He was a thoroughbred American, and that meant his country—an indissoluble Union—first, last and forever. I salute his memory.

The answering notes of preparation for the Lincoln-Douglas senatorial campaign were beginning to be heard throughout the State; discussion was rife, and voters were stirred as never before. As the summer of 1858 wore along

these giants in the political arena came together on the same platform at carefully selected points in congressional districts supposed to be coigns of vantage, but the whole country stood in the attitude of attention and made careful notes on the progress of the debate. The passing years have rendered judgment from which there is no appeal on these two historic characters and the results of this campaign, and when the unbeliever questions the veteran who "lags superfluous on the stage," the book is pointed out, with the injunction: "There is the history of your country; read it."

On the date fixed for the joint discussion I made one of an immense delegation from Henderson and Warren counties and boarded a train for Galesburg to witness the meeting of the gladiators at that place. The day was fair and hot and the multiplied thousands who came by train and private conveyance stirred the dust in the streets until it was suffocating. Douglas was detained at a hotel near the depot during the forenoon by a political side-show. An ambitious student from Lombard University, encouraged by his party allies, addressed the Senator in a speech of absurd buncombe and presented him with a small flag. After the noon hour, the immense crowd assembled on the Knox College campus, the platform for the speakers, the reporters and others having been erected against the wall of the old auditorium on the south side. Here with their backs against the wall of the old college—as near as either of them ever got to a college—the tribunes of the people were at bay, and had, as it were, to fight for their lives.

As a young auditor and a strong partisan, it is easy for me to exaggerate the scene presented to my highly wrought nerves on that day; and still, now, looking back upon it after the lapse of three and fifty years, through the color reflected by the blood-red shield of Mars, am I not justified in recording that the occasion was a memorable one, so full of suppressed feeling, as the tall figure of our great political prophet advanced to protest against the brazen impertinences of the

chief Northern apologist for the extension of slavery? Aleck Findley, an intelligent farmer of our county, stood in the dense crowd in front of me, and when Lincoln in a few clear-cut sentences laid bare the moral stain of slavery upon the race and its depressing effect upon the heritage won by our fathers, which we wished to preserve in its entirety, he could not restrain his emotion—"Isn't that grand!" Douglas opened the discussion in a speech of one hour; Lincoln replied, occupying an hour and a half; and Douglas closed with a résumé of thirty minutes, during which he presented a figure which could not be forgotten. Taking exception to Lincoln's pointed arraignment, Douglas presented a spectacle for men and angels as his shock of hair flared like that of an enraged lion, and, as usual, his explosions of wrath and power of denunciation were the sensations of the day. During this forensic display Lincoln sat with his back half turned to the audience, leaning on his hand, braced by his arm akimbo; at times running his fingers through his hair until it stood straight up, the gnarled face upturned, the kindly, beaming, penetrating eyes looking straight into the face of his roaring antagonist!

Apart from the joint discussions, both speakers continued the canvass of the State, and including all other points, Lincoln spoke in the old Military Tract at Dallas, Oquawka and Monmouth. His speech at the latter place, where I was at school, was delivered under conditions in striking contrast to the bright, sunny day on which Douglas appeared there. From first to last the two men appear in striking contrast: The one was tall; the other short. The one deferential; the other sufficient unto himself, and deferred to none. The one studied carefully his ground, then moved with the force of an avalanche; the other with supreme audacity forced the fight from start to finish. The one seemingly never quite ready; the other alert and never surprised. The one inscrutable in his patience and wariness, waiting his opportunity; the other, with savage directness, did not scruple to tear down the most sacred

barriers. The one composite, revelling in the warmth of his companionships, passing easily to the consideration of the gravest questions that concern our race; the other destitute of humor, selfish in his aims, basking in the plaudits of the groundlings. The one loved his home and the child at his knee; the other almost unconscious of the domestic hearth. The one lived, as it were, under the constant surveillance of the Eye that slumbers not nor sleeps; the other oblivious to the unseen world so close at hand. The one took counsel of the prophets of old; the other was never known to open the Book, nor to care concerning its contents. The one abstemious, clean, not an habitu  of the bar-room, and shrank instinctively from its odorous powers as a soul- and body-wrecker. The other drank whiskey, and leaned heavily on men given to their potations. Both have disappeared from the horizon of mortal ken—the souls hungering for liberty in every clime, of whom the world is not worthy, with upturned, wistful faces, looking yearningly after the great Emancipator departed; the other forgotten, except as his memory is preserved by association with his great rival! Yes; even the weather divided upon these two men. The skies were dissolving when Lincoln arrived in Monmouth; the crepe was on Nature's door, and the mourners were going about the streets under umbrellas. But this was a slight affliction compared to the prolonged address of welcome inflicted upon the patient crowd standing in the rain through it all! The local orator was a distinguished gentleman from somewhere in the south end of the county. This was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he enjoyed it to the full. The meeting was held in the vicinity of a lumber-yard, where a water-proof shed had been erected for the great Commoner's accommodation. It took our neighbor half an hour to introduce Mr. Lincoln. The work was done after the manner of some of the old-time preachers of the period, who took the Lord to one side, as was their wont, and told Him all about Himself; where He was born, and

when, and the circumstances incident thereto, and what He had been doing these six thousand years: where he had failed in his calling, the remedy he had applied for his mistakes, how things were going now since he had introduced his reforms, what rebates he had abolished, the amount in dollars and cents of the graft he had exposed, the number of the big thieves he had locked up, and on and on, extending particulars, until he had thoroughly coached him in the whole of his biography. And now to turn the switch—after the gentleman had equipped the speaker with a good running knowledge of himself and fully posted the crowd as to the importance and extent of his own superior knowledge and information, he told Mr. Lincoln that it was his turn.

In the meantime how poor old Mother Nature did flood the earth with her tears! And by the time the entire crowd had found a seat on the lumber-pile, and under the protection of their umbrellas had pulled off their boots and emptied a quart of water out of each one, the speaker had finished, and we all went home.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS AT MONMOUTH AND THE CROZIER-FLEMING TRAGEDY.

Monmouth College was opened for the reception of students in September, 1856, in an old frame school-house of one room, which stood on ground near the Y. M. C. A. building. Provision had been made for a college building, of which the school took possession the next year. The president-elect, David A. Wallace, did not take charge of the school at once. He was an attractive, interesting man at the time of his advent on the streets of Monmouth, within a twelvemonth of the opening, at the age of thirty-five or thereabouts. His intellectual qualifications were considerable. He possessed good executive talents and marked energy. I have heard him deliver some very able discourses, but as a rule his sermons, while accompanied by more or less forensic display, were not above the average. He had his limitations, but he must be credited with a laborious life-work, self-denying, great and enduring. He had affable, pleasing manners, and I am sure he will be held in grateful remembrance by the early friends (alumni and their descendants) of what has come to be a highly creditable and flourishing school. It is to be hoped that some glad day the college will come into the possession of an endowment that will place it beyond apprehension as to its financial support; then it will follow as a matter of course that a fund will be raised and expended in the erection on the campus of a bronze statue of its first president. My elder brother, Porter, and I were among the first students in attendance at the opening of the school. My father was a staunch friend of the under-

taking, a member of the first board of trustees, and a liberal supporter.

In the year 1857 we occupied a room at the hospitable home of James G. Madden, Esq., on East Broadway, and on a sunny day in the autumn, between the hours of one and two o'clock P. M., as was my custom, I was sauntering along the street toward the college with my books under my arm to attend the afternoon recitations. On approaching the old Baldwin House, Mrs. William Grant, who lived across the street, came running in an excited manner toward the hotel. As I came up to the first or ladies' entrance old Mr. Fleming stood at the foot of the stairway leading to the second story, shouting in a crazed way that they (not saying who) had killed his sons, and demanding help. His face was bleeding, and the white hairs of age aroused my sympathy. The crowd had not yet gathered, and there were only a very few people about, and these few were standing dazed at the sudden shedding of blood, uncertain what to do. A step or two and I stood in the front doorway of the office, and in the center of the room, stretched at full length on the floor, lay the body of Henry Fleming, the glassy eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling. In a room up stairs his brother lay dead. A stalwart young carpenter, thirty years of age, William Crozier by name, was the author of this double homicide. The Flemings (father and two sons) had brought pressure to bear upon Crozier and compelled him to meet them for a private interview at the hotel. The Flemings were armed and brought with them a written statement compromising Crozier and Miss Alice Fleming, an attractive young lady of hitherto unblemished reputation, the eldest of three daughters of the Fleming family. The Flemings demanded Crozier's signature to the paper, which they had placed before him. On his refusal the two young Flemings (both married men) sprang upon Crozier as he sat in his chair, and in the struggle which ensued he managed to get a large dirk knife from his pocket, with which he

cut both men to the heart. They died almost instantly. Henry Fleming, after being cut, ran down the stairway into the hotel office and fell a corpse in the center of the room as aforesaid. His brother sank down a corpse in the room where he was struck. A young brother of Crozier's met the elder Fleming in the hallway upstairs and struck him in the face, and thus ended this bloody tragedy, the whole of which was consummated in less time than it has taken to write these words. The few people at hand at the moment were stunned. The Fleming family suffered great loss, and Warren County stands conspicuous with the name of Crozier written in blood upon her annals; a name not to be pronounced in the home which shelters the sacred honor of a Christian household. He betrayed the innocent one, and in defense of that crime committed a double murder for which there was no extenuation, and he should have forfeited his life on a limb of the first tree at hand! I do not believe there is another instance in the history of our country where a family and the majesty of the law suffered such an enormity at the hands of one man, and the crime-laden scoundrel anointed with an acquittal and given his liberty! The old church of which he was a member began forthwith to manufacture public sentiment in his favor, and some young men of the town secured a cheap notoriety by supplying the prisoner with something better than a convict's ration and sharing his bed in the old county jail. It is a fair question whether, in the event of their own household having suffered a like invasion, these young men would have hesitated to advertise their shame by lying-in with the ravisher. One of these addle-pated gentry I believe served a term subsequently as a member of the State Legislature and rounded out his career as a statesman by selling second-hand sewing machines. The truth in this instance may be discerned at the bottom of the well. The community where this crime was accomplished had not been so fortunate up to that time as to come into possession of a hero. In Crozier they discovered this "great

awakening light," and they made the most of it. I do not know at whose instigation or permission, but the finishing touches were placed on this uncanny business by the photographer who secured a negative of the remains of the brothers resting together on the bier ready for burial, and the picture gallery became the subject of curious inquiry on the part of the groundlings who repaired thither in numbers to gratify a morbid curiosity. It is a pity that Crozier could not have supplied the "high light" to this post-mortem finale by standing on the public square and selling his own negatives, rather than undertake a retreat to Texas.

It was on a dark, misty day that the long funeral train passed like a phantom across the high tableland to the cemetery, as the road ran in those days. As I stood at my window and caught a glimpse of the procession the words of Ossian seemed to fit in well: "The mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plains; and the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey!"

During my attendance at the school "bleeding Kansas" was the principal theme of public controversy. Politicians wrangled over it; street toughs fought over it; "advanced" preachers bloviated about it; and the Eccrittean Society, of which I was president during a port of this period, went into convulsions trying to reconcile the antagonisms growing out of it. If, in the regular weekly debates, we sounded the depths of theology, astrology, psychology or any other subject which we knew nothing about, the astute disputants uniformly wound up with a peroration on "bleeding Kansas," in which she was made to bleed afresh, at every pore, copiously. Out in Kansas, John Brown, of Osawatomie, was the heavy villian. The Eccrittean Society, not be outdone in mixed vaudeville, exploited a John Brown also. At a memorable meeting of the society during the winter of 1858-59 we suddenly found ourselves in the throes of revolution, with John Brown in the leading role as a Jacobin. The "house" came to a division, in

which Brown "got it in the neck." In a paroxysm of wrath he seceded—went across the hall to the Philos—and they shut him out with a blackball. Thereupon "bleeding Kansas," out of sympathy, discharged gore more profusely than before. Bob Diehl led the Brown forces. Bob appeared on the floor at the next regular meeting with a manuscript speech seven yards long. His roach, nicely slicked, stood vertically in the most menacing way. The benches were full. Bob was a veteran orator (the equal of Dad Harris), and the boldest held his breath to catch the opening sentences. Bob was grave even to sadness. He took a hitch in his suspender and addressed the chair in his best lord marquis manner. The chair responded with a distant random rap of the gavel that made the eyeballs of the members "about face." The house came to order and Bob opened artfully. He said—or read—that he purposed to "touch lightly upon the great questions which now made the earth tremble exultingly." At this point the members looked suspiciously at Bob's manuscript, which hung down and extended in manifold waves along the floor like a queen's train. I would be pleased to give a stenographic report of Bob's speech right here, but the necessary space would exceed that required for "Atmosphere Bill's" speech on Free Silver, and prudence admonishes a recoil. To explain, however, Bob's speech was in defense of the Brown family generally, and among other things he declared with extreme emphasis that nothing had occurred in "bleeding Kansas" to compare with the revolting abasement which our own illustrious scion of the tribe of red-heads had suffered at the hands of his enemies. The upshot of it all was that, in the absence of the lord chancellor and his lieutenants, on a subsequent night, "our Brown" sneaked back into the fold, and when we heard of it we exchanged a casual glance, pulled a Virginia stoga and took a smoke.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"TO PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST."

During the year 1859 the political parties throughout the country were organizing the contest for the nominations for the Presidency to be made in the national conventions the following year, the dramatic features whereof stirred the darkest passions of partisans for years, and were destined to affect the organic structure of the Government itself for all time. The hopes of the conservative anti-slavery party were centered in William H. Seward, although strong side-lights revealed figures of other notable men. In due time Seward made a direct bid for the vote of the Western States and I joined the multitude which packed the trains going to Chicago to hear him. The city had less than 200,000 population; it laid low on the flat prairie, the wooden sidewalks conspicuous for their inequalities. It was essentially a wooden town, the same that went up in flames twelve years later. The terminals of the "Q" railroad were of the crudest description, and our train stood on the open prairie with a dozen other long passenger trains of that and converging roads for two hours, waiting turns to get into the city and unload. Seward's Northwestern welcome was an open-air meeting, for the crowd was beyond the capacity of any dozen auditoriums of that day. "Long John" Wentworth was the mayor of the city, and introduced the senator, who was welcomed by the prolonged cheers of the people, who were massed in the streets for blocks in the vicinity of the speaker's platform. The little "great man" was visible only to the few, and could be heard only by the select few in his immediate vicinity. He made one of the great orations of his life, as the people discov-

ered after they had returned home and read it; but Seward, to be appreciated as an orator, required certain conditions; an enclosure of limited area; a place to lie down, broadly speaking; to be exact, something to sit on, or, in default of that, something he could cling to with both arms, for he was born tired. The Civil War, you remember, would not last longer than ninety days, according to the New York senator's reckoning, because, in the physical sense, that was the limit of his comprehension.

In May of the year the nominating conventions were held, 1860, I was on my way to the Western mountains. As we wound along westward, across the broad, lonely tablelands of western Iowa, where the bleaching bones of the recently exterminated buffalo were still lying plentifully broadcast, the approaching Republican Convention at the "Wigwam" in Chicago became the subject of conversation between myself and my companion, James Shoemaker, who declared stoutly and conclusively (in his own estimation) that Abraham Lincoln would be the nominee. I shared in the general belief that William H. Seward was the coming man, and I also shared in the general surprise, although not in the disappointment, at his defeat. The western half of Iowa was very thinly settled; the only object of interest which we visited before reaching the Missouri River being a Mennonite settlement, where marriage was barred and property held in common. I recall the log dining-room and kitchen with its immense cauldrons where the food was cooked. We crossed the "Big Muddy" at Platts-mouth, Nebraska, where we met E. H. N. Patterson and D. C. Hanna with quartz mills, on their way to Pike's Peak. We joined their train, which materially increased the pleasure of the journey, for Mr. Patterson had made the trip the year previous, and, too, was an Argonaut of '49, and had printed notes of these trips at hand, which gave our bearings from day to day.

At this point I respectfully submit that a memoir of Mr.

Patterson is due the people of Henderson County from the pen of his talented son, now the publisher, in the third generation, of the *Spectator*, one of the oldest county papers in the State. Such a memorial volume, with portrait and the notes of the California and Pike's Peak journies and the historical matter available from data left by the grandfather, Mr. J. B. Patterson, would meet with a cordial reception at the hands of the people of the county and without doubt would be financially profitable. The Historical Association of the county would find such a volume an invaluable accession to its archives. Neglected local history soon fades into tradition, then to doubt, which is another word for denial. Catch the record while you can.

Bayard Taylor at this time was in the flush of his fame as a litterateur and traveler, and his published works were familiar to me. Before leaving for the West I had the pleasure of hearing him at Galesburg deliver a descriptive lecture on a journey along the Nile valley, which so affected my imagination that when we first came in view of the Platte River I looked with delight on the distant virgin landscape, the winding river, the isolated trees, not unlike the tufted palms of the Nile valley, and almost in spite of myself, I found I was looking through Taylor's glasses upon old Rameses' sand-dunes and fertile fields. With a pyramid or two the picture would have been complete. I was mounted, riding alone far in advance of the train, and, at a moment, Mr. Patterson overtook me afoot. I was riding leisurely, and, as he was a genial companion, we were *en rapport* at once. He was a cultured gentleman, and I cannot recall a happier hour on this journey than this present one; the soft, rose-colored atmosphere was enchanting, and our hearts burned within us as we drank to our fill the elixir of a perfect spring morning in the last of May. There are lost years in our lives; so long gone and so completely forgotten that we cannot identify them; then there are other days—hours—one hour in which we feel that we have been supremely blest, and yet nothing has been added to our

stature nor to our bank account! This was one of my happy mornings! That was largely an equestrian journey so far as I was personally concerned, and I had a picturesque steed of an ashen hue, and its sense of hearing was fully proportioned to the equipment which Nature had provided for that necessary office. Had General Washington, in Crawford's bronze group in Capitol Square, Richmond, Virginia, been mounted on a thoroughbred such as mine, his dignity would be impaired; but I believe Julius Cæsar had nothing better to ride at the head of his victorious legions. My steed had a voice with its other accomplishments. One June morning our train took the upland trail while I rode out of sight of it on a parallel route, at the foot of the marl bluffs, along the river, and had advanced some miles when I suddenly found that the ears of my steed had assumed a particularly rigid and questioning attitude. I gazed off toward the Pacific Coast and saw in the distance two highly illuminated mounted figures advancing in my direction—gentlemen without hats, with quills in the seams of their pantaloons, fringe on their coat-tails, and a turkey cockade in their hair, and when the sense of being unarmed fully dawned upon me, they seemed about nine feet tall, and at the end of each rod in our mutual approach they took on at least a foot more in height, until by comparison I felt of no consequence whatever. But I made bold with the thought that maybe I was increasing in size in their imaginations also, and I rode on to my doom! As we met in Nature's audience-chamber the old chiefs said "How! How!" and the one nearest to me reached out his brawny hand in welcome. My Rosamond circled gracefully out of his reach. Then it was my turn to do the grand handsome, and I plunged the spurs to the hilt and bore down upon *l'empereurs Americaine* with the glad hand: but Rosamond was coy; a princess of the blood could not courtesy and retreat more faultlessly. Nothing daunted, I summoned the shades of all my patriotic ancestors, and plunged down into the dust of the arena once more with my hospitable right hand extended far out. The

old chiefs embraced the opportunity in succession, and with a hearty "How! How!" from both sides the brilliant court dissolved, assented to with great readiness by Rosamond, who lifted up her noble voice, with the echoes of which the vasty solitudes rang in a way they never rang before and will never ring again.

Frémont's orchard, and Fort Kearney, O'Fallon's Bluffs, and old Fort St. Vrain, of the Hudson's Bay Company, were some of the interesting points on this journey, but the trail of the Argonauts of '49, still plainly visible in many places, affected me in a peculiar manner. I noted with interest where they crossed the Platte—at the confluence of the North and South Forks—where some of them lost their lives by drowning. I should wish to approach the palaces of the Eternal City by the Via Appia, along the ruts worn by the chariots in the solid rock-paved road where Paul went with "this chain" to appeal to Cæsar. Here, rather than in the shadows of the mouldering plinths and blackened shafts, I should feel like taking the shoes from off my feet. The footsteps of those who have gone before hallow the ground for me!

We made our noon halt one blistering hot day in a desert region where the prickly pear and other forms of cacti were the only visible vegetation. For an hour or more, off in the distance south of us, an Indian was in full view stalking an antelope. He finally killed it, as I remember, with the bow and arrow, dressed it, and came in haste, spitting cotton, and offered to trade half of the carcass. We gave him a pint of sugar in exchange, with which he was delighted.

In the vicinity of a suspicious cabin, where the pasture was rich and plentiful, we made our camp. The small log-cabin of one room was occupied by two slouching rascals, who had no visible means of support, and Jim, who had an uneasy feeling concerning them, had them under surveillance. He paid them a visit and came back to camp confirmed as to the character of the squatters; but, notwithstanding, none of us were considerate enough to stand watch during the night. We

paid the usual penalty. The next morning our best horse (picketed out) was missing. Jim had plenty of nerve, and during breakfast fixed upon a plan for the recovery of the stolen horse. He took a lunch and disappeared over the hills with the doubtful prospect of ever returning, for he was unarmed and horse-thieves in that region held human life in slight estimation. The good fortune which attended my companion on many of the battle-fields of the Civil War in later years crowned his search in this instance. We had almost reached the end of our journey when lo! Jim rode into view on his blue roan. He found his horse picketed far out from the trail, screened by the intervening hills. Returning to the Cache le Poudre trail, he cast his lot with friendly trains along the way and returned in safety.

My riding-nag, with all her vocal accomplishments strong within her, was at our service; but when I put "Nailer's" harness upon her and condemned her to service at the wagon-tongue, she seemed more under-sized than ever alongside of the bay mare; but "Nailer's" mate pulled the wagon, while Rosamond was thrown in for good measure. In the absence of the veteran driver, I was promoted to the box, and having seated myself and got hold of the reins, I had ample time to scrutinize my team, which looked like an old mare and her colt, the latter walking at her side with its father's harness on. I was not unreasonably elated at the presentment. I meditated on Thad Warner and the stage-drivers of the elder time, and felt humbled by comparison, not only at my accomplishments as a Jehu, but at the aspect of my roadsters. I had some misgivings as to how Rosamond would discharge her obligations, and I treated her with great deference. As an encouragement, Captain Hanna took the advance, and the ox team with the machinery was our rear guard. I had the center. The advance moved off. Rosamond was silent and in a disconsolate state of mind, and I was uncertain as to the outcome. The Scripture came to my rescue. Do you know, you miserable sinner, that the Lord is always at hand to give you

a lift if you will only ask Him? Faith gave me a jog in the ribs and said, "If thou sayest to this mountain, 'Be thou removed and cast into the sea,' it shall be removed." So I raised my whip and in a burst of confidence said, "Get up," and Rosamond, to my infinite relief, took up the line of march.

At the distance of thirty miles we had our first view of the mountains, lying like a bank of blue clouds on the western horizon. After a few hours' travel, we could distinguish the pine forests thereon, looking like weeds or small shrubs, and in due time we rested in camp at the foot of the rocky escarpments which formed the background of the site of the hamlet of Boulder, on the banks of the stream of that name where it debouches upon the plain. Boulder is now a beautiful city; then it consisted of two or three cabins, and the immense spiral horns of mountain rams, weighing fifty pounds with the skull, lying around where the carcasses had been dressed. In the vicinity panther, wild cats, and mountain sheep were plentiful. We celebrated Independence Day in Gold Hill mining camp in a light fall of snow, and made the return trip to Boulder (nine miles) almost on the double quick, as it is an easy descent all the way. This was the camp where Hanna and Patterson proposed to install their mining machinery. Here, on the summit of the valley range, their associates had excavated a hole about fifteen feet deep; on this and nothing more their hopes were founded. If there was any color in the camp, the possessor did not boast of it nor offer to show it. There was still some grub in the camp and an unusual number of men for the size of the hole in the ground, with which all of them claimed to be identified, and on this rested their justification for assembling with great promptitude for pork and beans at the hour of twelve.

Experienced men had explored Colorado thoroughly and determined that the gulches of the territory held no reward for the placer miner. The reduction of the quartz was the only alternative, and this did not seem to be gold-bearing. I recall seeing but one "stamp-mill" there in 1860, and that had proven

a barren investment. In the face of these discouragements Hanna and Patterson, neither of whom had any practical knowledge of the reduction of quartz, invested in two quartz-mills of the Swartz pattern. They were nothing more than large coffee-mills of the type in use by our grandmothers. They were lame and ineffective, and came to naught. They were built for horse-power, but the motor was ridiculously inadequate, as well as the grinding power. The mills went to the junk-pile in short order—Patterson to his printer's case and Hanna to his plow.

Along the summit of the valley range some happy mid-summer hours were rounded out breathing in the delicious odors of the spruce groves and gathering the flecked gum so much prized by the children of the home prairies, who had little knowledge of the glorious regions where it is gathered. On some far granite boulder I used to loiter and look back over the plains whence we had come, and trace like threads the course of the streams. At intervals we came upon scenes of devastation too black for words, caused by forest fires—the beautiful coniferous groves burned to a crisp, the mountains to their very summits studded with the skeleton stems of the masses of young trees. Having secured our animals and other property for an absence of some days, we strapped Rosamond with a grub-stake and made a trip over the range to the Gregory diggings in search of the camp of Billy Martin and Will Porter. The trail crossed the first range north of the Boulder; it was very narrow, and in places the narrow path stopped at the base of a vertical ledge of rock; then Jim would get under Rosamond with one of her forelegs over each shoulder, whilst your humble servant would secure a good stout tail holt, and in this elaborate and skillful fashion lift her majesty onto the shelf above and so continue the ascent. From the spot where the trail crossed the Boulder, that mountain torrent, clear as crystal, can be seen for miles in its sharp descent from its covert of eternal snows, escaping confinement in the narrow passages in the rocks at one point, breaking in spray

over resisting boulders at another, coming down upon one like a long line of glittering, sabre-wielding cuirassiers! In our passage over we slept one night on the dome of the mountains with the cougars. At dawn Nature was in deep mourning. We no longer looked up at the clouds. We groped our way cautiously in the midst of them. They enveloped us like cotton-wool. As we made our way in the moist mass it would open and close upon us, then move in prodigious volume round about us, to open for a moment, then close again. The mountain world was reeking wet, but there were no rain-drops. Along those high altitudes, through these impenetrable fogs, we came now and then upon miniature glens carpeted with the most luxuriant emerald-pasturage. We were now in the ancient haven of the wild flocks and herds. Even Rosamond the imperturbable took heart at this scene. After some hours' travel, we descended into the lateral gulches leading into Gregory Canyon, which we found strewn in places with the abandoned appliances for placer mining. Pay dirt had not been found, or not in quantity to warrant further effort. Before nightfall we had reached Martin and Porter's cabin, where the two Henderson County boys labored assiduously in the role of masters of ceremony, and welcomed the travelers from "the States" with the pomp and circumstance worthy of old Gregory in her best days. Jim responded promptly to their friendly advances; placed another quid where it would do the most good, and broke out in one of those full-moon smiles which have been the envy of his friends these three-score years and ten. Porter acquiesced with a broad grin, his eyes resting heavily on our grub-stake; then he lifted up his voice with his favorite song:

"The ash and the oak and the bonny willow tree
Are all growing green in the old country."

We were as hungry as coyotes. Billy Martin was the chef. Seigneur Porter turned to him and said: "Let the grand salon be made ready, and covers laid for four." "The salon is al-

ways ready," replied the chef. I was curious to see a Gregory dining-hall that was "always ready," so I looked in. It had no windows. It had a piece of the mountain for a floor, and there was a pig-sty in one corner which I was about to take hold of when Seigneur Porter staid the hand of the intruder with the expostulation, "Don't disturb the bed!" As he said this he gazed in a vague way at the stringy clouds as they coiled like vaporous snakes around the summit of Pike's Peak. Then Bozzaris (I mean the Grand Seigneur) cheered the band by saying to the chef: "Is the *piece de resistance* about ripe?" "I ran the knife through it and she's gittin' there," said Billy. "I say, chef," resumed Seigneur Porter, "ain't it about time the puree was purred?" "Sound the gong," said the chef; "call Jim, but softly, for he is hungry enough to eat a raw boar; and tell Mat to go out and point Rosamond to the pine trees and tell her to help herself." Then the Grand Seigneur sat himself down in the seat of MacGregor. The guests were placed according to storage capacity, which gave Jim first place, and he helped himself to the dried apples first dash. The introductory over, the cloth was removed, and the corn-dodger came on hard and cold. The heft of the feast centered on this course, and there were some lightning strokes, and the act throughout was abreast with the claims of the press agent. Our pack-animal, being well supplied with granite gravel and pine needles, seemed to enjoy the function to the limit.

Our return journey to the old "Sucker" State had irresistible charms for our two mining friends, and on the payment of a large sum they secured the right to walk alongside of our wagon home.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOMeward BOUND.

Denver was the place of rendezvous for our departure homeward. Here we met Mr. Fred Ray, Sr., his son Fred, and other associates, who had just got in from extensive explorations of the mining region contiguous to South Park. Alaska is the only territory now under the Stars and Stripes, with the exception possibly of the Philippine Islands, which can produce such a scene as Denver presented in 1859-60. Dance-halls and gambling-dens had full swing, and these resorts were crowded with blacklegs of every description. Three-card monte and every other gambling device, the most of them beyond my knowledge and the whole of them I was looking at for the first time, were being patronized by the crowds composed of Mexicans, half-breeds, and strange characters from distant corners of the earth. A leader, an assistant, and the "cappers" exploited each his own peculiar game of chance in his own way. Abandoned women stole into view and disappeared through doorways opening from the rear into the main hall, and the passage to hell was softened and gilded to the ear by strains of music from an orchestra. I looked in at the morgue, where the dead were to be found almost every morning. Few questions were asked about the crimes committed the night before; whatever happened was accepted as a matter of course. The town pointed with pride to its graveyard containing a select assortment of gentry who had died with their boots on. In one of my rambles about the town I came upon a more cheerful aspect some distance back from the turbulent streets: a well-conducted school under the supervision of a lady teach-

er, a bright, intelligent woman of middle age, in the pursuit of her vocation with as much pride and success as we are accustomed to see in well-ordered communities. Under the circumstances the discovery was a surprise to me. She was the only woman of good repute that I can recall seeing in Denver at that time, although the good mothers of the children in that school were in the town somewhere; certainly they were chary of going on the streets. To get a letter from home I stood in line while two hundred men preceded me to the delivery. On opening my letter, I found that Robert Moir (on whom I had an order for money) and Mr. Blake, of Burlington, had passed through Denver ahead of us on their way home. The men quarreled on the return journey, and after my own return home I was the only witness to a terrific pugilistic encounter between them. In the late summer we bade adieu to Denver, which I have not seen since, and on our way home we came upon the whole of the Sioux tribe of Indians returning from their annual hunting-trip with the "jerked buffalo" meat hanging in strips across their ponies. They went swarming over the plains northward, the squaws having the care of things generally, the young copper-colored lads, cunning as mice, shooting birds in the grass with the bow and arrow as they continued on their way. The young braves, tall, athletic scamps six feet in height, some of them, annoyed us a good deal, sneaking around our wagon for an opening for theft.

When well settled in camp one evening we found that we were close neighbors to a small village of the Ogallalah Sioux. The bucks were away on some thieving foray, a favorite amusement, the main purpose of which was to make a sneak at night on the ponies of a neighboring tribe and get off with some of the best of them. Nothing shows some of the characteristic traits of the Indian so thoroughly as this bent to theft. His skill at secreting himself at the moment, permitting you to pass within a few feet of him unobserved, is provoking. On this journey and in subsequent years he caught me un-

awares many times. I have been the victim of an old lump of a squaw with a papoose on her back, standing in the woods like a statue—I rode past within a few feet of her, unconscious of her presence. They seem to have the art of the wild animal of taking on the color and shape of surrounding objects. It is true that I was not hunting "Injuns," but I was in their country, and I always felt a little "off" when told by others of my company, who were following the trail after me, that we had just passed some red folks. On the evening in question we were not aware that there was a small group of tepees in our immediate vicinity, in a valley on the further side of the knoll; great was my surprise, therefore, when a group of ladies of our great interior quietly filed around me as a center-piece and seated themselves in a circle around our camp-fire. I felt like a tenderfoot, much abashed. Doubtless I smiled with a mixed motif, but I bowed correctly. Inasmuch as the ladies had already secured a solid foundation on the ground, it was not necessary for me to suggest that they take seats. My "buffalo chips" were burning brightly, and I was frying "twisters" of the barbwire type in a hoary spider of an earlier time. The ladies had found me by tracing the odor of the evening meal up the wind. I was glad they called, for I exchanged without difficulty some of those libelous dough-nuts for chamois (antelope) skins, soft as the cheek of infancy. They departed in triumph, these club women of the Ogallalah Sioux—heavy laden with the trophies of an equitable commerce.

A few days afterward we were in camp at the noon hour. I had in the wagon a "target" rifle of the old pattern; a superior gun, highly ornamented, but very heavy; too much so for hunting game. I had brought it along in the hope of trading it off. While we were eating our lunch some Indians rode up to the wagon where I was seated, and I entered into an earnest pantomime with one of them, exhibiting my rifle, and offering to trade it for his pony. It attracted his attention at

once, and he reached out for it. The weight of the gun so surprised and disappointed him that he showed his estimation of it by instantly pulling a feather out of his hair and offering it in exchange for the rifle.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A VOLUNTEER AT THE FALL OF FORT SUMTER.

The winter of 1860-61, following the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, was marked by a disturbed condition of the public mind. Conservative men began to question themselves and each other as to the threats of the Southern leaders who had declared the right of revolution, as our fathers had done against Great Britain. The people looked forward to the message of President Buchanan to the Congress in December with deep interest, not to say apprehension, as containing a statement of the conservative Democratic view of the situation. I recall as freshly as if it were yesterday how eagerly my brother Porter took up the Chicago morning daily and began reading the message to my father and others gathered at the store, and their comments *pro* and *con* as the reading proceeded.

As the winter months wore away the slave-holding States, through their prolonged political rottenness, sloughed off and dropped into the abyss of rebellion. In this connection I recall one figure in South Carolina—that of Judge Pettigru, the only public man probably in all of my mother's native State who remained true to the Union. A stranger met him on a street in Charleston one day in 1861 and inquired the way to the insane asylum. "Look anywhere," the old Judge answered; "you will find it anywhere around here." While Floyd completed his theft of the Government stores and arms, and as the oak buds began to swell, the country was startled by the reverberations of Beauregard's guns firing on Fort Sumter.

On the 23d day of April, 1861, eleven days after the fall

of Fort Sumter, there was a movement at the Yellow Banks for volunteers to join the Union forces at Cairo under Colonel Ben M. Prentiss, of Quincy. Frank A. Dallam, founder of *The Plaindealer*, was the leader of this movement. Along with the principal young men of the village, I signed my name on this roll of the first volunteers of the Civil War from Henderson County. My services as such ceased on the 4th day of July, 1865. On the day we left home for the South there was a throng of people on the streets and around the court-house to see us off. There was a current of strong patriotic feeling in the hearts of those who had assembled to bid us God-speed, and, as was natural under the circumstances, our thoughts took a practical direction, and a Democrat distinguished himself by coming forward and offering to drill us in the facings and evolutions of the military company. I was much surprised to see Judge Richey engage in this most useful and necessary work. He was a Democratic official and an honorable man, but somehow in the mind of the youthful brave the word "Democrat," as known in that day, had a sinister association with "secession," and although I joined the "awkward squad" for awhile, the more I thought of it the more suspicious I became that through some military sleight-of-hand this Democratic son of Mars might land us in the ranks of the Confederacy; so I followed Jeff Davis' example and seceded. It seemed absurd to me that I should take lessons in methods of fighting from people I was going to fight.

We were so ignorant as to what constitutes a good soldier that we had not the slightest suspicion of our ignorance. Along with all the youngsters of my day, my imagination was stocked with the feats of Napoleon, with the school reader pictures of the surrender of Cornwallis, and, not the least of these, the patent medicine placard of Santa Anna, his wooden leg having dropped on the road while fleeing for his life with his mounted escort before his American pursuers; and all we would have to do in going to war, we surmised, would be to draw the wooden scimiters of our boyhood and the enemy

would disappear with the vapors of the morning. Alas for him who boasteth before putting on the armor, rather than after putting it off! But however dense our ignorance, we were not boasters. As for myself and a moiety of our company, we had a decided advantage. We had belonged to a company of "Wide-Awakes," drilled campaigners during the political rivalry and stimulus of the Lincoln-Douglas senatorial campaign of 1858, an organization which continued down to and through the Presidential campaign of 1860. Charles S. Cowan, county clerk, was our captain and drill-master, and a thoroughly competent leader. There was no company in our Congressional District that could compete with us in company evolutions, and without doubt many thousands of young men throughout the North were in this way unconsciously preparing themselves for efficiency in the Civil War.

Massachusetts, always the stout defender of free institutions, was well represented in the crowd in the person of Joseph Chickering, whose patriotic fervor found expression in song. He mounted a wagon in the crowded street and led some of the young vocalists in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." As the hour of departure drew near a great throng from the village and surrounding country gathered in vehicles to escort the volunteers to the depot in Sagetown, five miles south. At the moment of leaving I bounded in long strides up the stairway to my mother's chamber, where she was lying temporarily ill, and kneeling at her bedside, received her blessing. On our arrival in Quincy we were hospitably entertained by Mrs. O. H. Browning, wife of one of the leading attorneys of the old 14th Congressional District, later a member of the Senate, and later Secretary of the Interior under Andrew Johnson. The Browning home was of palatial proportions, distinguished for its architecture, and, taken with its parklike enclosure, was the pride of the city. After an exchange of telegrams between Capt. Dallam and Col. Ben Prentiss, we took the train for Cairo, where we were incorporated into the 10th Illinois Infantry as Company D. Cairo was the rendezvous for

troops, the base of supplies, and the chief strategical point in the Southwest in the days of hurried organization under the first call for 75,000 men. The population of the town comprised many traitors in disguise; rebel spies crowded elbows on the streets with the Union troops and a good deal of confusion and uncertainty marked the administration of the post. The regiments of the State began with the number 7, where our regiments in the Mexican War left off, and they were composed of the best blood of the commonwealth. The 9th and 10th Regiments occupied barracks along the levee on the west side of the town. Here we had a local drill- and parade-ground, and our time was occupied by squad, company and battalion drills, including the zouave skirmish drill, and in private apartments the sword and Turner athletic exercises, the latter excelled in by the Germans from St. Louis. Our German-American- friends occupied a separate barrack and were supplied with free beer by the car-load from their home breweries, and as a result these staunch friends of the Union were most of the time in a condition of incertitude—the captain of the company particularly, a big, fierce-visaged six-footer, uniformly appearing at the head of his men on dress parade his face blazing like a head-light. They stood firm by their war-cry throughout the service, "*Zwei Lager und eine Union!*"

Floyd and his conspirators were still busy shipping arms and munitions of war South in disguised packages in the holds of the steamboats up to the last moment, and it was the business of these craft carrying the contraband goods to get past Cairo without being searched, although none of them succeeded in doing so after our arrival. A shot across the bow from one of our field guns compelled a landing. There was such a mass of humanity—citizens and soldiers—on the streets of Cairo during these months, and indeed down to the close of the war, that business of all kinds was very profitable; so much so that it was a common remark, that one could, and many did, make small fortunes, or lay the foundations of large for-

tunes, selling pea-nuts and the "pegged and sewed" pies so notable in that town in those days. Close to our barracks, on the extreme point of the peninsula, Fort Defiance (a formidable earthwork) was being constructed. In its unfinished state General George B. McClellan, who was making a study of all the advanced posts held by the Union forces, paid it a visit, and the field guns placed near were fired to show him the range over the water. In the evening the troops were reviewed by him—a really formidable host as they appeared to us, unused as we were then to the large armies with which we were identified in the years afterward. I recall his short, stout person; his large black charger, and his new buckskin gauntlets. We looked upon him as he dashed down our line as nothing less than a god: if anything less than a god, certainly nothing less than a god with a small *g*, who, at the very least, possessed some of the attributes of the supernatural. Such was the impression made upon the youthful warriors by the successor to General Winfield Scott, the aged and the hero of two wars.

Innocently enough, while in the armed possession of this post we had a peculiar (if long-range) connection with the British Government. Palmerston and "melud" John Russell were no friends of ours. English official opinion gave vent to its joy at our fancied dissolution in the columns of "The Thunderer." *The London Times* had already wiped the United States from the map of the world, declaring that "the great Republic is no more"! In this vein of cherished belief the publishers of that paper sent W. H. Russell, who had served as their war correspondent in the Crimea, to spy upon our movements and troubles. From the first he showed a marked fondness for the South and her leaders. He domiciled and counseled with them, made the most of their preparations for defense, and declared them invincible. Starting in at Richmond, he made a tour of the Southern States, concluding with a trip up the Mississippi River from New Orleans to Cairo, where he looked the raw levies of the Government over. I can see

him now; his insolent figure confronting us as we stood on dress parade on that summer evening in 1861. But "where be their gibes now"? Across "the gray and melancholy waste of years" I see the pirate ships, equipped with English guns and manned by English sailors, being built and fitted out in English ship-yards: the destruction of our merchant marine on the high seas; the British corvette, the "Deerhound," standing in the offing to rescue Semmes and his drowning ship-mates, fleeing like rats from the sinking "Alabama."

Is there anything in history more detestable than the conduct of the British Government toward us during our struggle to save our national inheritance?

On the completion of Fort Defiance, a small group of soldiers, including some ladies from the North, led by Colonel (later Major-General) Dick Oglesby—wounded nigh unto death at Corinth, resisting Van Dorn and "Pap" Price—gathered at the foot of the flagstaff to do honor to the raising of "Old Glory" over the fortress. The flag was run to the top, when the tackling parted and the colors fell to the ground. We had the heartache for an instant when Oglesby burst forth in an impassioned speech of a few sentences, declaring that the flag of our country would be trailed in the dust by some of the States of the Union, but that it would float again over an undivided country and in greater splendor than before!

In July the reports of the first battle on Bull Run reached our camp. Our chagrin and humiliation was complete. The term of our enlistment (ninety days) would soon expire, and our leaders gathered the soldiers *en masse* on the parade-ground, pleading and insisting that in the shadow of defeat it would be dishonorable to accept a discharge. I am sure that if the Government had insisted upon it—officially suggested such a sacrifice, the large majority would have promptly complied and remained in the service. The South recoiled from that shock more distinctly than the North—were amazed, in fact, that by a lucky chance they held possession of the battle-

field. If they had felt convinced of a fairly earned success, they would have promptly followed it up. The excitement died down, leaving the Western troops where they properly belonged.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TO WASHINGTON AND THROUGH NEW ENGLAND.

When our term of enlistment had expired, under which the first call for 75,000 men were sworn in, the regiments reorganized, and re-enlisted for three years unless sooner discharged. We were paid in gold and silver, and with the thought in my mind that I would like to serve throughout the war in the Army of the Potomac, I took the train for Philadelphia, determined withal to refresh my patriotism at the shrines of the past. A young blood is tempted to do some foolish things in going to war, and without doubt I did my share of them. My older brother, Porter, although he was not in the military service, must have had some war-like notions in his youth, for he was the possessor of an elegant pearl-handled poniard which had never been brought into requisition; but, as the opportunity to use it seemed to have arrived when I volunteered, I took the Castilian weapon with me. When I boarded the train for the East I concealed the stiletto in my boot-leg in regular cut-throat fashion, and thought no more about it until I had been two nights out, when, feeling the loss of rest, I took an upper berth in the sleeper. The car was packed to suffocation; the aisles overflowing with passengers; so that I had difficulty in reaching my berth in the old-fashioned sleeper, and in doing so my dagger was exposed, and instantly I became an object of suspicion. At that time one was liable to be placed under surveillance on slight evidence. I became aware forthwith that I was assuming unwonted and sanguinary proportions in the imaginations of my fellow-passengers, and, as the result of pantomimic notification, the conductor came and peered with

a searching eagerness into my boot-leg. I affected indifference, and turned over as though I had taken refuge in "the land of Nod." On arriving in Philadelphia the next morning a stranger came and indulged in a little common-place, but I shook him off. After I had established myself in comfortable quarters at the hotel and scrutinized the old Liberty bell, and the apartments at Independence Hall, and the portraits of the sages on the walls, and plucked a blade of grass or two from the grave of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, I was conscious, as I made these various and sundry turns throughout the city, of the momentary presence of the face I had met on getting off the train. Had I taken a carriage to admire the venerable edifice known as Girard College, the face seemed to flit by; at Betsy Ross' house, where the flag was made, I was not quite sure, but I had the impression that the face was hovering in the vicinity; but if so, was that anything to wonder at? Were not patriots of all ages, from all over this broad land, dropping in at all hours to see Mrs. Ross or the rooms where she had experimented with the national colors? Having no quarrel on this head, I bowled out upon the suburban drives, over miles of beautiful boulevards, along the little gem of a stream called the Wissahickon, yet the face was there! "Well," I said to myself, "I hope the gentleman is enjoying his outing," and I turned to the driver: "We 'll take zwei glass lager beer on it anyway," and we drove up to the road-house, and quaffed the stranger's health. On the morrow I rode out to Laurel Hill cemetery, gave "Old Mortality" with his chisel and hammer a nod as I passed in, and was soon lost in the peaceful vales of this ancient city of the dead. For some years I had been fascinated by the experiences of Doctor Kane in the Arctic regions. That fine scholar with the noble spirit of adventure had just died, at middle age, and his tomb was a shrine where I could worship. As the cab carried me out from the avenues and away to the city I thought I caught a glimpse of a familiar face. It seemed grave and business-like, but I smiled and lifted my hat to it. On the day following I

was in Washington. I lodged at the old Willard Hotel, where all the great men of old, my peers, were wont to put up. I lodged in realistic fashion, for they put me in a crypt directly under the roof.

Washington was a scrub town in those days—a military camp—and the commissioned officers blocked the passage-way at Willard's, and the entrance to the saloons along Pennsylvania Avenue. The soldiers were coming and going. One poor lad in uniform, quite exhausted, had sunk down under the load of his knapsack and accoutrements. He was a mere youth. Drawn by his pale face, General Mansfield approached and began conversing with him, advising and admonishing. In line with our American love of sensation, I looked upon the spot where Dan Sickles killed Philip Barton Key. I was ashamed of myself when I looked down on the slight stump yet remaining of the shade-tree in the brick sidewalk (all that was left by relic-hunters) to mark the place of the tragedy. Think of the human vultures making off with the splinters of the shade-tree which marks a lecherous chapter in the history of the capital! Under the second call for troops a large army had already assembled on the heights around Arlington. The Army of the Potomac, however, lacked the enchantment that distance gave it, and I reconsidered my purpose to join it, preferring to return and trust my fortunes with the comrades with whom I had already passed through a preparatory service. Having resolved, while I was on the ground, to finish my visit to the East, I spent some days in the Capitol building itself, and in the Department buildings (mainly in the Patent Office building), where at that time were kept the objects of interest most attractive to an under-age youth to whom General Washington's sword and Ben Franklin's old, wooden printing press were as sacred as the bodies of Gengis Khan's ancestors were to him. And more than this: to keep my spirits at the right point above low-water mark, the face of my Philadelphia double had a ghostly preference for me. However, when I took the "Bound Brook" route for New York

the familiar face came and sat down in the seat with me and we got real chummy, he having made up his mind, without any assistance from me, that I was not an emissary of Jeff Davis, nor an assassin from Baltimore with designs on the President. We walked up Broadway together from the Jersey ferry at midnight, and he showed me into a nice hotel. No. 144 Broadway, for which act of courtesy I was sincerely grateful, as I was a stranger in the town. Manhattan Island embraces its share of the visible traces of the brave days of old, and I spent some happy hours there, for the transfigured scenes of youth and young manhood surpass in interest all others. On an excursion steamer to West Point in subsequent years I fell in with my old comrade in arms, Major Charles S. Cowan, who was born in the city. In our stroll from the Gold Room (the scene of the "Black Friday") over to Broadway we passed into Trinity church-yard, where he showed me his mother's grave. When the Major was a babe occurred the great fire in the history of old New York, when the fire department was wholly inadequate to cope with such a disaster, and in the widespread confusion and destruction of property his mother died from fright and grief, in the full belief that her child, which had been taken by its nurse to a distant block on a visit, had been lost. Trinity and the interior of old Saint Paul's, where Washington worshiped, are haunts not to be overlooked by the young visitor—nor by their elders, for that matter.

I found a seat in a coach on the old New York and New Haven line through New England for Boston in the month of August, a favorable time for a visit along the Atlantic coast. I had been dreaming of the land of shoe-peg oats and bass-wood hams since childhood, and I now was to see the people of the old Wooden Nutmeg State in the very act of emptying their coal-scuttles out at the back window onto Rhode Island, and in this mean and underhand way had about buried "Little Rhody" out of sight. My most radiant recollections of my mid-summer trip up to Boston are illuminated by the bright

Yankee girls with whom I exchanged bits of silver for pieces of huckleberry pie, which happened every now and then, for, as I remember, we jogged along in no great hurry and I had a good opportunity to see the hills, salt-water estuaries, villages and country life on the hunting-grounds of the Pilgrim fathers. As I rode along toward the intellectual and commercial center of Massachusetts I could not bring myself to believe that the shadow of a great civil war (the most terrorizing of all wars) was at that moment lowering over these peaceful landscapes. I saw no evidence of it anywhere. And yet I had already completed one term of military service and would soon return to resume these duties. On arriving at the hotel, and having registered and gotten rid of my grip, I stepped to the entrance and saw across the street an old brick meeting-house, plain as a barn, and half-embedded in the walls, near the cornice, a British cannon-ball, fired in 1776 from one of King George's blockading vessels. Now, I had come to Boston to see that cannon-ball and other coincident things, and I saluted it with unction; and right there and then I took the shades of all the embattled farmers, each in his turn, and gave him, or it, a big hug. I was so impressionable that when I recalled all the scraps the patriots used to have with the "red-coats" in those crooked streets (they have been straightened since), I went about in my unsophisticated "Sucker" way earnestly desiring to worship everybody and everything I met. Down at King's Chapel, where the British stabled their cavalry, I would not have been in the least surprised to have seen the stout troopers dash out like an arrow from the bow and charge Washington's lines down on the Common there. Ben Franklin stood in bronze close by and I saluted him in abject admiration, and I would not have considered it a hardship to have saluted him five hundred times a day while my visit lasted. In truth I soon reached such a condition of chronic salutation that I went about with my hat poised three inches above my head, where it rested in rigid veneration for all Boston had, could, would, or should have. In this patriotic trance I came at last

to the foot of Bunker Hill. On the spot where Warren fell, marked by a tablet, I sorrowed as sincerely as mortals can. I did not see the monument. I was too busy looking for Prescott and "Old Put," and the farmers young and old, with their flint-lock muskets, long-barreled rifles, and shot-guns carrying buckshot. I remarked the line where they had stood, and I looked off upon the bay where the British debarked, and I saw them form in line, one company after another and one battalion after another, until they seemed strong enough to swallow the hill and all the patriots upon it. They were in full uniform and silent, but they were not cowards. The Briton had been a soldier for a thousand years, and he was not going to balk now. The battle of Bunker Hill belongs to your day and mine. There was no loud-resounding circumstance of war along that British line of battle that is now ready to charge the hill. The order to advance was given quietly. I am standing here on the hill, looking down at them. The shadowy forms of other days are around me. There is a deep silence here also, for modern civilization is about to strike another blow for a larger liberty. Crowns and titles will not see this thing done willingly. England's might is at the foot of this hill to see that it shall not be done. Her line of battle is already half way up the hill, coming on with the masterful resolution she had ever shown. They are nearer now and coming close. The farmers at the word crouch and lean forward, looking keenly along their rifle barrels with the fine nerve of the New World hunter. There is a crash as the farmers send their shots to the mark. Through the powder smoke you can see the British line stagger and fall in its own blood, and they sullenly fall back and re-form again at the foot of the hill. You know all the story that fills so bright a page in the history of this dear land of ours.

Down at the "Cradle of Liberty," I laid my hand on its walls to assure myself that it was still there, and the morrow being Sunday, I attended the service at Tremont Temple, where Jenny Lind had sung a few years previously, her con-

cert being marked by an enthusiastic advertiser, who bid \$625 for first choice of seats. On Monday morning I laid a twenty-dollar gold-piece down and the agent gave me a ticket for Chicago, and I was whisked away through the Catskills to Albany, thence to Buffalo, where the conductor gave me a stop-over for Niagara. On a moonless night I stood alone on the narrow bridge leading to Goat Island and looked down for the first time on the darkling waters as they flashed their myriad Satanic faces upon me while they passed like a shot from a rifle under my feet. In the visitors' register on the Canadian side I noticed the autograph of Henry Clay and other notables of the past, placed some years before. Here we put on our water-proof suits, and descended under the main fall, and on the verge of rock in the depths below we felt as one might who is about to stop into eternity! Here I met some Henderson County Argonauts returning home with a good stake after twelve years' absence. On the Niagara River below the falls I squandered some delightful hours and brought to a close my inter-military itineracy.

CHAPTER XXX.

RE-ENLISTED FOR THREE YEARS.

Our company reorganized for the three-year service under Charles S. Cowan, and assembled along with the other companies of the regiment at Cairo. The commanding officer of our regiment, Colonel James D. Morgan, had served as captain in an infantry regiment in the Mexican War, rendered valuable service at the battle of Buena Vista under General Taylor, and was a thorough soldier through natural aptitude and experience. He was the captain of the Quincy Rifles during the Mormon troubles, and no man in the State excelled him in the mastery of the evolutions of the battalion. He was cool and clear-headed in an emergency, as we often had occasion to remark during the war, and in the preparatory months, when we were drilling for active service, the dress parades and battalion drills of the "Old Tenth" were interesting and beautiful. For the accuracy and precision of his work at all times, his bearing in battle, and for his fine, well-remembered voice, to which the battalion became so well accustomed—for all these things, which play their part in rounding out a perfect *esprit de corps*, the gallant old man, who died at the age of eighty years, will not soon be forgotten by the survivors of his "command," who claim him as the leader *par excellence*.

The Government had established a ship-yard at Mound City, seven miles up the Ohio River from Cairo. Here two "iron-clads" were in course of construction, and the Tenth was ordered there late in the summer of 1861, as a guard over this important work. Later on, while the weather was still warm, we were ordered to join our brigade at Cairo for a re-

view of all the troops at the post. Forty thousand men of the different arms of the service were in line, and the earth was tramped till the dust was deep and stifling. The intense heat and the suffering of the men for water gave us a foretaste of the many privations in store for us. As our Government advances in age the lustrums are apt to be marked by the lineal descendants of distinguished soldiers in its history who come to the front in the activities of the hour. My attention was called to this fact by the appearance among the general officers in charge of the review of General Van Rensselaer, a name familiar to readers of "Knickerbocker" history on Manhattan Island. We had with us also, in our campaign in the Carolinas, under Sherman, a general of division, a lineal descendant of Israel Putnam. When I found that we had a Van Rensselaer with us at Cairo, I would hardly have been surprised to learn that "Hard-koppig Piet" and "The Headless Horseman" were members of his staff.

The people of southern Illinois were not all loyal, and this was shown by a wealthy resident of Mound City when our regiment took possession of the town. His large, comfortable house was directly on our route as we entered the village: the day was hot and the men thirsty. It was a great surprise to Mr. Rollins when our men rushed in upon his well to replenish their canteens. The old gentleman came out in a furious passion and ordered them out of his yard. His voice was drowned in the volley of chaff the boys fired at him, and in spite of his valiant exertions he was carried off his feet like a feather on the current of the Ohio. The large majority of our company was composed of the native born; the remainder were Germans and Swedes. The foreign-born were almost to a man good soldiers, and here and there among them a man of superior fibre. This is shown now, after an interval of half a century, during which they have achieved successful careers; one of them being the president of a bank, others successful merchants, live-stock commission agents and farmers. One of the most attractive of the young Swedes (Albert Peterson)

died in the hospital at Mound City, and his grave, along with that of others of our regiment, formed the nucleus of the National Cemetery at that point. It came in time to be a trite and indifferent thing—the passing to the grave of the bodies of these young lovers of liberty from a foreign land; the bier covered by the Stars and Stripes; the escort and firing-squad marching to the funeral note; albeit, it was a scene full of pathos, for those who were dear to them were still in far Scandinavia, patiently waiting for good tidings and a remittance from the son who had gone to the land of great opportunity to seek his fortune.

Our parade-ground was as level as a floor, an advantage in our primary military schooling, and in the pursuit of daily routine I was out one day with our company when we had occasion, along with other points in the manual, to “ground arms,” but one of the most popular soldiers in the ranks had difficulty in obeying the order. With this exception the company executed the simple feat with ease, but a gracious providence had equipped “Put” with an unusually thrifty and ample growth, both in stature and bulk, with the balance in favor of the latter, and when the gallent lad reached the critical point in the posture his trousers parted at the tactical cross-roads, making an exposure of which the enemy for target purposes might take advantage. On our return to quarters he got a needle and thread and strengthened his base against assailants of all sorts whatsoever, and with admirable foresight followed up this bit of grand strategy by securing a detail to the commissary department, where he had freedom of growth and could indulge his personal preference of posture without interference and where he proved one of the most efficient and useful men in the “command.” Our regiment occupied a large brick factory building, each company having a room 60x20 feet. Here in the evenings, under the training of Dr. W. H. Craig, we became expert in the Ellsworth Zouave manual.

We first came under the observation of General U. S. Grant on this parade-ground. Orders had been issued that the General would review our regiment on a certain day. We knew nothing about him; had hardly heard of him. Before leaving Cairo field orders from him as commander of the Department had been read to us; but the only incident that had occurred up to this time to draw my attention to him was an order read to us one evening by Adjutant Joe Rowland, signed "U. S. Grant, commanding, etc.," and when the adjutant came to the General's initials—in a Stentorian, perfunctory voice he announced "United States," when on noticing that "U. S." did not stand for the Government in that connection he recovered himself and read the name as signed. There was a rumor that a man had succeeded to the command of the Department who went about the streets of Cairo in citizen's clothing, wearing an old plug hat. We knew so little about the matter that we did not identify this man with General Grant. Our battalion formed for review as appointed, and the mounted officer who was to officiate had arrived from Cairo for the purpose. He sat on his horse, an indifferent figure, undemonstrative, quietly looking us over. The usual formality of presenting arms gone through with, the battalion had massed in columns by companies, and was marching past the reviewing officer when, on account of our indifferent martial music (we no longer had Tip Prentice with us), accidental change of step, or other misfortune, the nature of which I have forgotten, we passed under the eye of the greatest general of modern times, not with the faultless front and rhythm of step which was our pride, but like a flock of exasperated goats.

Beginning with Scott's tactics, I learned three different manuals during the first six months of my military service. Following closely onto Scott's, or in combination with it, we took up Hardie's; then at Mound City I diligently practiced the Zouave drill and manual of attack and defense. After the lapse of fifty years I have seen nothing superior to the Zouave skirmish drill in use in 1861. It was controlled by the voice

or the bugle, preferably by the latter, and always so in battle. During our first ninety days' service at Cairo this drill was beautifully given on that level parade-ground. During our stay at Mound City one of the gun-boats was launched. A large assembly of soldiers and citizens witnessed the event which was marked by the usual ceremonies. When the full number of these fighting-craft was completed and in commission, the Mississippi flotilla under Commodore Foote, and later under Commodore Davis, formed a formidable arm of the service, which played an important part in opening up the river to an unvexed flow to the sea.

The hulls of the boats were built in water-tight compartments, eight feet square, of 12x12 solid white or live oak timbers. Our guards held the approaches, with a reserve on the vessel under construction, and if any of our men dropped to the bottom of any of the compartments, they had difficulty clambering out, for the walls were neatly joined and smooth and seven or eight feet in depth.

On the 7th of November, 1861, the battle of Belmont was fought. We could hear the field guns distinctly. On the next day one of the transports brought the remains of some of our officers slain on that field to our levee to be expressed home. As we looked upon their pale faces, their hands crossed in eternal protest against the deep damnation of their taking off, treason and rebellion assumed their true significance. Men will volunteer for war whose physical qualifications are nothing short of a travesty on what a soldier should be. In our company we had a man built on the plan of the Platte River, which Artemus Ward said would make a good river on its edge. This man had length and width, but no thickness. As he approached one could see distinctly through his transparent rigging without the aid of the x-ray. The skull was always grinning, for he was a very good-natured fellow, and he was always sick and always eating. At the sutler's and elsewhere he kept his pockets replenished between meals. "M. Kom," namesake of the original at the Yellow Banks, called him "Old

Death." This man, after gliding spiritually throughout camp for a few months, was reabsorbed into private life. And I think at this precise moment he must be somewhere in this glorious Union in high feather with a big pension, for such people never die.

At my readers' sufferance I will devote a few lines to the method of such creatures. Finding the Government more than willing to get rid of them, they returned home to play the game of the "coffee-cooler," to place himself in the swim, under the patronage of some gentleman recruiting to secure a commission, through whose collusion he was sworn in again, securing the usual perquisites of city, township, county and occasionally private bounties, amounting in all to a considerable sum. The second enlistment would not last long. He would be discharged the second time probably, on the recommendation of the surgeon at the hospital. By this time he would have learned his lesson well, and presenting himself before some man who wanted to hire a substitute, he would be paid \$1,000, perhaps more, to make once more the vicarious sacrifice. It is only fair to say that the men with whom I entered the service at the fall of Fort Sumter did so without a thought, hope or promise of reward of any kind. Bounties were then unknown, pensions unthought of. As noted elsewhere, we were paid in specie at the close of our service under the first call. Our first payment under the second enlistment was made in greenbacks (the first we had seen), crisp and clean, fresh from the press. Since the foundation of the Government our people had struggled with an uncertain, discounted, if not fraudulent shinplaster currency. And here it may be said in a word, but with the force of exact truth, that among the many blessings brought about by the Civil War was a stable, secure financial system, which came to its full and rounded perfection when the nation anchored at last on the resumption of specie payments with the gold dollar as the unit of value. The greenbacks (promises to pay)—"five-twenties" they were called—were indeed an epochal departure.

Uncle Sam was solvent (entirely so), but he had no money, and assassins were thirsting for his blood on all the horizon around. Honest man that he is, he took a simple, open, straightforward way. He issued promises to pay, founded on the wealth of the country. He fixed a time and manner of redemption. He signed the bond. At a later day the people called it "fiat" money, but the greenbacks were a "go"—they went like Sampson's foxes and firebrands through the "standing corn." The pockets of the people bulged out with them; prosperity prospered over again, and the North grew rich beyond the dreams of avarice, as a direct result of the war. Calico sold at 25 cents a yard; but hogs brought 11 cents a pound on the hoof. Everybody took greenbacks, nothing doubting. I could fill my wallet with them in Chicago and the cashier at the bank in San Francisco or Boston would receive them without question. Not so under the old régime. Then the cashier would get out his "Bank-Note Detector," adjust his glasses and scrutinize columns of names and titles dignified as "Banks," where they kept in store a few old-style coppers, a poverty-stricken assortment of silver, and a coin or two of gold, all conspicuously displayed, and a ton of shinplasters, shown with less effrontery. In those days a cashier was employed for his accomplishments as a persuader. His business was to stand at his window and convince people by some hocus-pocus that the shinplasters he was showing at them would not expire before they could unload them on some other fellow. Here in the greenbacks we had a universal currency; a financial heaven we had never aspired to and did not feel worthy of. We had discovered another Beatitude: "Blessed is he that hath a barrel of them."

But our ancient enemy, John Bull, would have none of them. Andrew D. White in his memoirs gives testimony to the light in which the financial circles of London looked upon our issue of currency to carry on the war: "Drawing money one morning in one of the large banks of London, I happened to exhibit a few of the new national greenback notes which had

been recently issued by our Government. The moment the clerk saw them he called out loudly, 'Don't offer us any of those things; we don't take them; they will never be good for anything.' I was greatly vexed, of course," says Mr. White, "but there was no help for it." John Bull sings a different song nowadays!

I took the clean bright bills from the paymaster and expressed them home. Good money! I had no doubt of it. Good as gold. Taken on faith; faith in a good cause. Faith in God! And I communed to myself: Uncle Sam's promise to pay had gone forth to the world. He must make good. And he has placed a rifle in my hands that carries nine hundred yards and sent me South on a righteous errand with this injunction, "See thou to that." There never was an hour during the four years that I did not feel the force of that obligation. It bore me up through good and evil report; in light and darkness; in weakness and strength; down to that moment when, standing under the dripping trees in North Carolina in the driving rain, chilled to the marrow, we were told that Lee had surrendered; that we must finish Joe Johnston; and then we could go home!

CHAPTER XXXI.

OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH A CONTRABAND.

During the winter of 1861-62 general orders were issued for the concentration of troops at Bird's Point, opposite Cairo, in Missouri, and on the Kentucky and Illinois shores in that vicinity, for a projected movement down the Mississippi under General John Pope, and a similar movement up the Tennessee against Fort Donelson, and on to Pittsburg Landing, under General U. S. Grant. Preparatory to these movements and for the purpose of confusing the enemy, our regiment became part of the 4th Brigade of 10,000 men, under the command of Gen. John A. McClernand, to threaten the fortified rebel post at Columbus. It was a mid-winter march, the weather was severe, with a considerable fall of snow and rain, and the reconnaissance, while it fulfilled its purpose, was far from a round of pleasure; the rough clay roads, worked into an almost impassable condition by the artillery and trains, made the progress of the infantry slow and difficult. While in camp at Fort Holt, after our return from this detour, an incident occurred which will throw light on the status of the slave at the opening of the war. We were still splitting hairs over the question, whether we were fighting to save the Union as it is, or as it ought to be. We had men on both sides of this question, and while the majority, if put to the test, undoubtedly were anti-slavery, the North through observation had become so accustomed to the "peculiar institution" that many doubted whether we might or could get rid of it. Ben Butler had not as yet defined the slave as contraband who had taken refuge within our lines. And so it came about that a young fugitive slave within our lines but a few hours gave rise to

a new experience. McClernand, the commander of this expedition, was a radical pro-slavery politician. The slave's master had a clew or suspicion that his chattel was in hiding among the troops, and applied at the general's headquarters for assistance to recover him. There was an impression current that our regiment had possession of the colored boy; the charge was in fact whispered around that the nigger was in E's wood-pile. The general's partisan zeal was aroused, and he applied at Colonel's Morgan's headquarters for information, but without result. When, as in blind man's buff, the search got warm, our men were non-committal; if questioned, they answered that they had not come South to hunt niggers. No discovery was made. The troops were under orders to move. The transports were at the landing to take the division across the river. McClernand had his spies out, and when the train came down to drive aboard, our wagon was searched and the young slave dragged out from under the load of tents and equipage and handed over to his master. This incident had a marked effect on our personal fortunes. McClernand's prejudices were aroused against us, and our regiment was omitted from the troops selected to fight the battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh. But for that colored boy doubtless the bones of many of us would now be resolving to earth on those famous fields.

On a bright day in February, after a season of prolonged, dismal, severe weather, I was standing on the levee at Cairo when a fleet of transports, coming down the Ohio, landed the Confederate prisoners from Fort Donelson and were taken on to Rock Island. It was an impressive scene and rejoiced the hearts of the loyal North.

In compliance with a general order for the concentration of troops, the Tenth Illinois made its final exit from the preparatory school at Mound City and winter quarters in cabins at Bird's Point, on the Mississippi shore, opposite Cairo, whence we entered upon those great campaigns under Generals Pope, Halleck, Rosecrans, Thomas, Grant, and finally

Sherman, which terminated, so far as I was personally concerned, on the 4th day of July, 1865, after the exhausted Confederate armies had surrendered and our Government rested once more in the peace and security of restored sovereignty.

While at this camp I was forced to go to the hospital for the first and the only time during the war, by a severe cold, akin to pneumonia, and I believe was diagnosed as such by one of the surgeons. I was convalescing when the troops broke camp and marched South at the opening of the spring campaign, and I stood in the doorway to greet my regiment as it passed by, feeling blue as it disappeared from view in the woods. In a few days, feeling stronger, I insisted on rejoining my regiment, against the remonstrances of those in charge at the hospital. Although not at all strong, I felt well, excepting a tender throat, and shouldering my traps, I boarded a "bob-tail" train, which took us as far as Sykeston, where I took the highway in company with others for the front, which we reached in the evening. The weather being mild, I regained strength and resumed my duties. Our brigade occupied a camp within a few miles of the rebel fortifications at New Madrid, an old town founded by the Spanish when under their jurisdiction.

My first glimpse of Gen. John Pope was had at this camp during a review of the troops, when he rode down our front at break-neck speed on his dapple-gray charger. This performance was intended to be very impressive, but something in the appearance of the horse and the rider made it both ridiculous and comical. General George B. McClellan's performance in the same role, while more grandiose, had essentially the same effect. I never could rid myself of the comical figure our dear old President, Abraham Lincoln, used to make on review—as I read of it in the dispatches, for I certainly never had the opportunity nor the desire to see him in the act—his tall, angular figure, his small horse, the long legs, the tall silk hat, his coat-tails in horizontal display while in pursuit of a possible jack-rabbit for anything the troops could determine by the performance.

I cannot say certainly, but I do not believe Ulysses S. Grant ever thus displayed himself for the delectation of beholders. It is possible that Julius Cæsar went down his lines with such speed as he could thump into an ass, and military gentlemen in all the ages have been loth to surrender the privilege; on the other hand, there is the sense of majesty and power in an immense army, such as the Army of the Cumberland before the battle of Stone River, passing in review before General Rosecrans at Nashville; or the army that made the March to the Sea passing in review before General Sherman in Exchange Square, Savannah; or the same army, at Raleigh, North Carolina, after it had completed the historic campaigns in Georgia and the Carolinas, passing in review before the group of historic mounted figures, in repose, composed of Grant, Sherman, Howard, Slocum, Schofield, Terrill, Schurz, Logan, and many other distinguished soldiers. Such pictures as that, or the Grand Review at Washington, are epochal tableaux that remain fixed in the memory and are beyond criticism.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CAPTURE OF ISLAND NO. 10 AND NEW MADRID.

On the 12th of March, 1862, in the evening twilight, our brigade formed and silently moved out from camp, the artillery muffled, and the men cautioned against making unusual noise. Conversation, when indulged, was in undertones. In the darkness of the moonless night the column moved like an immense serpent winding in and out through the openings of the forest. I was in the file at the head of our company with Lieutenant Sam Wilson and Captain Carr, whose company (H) preceded us in the column. That officer was a veteran of the Mexican War, of middle age, who had seen much of the world; was devoted to the service, and kept his men well in hand. We chatted in low tones as we marched along, Captain Carr admonishing his men at intervals against the clatter of their canteens, or the querulous voice of some man who had difficulty in getting along amicably with his neighbor. We passed rapidly along in the darkness, and soon debouched upon an open field. Our engineers and staff officers were at hand and under their guidance we were drawn up in line facing the rebel works; stacked arms; and in the inky darkness found a line of rail-fence, which we lifted bodily, noiselessly, and extended along our front as a base for a breastwork; then with our trenching tools, working like beavers, we soon had an effective defense against the enemy's siege guns, for at daylight we would be an easy mark for his trained gunners at the rebel fort. We were now up against the first notable obstruction of the Mississippi south of Cairo, which consisted of a formidable earthwork and siege guns and a line of defense works for infantry, a fleet of gunboats on the river, and

the fortifications on Island No. 10 above. On the left of our line four siege guns were placed in position protected by a still heavier earthwork. While we were engaged in this work not a shot had been exchanged. If the rebel pickets heard us, they relied upon their ears rather than upon their rifles for entertainment. The silence remained unbroken, till Captain Carr left his company at their work in the trenches and went out on our front to reconnoitre on his own account. There was a lane running at right angles to our line of works, and along the "worm" fence the captain stole quietly. He loved his pipe, and in an unfortunate moment stopped and struck a match! That was the rebel sharp-shooters' opportunity, and in the glare of that little blaze the veteran received a mortal wound. He was carried to the farm-house near by, where he died shortly afterward. In the early dawn, our earthworks having been completed, there was a lively exchange of Minie balls, and the gunners in the rebel fort, discovering a big black hunch in the corn-field which they had never seen before, trained some of the best rifled pieces on it and made the morning exercises interesting for Captain Joe Mower and his men. The captain (later a major-general) in command of our division, and later of our corps, was a fighter, but he was out-classed with his little hunchback of earthwork and four guns against a deliberately built fort of approved pattern.

During our second night under the rebel batteries our company was on the outposts, where in the silence we could hear much that was going on behind the enemies' lines. There was a "racket" throughout most of the night, their lights were gleaming, their band played continuously, and there was the rumble and tumult as of reinforcements coming in. The truth proved to be, they were going on board their transports in a panic, evacuating all their works, leaving valuable property behind them. At daylight we found their tents standing, lights burning in them and breakfast on the tables, and military stores in quantity and the heavy guns in the fort fell into our hands. The result was that during the unequal duel which

extended throughout the previous day, a center shot from the rebel fort nearly buried Colonel Smith of the 16th Illinois and another broke the muzzle off one of our big guns, putting it out of the game. The captain smiled grimly (a man in a fight always smiles "grimly," I believe, if he is able to work his facial muscles at all) and landed another shot a little closer than before; at all events, the captain took a look at the enemy's coign of vantage after we got possession of it, and found one of his guns dismounted and his household furniture piled up in a heap.

Along with our work on this day there was something doing down at Point Pleasant—pointed but unpleasant for the rebel Commodore Hollis, which shut him out of the mixup. The Mississippi is a nice stream to travel on if you have the stuff which entitles you to a first-cabin passage and a "Northern line" table to lunch at with a seat on the right of the captain, and provided there are no hunting parties out looking for big game. Up to this hour in the Commodore's life he had smooth sailing, but on a night a Yankee battery was neatly fitted into a depression made for it at the "Point" and a lot of our best wing shots stood in the rifle-pits, looking bland and smiling out over the water, and, as usual, the unsuspecting Commodore came along with his flock of "Turtles," and our boys scared him so he has not been heard of to this day. As a further diversion, during the afternoon the rebels formed a small infantry force out of our sight and played the old trick of marching it around and around through the fort as a continuous line of reinforcements, but really dropping out of sight behind the fort and coming in again, an endless chain. We were unbelievers and smiled as we looked at the performance.

General Pope made the following official report of these operations:

"The 10th and 16th Illinois, commanded respectively by Colonels J. D. Morgan and J. R. Smith, were detailed as guards to the proposed trenches and to aid in constructing them. They marched from camp at sunset on the 12th in-

stant, and drove in the pickets and grand guards of the enemy as they were ordered, at shouldered arms, without firing a shot; covered the front of the intrenching parties and occupied the trenches and rifle-pits during the whole day and night of the 13th, under furious and incessant cannonading from sixty pieces of heavy artillery. At the earnest request of their Colonels, their regimental flags were kept flying over our trenches, though they offered a conspicuous mark to the enemy.

"The coolness, courage and cheerfulness of these troops, exposed for two nights and a day to the furious fire of the enemy at close range, and to the severe storm which raged during the whole night of the 13th, are beyond all praise, and delighted and astonished every officer who witnessed it."

General Pope says in another connection, referring to this movement:

"One brigade, consisting of the 10th and 16th Illinois, under Colonel Morgan, of the 10th, was detailed to cover the construction of the battery and to work in the trenches. They were supported by General Stanley's division, consisting of the 27th, 43d and 63d Ohio. Captain Mower, of the 1st U. S. Infantry, with Companies A and H of his regiment, was placed in charge of the siege guns.

"The enemy's pickets and grand guards were driven in by Colonel Morgan from the ground selected for the battery, without firing a shot, although the enemy fired several volleys of musketry. The work was prosecuted in silence and with the utmost rapidity until at 3 o'clock A. M. two small redoubts, connected by a curtain and mounting the four heavy guns which had been sent me, were completed, together with rifle-pits in front and on the flanks, for two regiments of infantry. Our batteries opened as soon as the day dawned and were replied to in front and on the flanks by the whole of the enemy's heavy artillery on land and water."

We had in our company an educated Virginian, Absalom Martin, for whom I felt a warm admiration on account of his literary quality. By the aid of a good memory he would plunge

into the English classics and help me to divert the tedious hours in camp. He had a premonition of his fate. We were seated on our breastworks one evening after the enemy had ceased firing at us, when he said to me: "If I should fall during this revolution [I use the exact words], I want you to write to my wife and tell her all about me." I replied that I would be glad if I should never have occasion to comply with his request. His ordinary mood was that of a cheerful good humor, and although physically too weighty a man for active service, he got along very well until after the close of our operations around New Madrid, when it was noticed, while on the transports going South, that he was not well. On our return up river, on the way to Pittsburg Landing, during a stop at Cairo, he was sent to the hospital. From thence he was forwarded on a hospital steamer, along with hundreds of others, to one of the large general hospitals in St. Louis, from whence we were notified of his death. The letter from his wife in response to one from me concerning him was painful reading.

Concurrently our friends were busy up at the Island. Colonel Roberts (that gallant, deeply lamented hero of the 42d Illinois, who fell at Stone River), with a picked squad of his boys, dropped in upon General McKown at vespers and spiked his guns, and on a stormy night the "Pittsburg" ran the rebel batteries and got safely down to the New Madrid landing, where we were waiting for it. Withal, the opening along the bayous for the transports had been completed, and while our brigade stood in arms on the shore, lo! a steamer came walking, as it were, out of the woods, landed, and took us aboard. There was a rebel earthwork on the opposite shore and the "Pittsburg" dropped out into the stream and sent a few plunging shots at it. There was no response, and the transports carried us promptly to the Tennessee shore, and a foot-race began to interpose our force across the rebel line of retreat from the Island above. Our brigade had the advance; quick time was made, and before night came on we had taken up our positions with strong picket forces out. Our own com-

pany occupied an outpost, where we took prisoners in number equal to our own strength—regular Arkansas travelers; armed with frontier “toothpicks,” home-made, on the anvil, and rifles, muskets and revolvers and every description of shot-gun that had been made up to that time; one of these a giant shot-gun that only a giant could carry or wish to fire. During the night the commander of the rebel army at the Island, whose forces we had barred in their efforts to escape, sent in a communication asking for terms of surrender. These having been agreed upon, the rebel army (infantry and batteries) filed onto open ground, nearer the river, in the vicinity of a hamlet named Tiptonville, close at hand, and stacked their arms. I cannot say that the stars in their courses contributed to our success in these operations, or that our foe lacked courage and skill. I am sure that those rebel soldiers of the Southwest lacked nothing essential to the real soldier. The use of fire-arms, and fighting of one kind or another, was an everyday affair with them—almost a pastime; and I feel that I am stating the exact truth in saying that those backwoodsmen whom our company corraled as prisoners at our outpost could, man for man, have “wiped the ground” with us on a fair field and no favor.

The reasons for our success include some curious facts. Precisely fifty years in advance of our appearance before New Madrid a great convulsion of Nature had changed the features of the landscape from the mouth of the Ohio River to the St. Francis. Where once had been level farming lands and high plateaus covered by the ancient forest, appeared lakes of great depth or depressions difficult to pass. The seismic disturbances of 1811-16 (for they covered the interval between these years) involved this whole region and were the severest in the immediate vicinity of our operations. No disturbance of the kind recorded since the landing of Columbus could compare with it. The best authorities state the movements were of two kinds—a perpendicular and the horizontal; that the latter was the most destructive; that it moved in immense waves, increasing in size as they progressed until they were the height

of the trees, which tossed and tumbled together, the earth opening and discharging great volumes of water, sand, coal and rock. Whole districts of fertile country were covered to a depth with white sand, and in other places the earth and forest sank, forming lakes some of them twenty miles in length. Adjutant Theodore Wiseman, of our brigade, assured me that previous to the war he had passed in a hunting-boat with his fowling-piece over submerged forests in this region, the trees standing upright where they had sunk. The grave-yard of New Madrid and large tracts of land with it were swallowed up by the great river, and chasms and crevices appeared across which the few inhabitants of the country crawled upon trees where they happened to span these gulfs. As a result of this earthquake the region around Island No. 10—which since the close of the war has wholly disappeared in the current of the Mississippi—extending on down the river and embracing all the country on both shores below New Madrid, was so broken up by lakes and the scars of this convulsion that the passage out from the Island by an army under the restrictions of an investment was not a job to be relished by the most competent of military commanders. The difficulties of the situation were greatly increased by high water. The Father of Waters was rolling one of his immense spring tides to the sea and was a majestic spectacle. The tributary streams were overflowing, and I have said enough to show that the Confederacy was in hard luck in her struggle with Nature, to say nothing of John Pope and his army.

A field battery of the Washington artillery (the pride of the South), manned by young bloods from New Orleans, was a part of the trophies of this campaign. These gallant young French creoles and their beautiful brass guns won our sympathies, and I had an interesting talk with a lieutenant of the company as we stood on the shore looking out over the great river. He was courteous, intelligent, undismayed by their ill fortune, and had a rock-rooted faith that the South would never be overcome. Our prisoners followed those of Fort

Donelson to Rock Island, while a fleet of transports assembled at New Madrid, and, convoyed by the flotilla of gunboats, the Army of the Mississippi descended the river to a point on the Arkansas shore in the vicinity of Chickasaw Bluffs, the next fortified stronghold placed to dispute our passage. It was a notable scene—our descent of the river; so many of the steamers, often in full view, crowded with troops: hesitating at intervals on the broad bosom of the water, at a signal of caution from the iron-clads which were the advance guard, on the discovery of one of the enemy's "Turtles," half hid around the point of an island, when the boom of one of our rifled chasers woke the deep echoes of the desolate region.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FROM SHILOH TO CORINTH UNDER HALLECK.

The surprises, involving sudden change of direction and thwarting well-laid schemes, during the Civil War, are well illustrated in the change in our fortunes while waiting in this Arkansas camp for the order to advance. We were startled by the news from Shiloh, and, under an order from Washington, re-embarked and made the long journey back to Cairo and up the Tennessee River to Hamburg, where I met Will H. Scroggs, an old classmate, who made a diagram with his finger on the ground to show me the position of his regiment and the general line occupied by our troops at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. We had a close personal interest in this fight, for our old colonel (later general), Ben M. Prentiss, and most of his division, after a prolonged struggle, were surrounded and captured and taken to Richmond. The Army of the Mississippi (now no longer such), under Gen. John Pope, became the left wing of Gen. Halleck's grand army, and advanced on Corinth, along the Farmington road. Halleck's entire force comprised more than 100,000 men, and it was an army worthy of any commander. The enemy kept us busy. After the experience at Shiloh, we were wary and made our reconnaissance in force. General E. H. Paine, of Monmouth, a West Point graduate, was our brigade commander. He was a man of "nerve," and in many respects an accomplished soldier. Our first reconnaissance was in a heavily wooded country, so difficult to operate in, for almost every step in advance was a surprise of some kind. The "Yates Sharp-shooters," armed with globe-sighted rifles, were our close comrades and the appointed skirmishers of our brigade. At a crossing, close to the edge

of the dark, heavy timber, a number of the enemy were killed trying to get over an open space to a refuge. On the low ground we halted for a few moments, when a neatly dressed young rebel officer came out of the woods on our company's front to give himself up, crying out to us not to fire upon him—"Don't fire, gentlemen," he said; he was submissive now, but afterward, when he found he was being treated according to the rules of civilized warfare, he became very abusive. Beyond this timber there was high open ground, which the enemy stubbornly held. There was some delay, when General Paine, becoming restless, passed through our lines, and having made his observations, we forced our way under fire out upon rising, open ground. Our line was now the target for an enemy we could not see in the woods west of us. At this moment Houghteling's Battery passed us like a flash, unlimbered on a knoll on our right and shelled the woods, which we followed up with a charge that cleared our front of the enemy for that day.

It was a warm morning in May when the long roll called us to arms. Our camp was on a high wooded ridge with openings to the south upon the Farmington plains, a park-like plateau, with copses of wood here and there, and covered with bluegrass. Looking south upon this partially open country, we saw an army with banners like a stereoscopic picture suddenly cast upon canvas—a reconnoitering force, twenty thousand strong, led by John C. Breckenridge. The facts were as we now know them to be: Beauregard's army in Corinth was getting ready to abscond and did not wish to be crowded in the act, fearing it might not be a success; hence this bluff (the battle of Farmington) on our front this day. Our army was drawn up in line to receive them, and at one or two points of contact there was severe fighting, but the Confederate force withdrew without bringing on a general engagement. Following up this diversion, we advanced to the village and threw up a formidable line of breastworks. Tarrying here briefly, we advanced within striking distance of Corinth. Here

was a beautiful pasture-like country studded with parks of "Napoleons," or "rifled parrots," and all the paraphernalia of a great army. As our lines of circumvallation shortened a portion of this splendid equipment was necessarily held in reserve. On the last day of our operations on the front of Beauregard's army we came into line in the early morning. We occupied the south line of an open field, across which, posted along the edge of a wood, were the rebel outposts. As we stood in line waiting, the "Yates Sharp-shooters" deployed rapidly upon our front and passed gallantly across the field in face of the enemy. We held our breath for a time, fearing some of our lads would fall; but they employed the Zouave trick of always keeping in motion, and the line, including the major in command on his black charger, coolly riding up and down with his men, had a wonderful escape. As I remember, only one or two were wounded. Our line of battle was many miles in length—through swamp and thicket, over hills, across gullies, at the door of farm-houses, closing in on all sides of the fortified town except a door of escape by the B. & O. Railroad, which it was the Confederate commander's especial care to keep open. At intervals along the line sharp fighting took place. The day was occupied on our own front in forcing our way close up under the rebel works, the yellow clay of which we had glimpses of through the woods. An infantry force came out under cover of the thick underbrush on our front to dispute our further advance, and our sharp-shooters had to withdraw. At the moment one of our batteries opened on them with grape. Between the volleys a remnant of our skirmish-line ran crouching back into our lines. We looked for the enemy to advance upon us, but he refused our challenge. At nightfall we supped on what we had in our haversacks and lay down in our blankets, guessing on the morrow. At midnight we were suddenly aroused by a succession of explosions which could be heard for miles, accompanied by the prolonged cheering of the rebel troops. Now, Beauregard might have sneaked away more easily than to have kept his

men out of their blankets yelling themselves hoarse trying to make the impression that they were receiving reinforcements. We stood in groups in our blankets in the chill night air (in the South the temperature is low from midnight to dawn and our ponchos reeked with dew when we woke up), assuring one another that the rebel army was destroying what they could not carry away. The rumbling of trains was incessant, loaded with our departing friends in their hurried flight.

In the wake of our cavalry our brigade had the advance in the pursuit, for a portion of the retreating army occupied the roads leading south from the town. As we entered the village but one man greeted us—a typical hook-nosed Jew with a peddler's pack on his back. He crawled out of a wet brush-heap and solicited comradeship. The wandering Jew is the real thing when we want to label a man doing business under difficulties. We came up with the rebel rear guard at the Hatchie River. They had burned the bridge, and their cavalry videttes occupied the south bank. At this point our pursuing cavalry suffered a severe check and retired in our favor. They came upon this ground in the early morning hours, before it was yet dawn, cautiously feeling their way. At a sharp turn in the road, close to the bridge, the advance was literally blown from the muzzles of a rebel battery ambushed to cover the approach. The spot, marked by the dead horses, was the subject of remarks as we passed. Our company (E) was here detailed to advance and discover the strength of the rebel videttes holding this crossing. We filed down into the woods to the left of the burned bridge and advanced at will toward the river bank, each man selecting his own cover from whence he could fire upon the ambushed enemy waiting for us on the opposite bank. We were well to the front, having gained a hundred yards advance, when Sergeant George W. Cowden had his arm broken by a shot from the hidden foe. As we could not charge him across the stream, we poured a volley into the brush where he was hidden, with good effect, for he decamped without ceremony. The pursuit of Beauregard's

army was given over to our cavalry, and we went into camp at Big Springs near Corinth. We were here during the black-berry season and recovered from the fatigues of the campaign indulging in pie sicklied o'er with the pale cast of crust constructed without those helps down in milady's cook-book as the shortening and baking powder. They were just cobbled—those pies. Possibly Martha Washington regaled Uncle George with something better, as she had saleratus and sour milk. I don't know. The boys dug a hole in the side of the hill and built what they called an oven, where they baked those pies. I did not think it good manners to inquire too closely about that oven. I contemplated it respectfully at a distance. Somehow our pies had no color. They must have had tuberculosis, for they perished prematurely.

Dave Sage was our tonsorial artist at this point, famed for the superior style of his "cut," and for the way he inspired the boys to spruce up. When David got through with the army, the men looked like a lot of dudes. When he had trimmed and slicked up the last man, he had hair enough on hand to start a hair-mattress factory. He was our pride, and distinguished for his versatile talents. When he took a patron in hand, he finished him for a swell function of any kind. He shaved him and "shingled" him, stuck mint in his nose, shampooed and manicured him, laid him on a board and pinched and punched and slapped and rolled him under massage, rubbed in some skin food, shook him, and made him stand up like a man and look like somebody.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MARCH TO TUSCUMBIA AND NASHVILLE.

At the close of a day's march toward Tuscumbia, Alabama, at nightfall, supper over, we gathered our mounts on short notice (a group of the line officers and subalterns) and struck off at right angles into the enemy's country for a moonshiner's headquarters of which we had been advised by one of our scouts. An hour's rapid riding from our outposts brought us into a desolate, uninhabited, hilly region within striking distance of the rebel cavalry. We slowed down and advanced cautiously with a small, alert, advance guard. There was no moon and the darkness and silence made our ears receptive of every sign or noise outside of our own group. About 9 o'clock we came suddenly upon the cluster of cabins well within a small canyon, withdrawn from the prying world without, which composed the "still" characteristic of the South in ante-bellum days, where, judging from the quantities of ancient pumice lying in heaps around, the quality of "chain lightning" known as peach brandy had been manufactured for a hundred years. Having posted pickets, we took an inventory of the "still" in the darkness. The premises stank of alcohol. Strong as the odors were, they were so conflicting that we could not locate the best in stock in the darkness by smell alone, and we strode noiselessly to the door of the moonshiner's cabin and tapped it softly, one, two, three, and an object came to the door and we said to it, "Stranger, we are around looking at the country for an uncle of ours: have you anything at hand with which to cheer belated travelers?" With great apparent alacrity, but with a subdued, apprehensive voice, the figure out of the darkness answered: "It's likker

you'ns 'd like?" "Stranger," replied the captain, "you're warm; hand her out." Without ado, the old mountaineer rolled a keg out at the door, saying, "Thar ain't much in yer, but it's all I hev." The contents were drawn into canteens, the cabin-door closed softly, and we were promptly on the road for camp. We had hardly got away from the "still" when at a low signal we stood motionless in the road. There was a movement at the front which cast a doubt in the minds of our advance, and the riders parted equally to each side of the road, sheltered in the heavy forest, and stood on their guard, listening and waiting. After a brief interval and a sign of restored confidence, we covered the miles into camp at a rattling pace. The round trip had been made in comparative silence, and was wholly free of bibulous traits. It was undertaken at the instance of John Tillson and other headquarters gentlemen of like tastes, simply to equip their circle with the cup which cheers. I joined the expedition with no better motive than that of adventure.

Of the many beautiful springs in the South—at Iuka, Huntsville, Nashville, and Rome—from which we filled our canteens, I am sure the spring at Tuscumbia is the most wonderful of all, worthy of a journey of a thousand miles to see. It rushes from the rock a river in volume and, like the jester in cap and bells, goes plunging and dancing away over the rocks, glittering in the sunlight and shaking with merriment. If I were an artist, I would return to Tuscumbia and lay upon my canvas the old colored "auntie" coming up from the spring, with the turban of color around her head, a pail of water balanced upon it, her pickaninnies happy all the day, in her train.

On one of the lonely hillsides near that town we buried one of our Swede boys. Alabama—"Here we rest." It used to be said of one of Henry Clay's partisans that he would go twenty miles to hear Kentucky's great Whig orator pronounce the name "Alabama." Our family used to have in Henderson County a friend (Allen Briskey by name—peace

to his ashes!) who had two distinguishing characteristics: he was from Alabama and, as the boys in the Army used to say, he "stood lots of rest."

The seizure of cotton by Government agents and by private parties began first to attract my attention at Tuscumbia. The leader in this business near our camp was a Jew, and this fact did not tend to confirm my conviction that it was a "square deal." The great staple of commerce was more to be desired than fine gold. A few bales surreptitiously transported within our lines and cashed would place the possessor on the road to independence. A book might be written on "The Adventures of a Cotton Broker during the Civil War." A certain well-known officer in our command may have been baited, or he may have made a study of "How to Get Rich Quick" in the cotton business prior to the summer of 1862, but I think the beginning of his criminal connivance should be dated at Tuscumbia. Here was an opportunity for graft, and the career of the officer in question furnishes a striking example of how easily one may barter away an honorable position in the service and the respect of his neighbors at home for money virtually stolen, and which betrayed him at last into abject poverty and the forfeiture of home and friends.

Little thought we as we marched away from Corinth, Mississippi, that in a very few brief months it would be the scene of one of the most fiercely contested battles of the Civil War. "Old Rosey," however, drove Price and Van Dorn away in disastrous rout, and after much sparring for an opening between Generals Buell and Bragg, the next move on the military chessboard resulted in a foot-race for Louisville. When the course of events left no doubt of this fact, the Government resolved not to give up the capital of Tennessee; feeling a proprietary interest in a State which contained so many Union men like Andy Johnson and Parson Brownlow, and which had made so many sacrifices in life and property in a great cause. As these two armies left the South for the Ohio River, our division, in command of General John M. Palmer,

marched to Nashville, crossing the Tennessee River at Athens, and advanced north through Pulaski, Columbia and Franklin. We were molested more or less all the way by guerrillas, who killed or captured our men as occasion offered. As we left our camp on Duck River, opposite Columbia, the bushwhackers gathered in considerable force and some of our men were driven away from the spring where they were filling their canteens; but, as our column was stretched far out on the road, no halt was made to exchange shots. This running fight with guerrillas did not cease till we had passed Franklin.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ISOLATED AT NASHVILLE.

At Nashville we were isolated in the enemy's country, having neither rations nor communication with our military leaders save by courier, which was a dangerous business at that time. The city was full of spies and other enemies, and we were liable to attack at any time by independent forces, such as Forrest's cavalry, or other marauders of the guerrilla type. We prepared for this by enclosing the city in a rude breastwork and by a series of fortifications, of which Fort Negley was the chief; albeit this fortification was in a crude state for some months, but afterward, when completed, a formidable defense, armed with heavy artillery in bomb-proof casements. Our regiment occupied this fort for some months. Rations had to be supplied by our wits: and a systematic search of the cellars of the city resulted in finding a quantity of cured pork in a condition bordering on putrefaction, and in a limited supply of flour and corn meal. With this pork and accessories we invited the bubonic plague, dysentery and the malignant fevers that find a hospitable home in the South in the sultry season. As for forage, the brigade marched into the country in force with a train of empty Army wagons, and having marked the plantations where the cribs were well supplied, outposts were stationed on all the approaches and the wagons, loaded, returning to the city heavy laden. Some of our men were captured in small squads when they ventured out along the turnpikes in search of something to fill their haversacks. Reports of guerrillas in force came in almost daily, and there were collisions of more or less importance,

and finally we prepared for an attack, threatened by Forrest. The situation was considered serious enough to justify General Granger in coming to the fort and carefully studying through his glass the movements of Forrest and his men on our front. The enemy, not finding what he was looking for (an opportunity to surprise us), reconsidered his purpose and decamped.

The State's prison is in the suburb east of the city. Here the military prisoners were confined, including those under sentence by the general courts-martial. One day our brigade was called out and marched to the level ground on the eastern outskirts of the city. In the column was an Army wagon containing a coffin and a prisoner in irons seated thereon. On reaching our destination, we "formed square," the wagon and the prisoner at the center, where was an open grave. The coffin was placed on the ground and a guard conducted the condemned man to his seat on the coffin as before. He sat facing the west. An official of the military court read the charges and specifications and the sentence of the court. An officer of the line then stepped forward and blindfolded the prisoner, and at a silent signal another officer with a file of sharp-shooters faced the prisoner at a distance of ten paces and cocked their guns out of his hearing. Some of the rifles were loaded with ball and others were not. In silence, at a signal, the men aimed at his heart; at a signal they fired. For an instant the body sat upright, then fell over backward, and the column moved quietly away at the word. Not all the deserters from the service had the good fortune to receive clemency at the hands of that most merciful of all men—Abraham Lincoln. On another occasion our regiment had a painful duty to perform. A troop of Pennsylvania cavalry had refused to obey orders. They were picked men—blue-bloods from the old "Keystone" State, who claimed to have been "inveigled" into the service (poor credulous dupes) as the body-guard of General George B. McClellan, whereas it was sought to put them to baser uses—to feel for the enemy

if happily they might find him, and put him to rout. Here was another rebellion and it was up to Uncle Sam to put it down. The general sent for Colonel Morgan; explained the situation to him, and told him to take his regiment out to the cavalry camp west of the city, and bring those boys to headquarters, boots and saddles. The next morning the old Tenth halted in front of the Pennsylvania troopers' camp; faced; came to "rest," and were ordered to load. Under all circumstances the colonel was a man of few words and full of business, and addressing the descendants of William Penn, said to them: "You will be given twenty minutes to mount and fall into line with this battalion." One of the leaders came out of his tent bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves (a company officer probably), armed with some manuscript flapdoodle, and began to pluck the tail-feathers of the national bird savagely; but it was noticed that at the expiration of about five minutes the majority of the men were out at the tethering-rope, drawing cinches with the saddle-girths. Our conception of liberty is so broad within the boundaries of these States that we don't want to mind anybody anywhere at any time.

Andrew Johnson was the Military Governor of the State and during our occupation of the city he had convened a provisional legislature, representing the loyal counties or all the counties by loyal representatives, and the leaders who were faithful to the Constitution and laws of the Government were familiar figures in the halls of the Capitol and on the streets—such men as Parson Brownlow, Horace Maynard and Judge Hawkins. But there was a gathering of another sort from the remote corners and mountain fastnesses of the State which was an object of pathetic interest, the refugees from Confederate oppression—the patriots of this and other rebel States, separated from their homes and families by the Davis conscription. Scores of these hunted men assembled at times, apparently without shelter, on the outskirts of the city. Many of them lost their lives in east Tennessee, and a considerable number in other parts of the South, especially in Missouri and

Texas. In the latter State from two to three thousand lives were taken by local vendetta on the plea that they were not in sympathy with the rebellion. Those who were fit for military duty were organized in one or another branch of the Union service (cavalry mostly) and, in a sense, provided for in that way.

The women of the capital city of Tennessee (chiefly the wealthy class—surcharged with the spirit of treason) had one amusing method, among many, of showing on which side their sympathies lay, by coming out on the veranda as the Union soldier passed by, and calling their dog: "Come, Beauregard! now, Beauregard! will you come?"

The large buildings in the city, such as the medical school, the seminaries, the factory buildings, were taken by the Government for hospitals and they were constantly full to repletion. At the convalescent hospital, on a Sunday afternoon, in the large hallway, there was usually an improvised semi-religious service or "talk." The leader, often a distinguished visitor of the Sanitary Commission, like Lydia Maria Child, of Philadelphia, her hair snowy white, the sweet motherly face of fine intelligence, set off by the Quaker cap of lace. The halt, lame and blind, or nearly so, from the great battle-fields, gathered eagerly around her while she gave out in simple words those truths which we need to have repeated to us every day, and which are as old as the race.

After the battle of Perryville, General William S. Rosecrans succeeded to the command of the newly organized Army of the Cumberland. My first glimpse of him was over in Mississippi near Corinth. We were in column on the march when he dashed by us alone, a stout-built soldier in fatigue dress and cavalry boots. The army was reviewed by him on the outskirts of Nashville near the close of the year 1862. He appeared to advantage, and scanned the troops closely for deficiencies of every kind more thoroughly, I believe, than I had ever seen it done. He had many of the traits of a popular commander, and some of his noblest qualifications. He nar-

rowly missed being the idol of the North during the Civil War. "Old Rosey" was once a name to conjure with, and his men saw him go away after Chickamauga with a pang. I saw him in Nashville on his way North from Chattanooga. Laura Keene was in town, playing leading roles at the principal theater—the same actress who appeared in "Our American Cousin" the night Lincoln was assassinated. Rosecrans and his staff occupied a private box one evening and the actress, during a pause in the play, in response to applause from the general and his companions, turned full upon him and court-tesied in acknowledgment. As he passed out at the close of the performance the soldiers present gave him an ovation, and we all shook hands with him. It was the passing of "Old Rosey."

While in camp on Stone River, we strengthened our love for the Union by marching over to "The Hermitage" and worshipping at the shrine of "Old Hickory." We stacked arms in the avenue of cedars and were received by General Jackson's foster-son, Andrew Jackson Donelson, then a man well advanced in life. The room in which the old defender of the Union died, and his tomb, were the principal objects of interest. As we walked along the paths familiar to the hero of the battle of New Orleans, we could hear the distant guns of an army assembled with the sworn purpose to destroy all that "Old Hickory" held most dear, and we came away convinced that his bones were resting uneasily in the grave where his countrymen had laid him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BRIDGEPORT TO CHATTANOOGA.

On our march to Bridgeport, on the Tennessee River, we were held for a day or two in our camp at Columbia. During the delay, along with Sergeant Simpson, I called at the "Athenæum"—a seminary for young ladies, equipped with a fine library and a number of musical instruments. It was the summer vacation, but the principal was in charge, and a number of students were in attendance—taking lessons in music possibly. Our reception, while not lacking in the amenities, was a little on the bias, as a call from the "blue-coats" evidently had not been anticipated. However, she was a lady of mature years, intelligent, and we soon became interested in a line of conversation that presented some difficulties. The principal having cleared the ground and stretched the rope, as it were, we were given an opportunity to explain our mission to the South. While Charlie was making the pass preliminary, I was looking over my mental wares to see if I could find a reason for having been discovered by this lady south of Mason and Dixon's line with a gun in my hand. My comrade was a "Union Democrat," and scorned the thought of fighting to free the "nigger." Whether I was an Abolitionist or not, I thought I was, and I said to her in effect that slavery was a subsidiary thing, to be gotten rid of, as Washington and Jefferson had shown us by personal example; but I ran the knife to the bone by adding that the black man had a right to the bread which his toil had won; that I was in the South to help him to win out; that if we succeeded, the South having never gotten out of the Union, would be in it, and we could and would continue to do business at the old stand, having no

bone of contention to wrangle over as before. Charlie fared no better in the old lady's graces than I did ; in truth, she smiled on us as though we were a brace of young lunatics. While on this march the troops were called into line one morning, and to our surprise there came on a quick-step down our front the snare-drums and the shrill notes of the fife, playing "The Rogue's March," the rogue himself following, and a file of bayonets in close touch bringing up the rear. The culprit was exhibited before a long line of troops, his buttons cut off, and at the end he was drummed out of camp. What his offense was we were not informed. From Bridgeport our regiment escorted an immense train of ammunition along the Sequatchie valley and over a spur of the Cumberland Mountains to the army at Chattanooga. Two miles out from the foot of Waldron's Ridge we came upon the remains of a similar train that had preceded us, which contained withal some sutlers' wagons loaded with miscellaneous confectionery, tobacco, whiskey no doubt, canned goods, etc., which had been destroyed by Wheeler's cavalry. The road for the whole of that distance was filled with the large, fine mules, shot in their tracks, and the ashes of the burned wagons, and along the road-side, under the bushes, cans of cove oysters and other edibles were found where they had been left by the rebel cavalry, too heavily laden with the spoils to carry everything off. One dead rebel lying in the mud was the only visible regret Wheeler had left behind him. Looking east from the crest of Waldron's Ridge, over the valley in which Chattanooga is situated, the eye rests on a natural amphitheater of majestic proportions. The Tennessee River flows through the foreground, the city at the north end of the valley, the immemorial summits of Lookout and Mission Ridge, covered with forests framing in the scene, with the woods that hide Rossville and Chickamauga for a background. The National Cemetery is a feature new to this valley. Historic ground ! From the top of this ridge (a mountain range in itself) the road descends like a cork-screw. Here at the edge of the precipitous mountain wall, in the shade of

the trees, we stand absorbed, thinking of all the tragedies that have taken place here within the sweep of one's vision. Can one name a spot on the round globe so fit for the circumstance and pomp of war? A painful scene this; as our train wound slowly along this valley, which had been so often crossed and recrossed by armed men and by the starving animals of the beaten Union host. The earth was trodden bare for miles, so that not a blade of grass was left, and the bushes withal had been eaten up, and the limbs of the trees. Somewhere on the high tablelands we met the slightly wounded from Chickamauga, footing it back to Bridgeport to take the train for the general hospitals at Nashville, or for home on a short furlough. I remember seeing Sam P. McGaw, of Henderson County, in the crowd.

We had a rude awakening at Bridgeport which will be easily borne in the memory of the last survivor of our brigade. The reserve ammunition of the Army of the Cumberland was kept at this place. Through the lack of proper storage it was placed on high ground, adjoining our camp, in pyramidal form, covered with a tarpaulin. In this pile of explosives were millions of cartridges in cases, "spherical case," and grape, and shrapnel, in unlimited quantity. A guard, in reliefs, stood over it night and day. Nero, possibly, in taking up his fiddle, threw the stump of a cigar into a pile of shavings, which set Rome afire? A wisp of fire the size of your little finger started the conflagration that wrapped the city of London in all-embracing flame. Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked the lamp over which started one or two little straws burning, and they started other straws, till Deacon Bross, fleeing along the streets of the lurid city, looked back and saw the public buildings aflame "with a sublimity of effect that astounded me"! No one knows. Dead guards tell no tales. They were careless, and smoked their pipes in unconcern on this mountain of gunpowder. It does not seem possible that a grain of powder could have been exposed among those sealed packages and

water-proof percussion shells. I know not, nor does any other man know. Did a blundering guard let fall one of those weighty shells on the dangerous cap of another? All the answer we have is the thunderbolt that tore the bodies of some of those guards to atoms; bits of whose flesh were picked up in the weeds a hundred yards away. Then those shells opened on our camp like a battery, and men hunted shelter in every direction. The body of John Owens, of Henderson County, was burned to a crisp; every shred of clothing burned from the body, the hair from his head; the eyes sealed with fire. He still breathed when brought to the surgeon's tent, and soon died.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GOOD-BYE, BRAXTON BRAGG.

During the crucial days when General Grant assumed command of the beleaguered army in Chattanooga and General Sherman and the Army of the Tennessee were being transferred from Vicksburg to our front, our division, under the command of General Jeff C. Davis (the same who shot General Nelson in the Galt House at Louisville), was distributed along the fords of the Tennessee above the city; our own company (E) being stationed at Penny's Ford. We were directly opposite the extreme right of Bragg's army on Mission Ridge. Across the river, on our immediate front, were the rebel cavalry videttes with infantry supports *en echelon* behind barricades. This was our situation at the opening of the battle of Mission Ridge. Our division was a part of the Army of the Cumberland, under General Thomas, which occupied the center some miles away from us in the Chattanooga valley. Our orders were, therefore, to co-operate with General Sherman's Army of the Tennessee, which came onto the ground we occupied, but remained screened from observation in the woods back from the river. General Jeff Davis (our Jeff) was a West Pointer and a lieutenant under General Robert Anderson when Fort Sumter fell; after that event he was advanced in grade along with most or all of the West Point men, and transferred to the West, and was in command of a brigade in Buell's army at Louisville when the personal encounter took place which resulted in the death of General Nelson. He was a stocky little man, was Davis, and would recoil, one would suppose, from a passage at arms with a powerful man like Nelson, whose

courage nothing could daunt. Not so! Nelson's brutality ventured once too often! Alas, that it was so! for he was a soldier whom Napoleon would have chosen for his most desperate enterprises. Poor old Braxton Bragg! Who could stand against such a combination as this: Hooker at Lookout Mountain; Grant, Thomas, and Sheridan at the center, and Sherman on the left. No soldier nor combination of soldiers since the world began! In the great crises of the future may the honor of our country find defenders in sons like these! Any one of them (barring only one) the equal of any soldier our race has ever known. Hooker, in line with his best days, had taken Lookout, and his camp-fires from base to summit flickered in the darkness like signal lights, beckoning the avenging forces of the Union on. The armed hosts for miles around (friend and foe) took note; and as we looked at the moon, rising above the hood of the mountain, the fugitive figures of Bragg's defeated left wing passed across the lunar disk. In the night hours the small boats, packed with armed men, crept along in the shadows of the willows on the shore of the Tennessee River on Sherman's front. Captain Ewing, of the 36th Illinois, had command of one of these boats. They landed silently on the enemy's side of the river unseen, and stole noiselessly upon the chain of rebel barricades, and pointed their guns down into the faces of the enemy's outposts taken unawares! The Federals were busy. A strong force quickly deployed and covered the ground, protecting the men laying the pontoons. The cavalry, infantry, artillery, and the ambulance and ammunition trains passed over in rapid succession. Tom Ewing was ordered to advance his division upon Bragg's right and "not to call for help unless he needed it." Jeff C. Davis' division was massed in reserve. A Federal battery of siege guns (rifled Parrotts), planted on a promontory on the west side of the river, kept up a continuous fire over our heads at the rebel trenches. During the progress of the battle on our front we could see the steady stream of rebel reinforcements toward us from Bragg's center, following the crest of the

ridge, their polished arms glistening in the sunlight. The enemy had the advantage of us in his superior view of all parts of the field. Sheridan's charge on the center of his defenses was noticeable to us by the musketry fire only, as we could not see the movement.

General John M. Corse, later the hero of Altoona Pass and son of the old-time bookseller at Burlington, Iowa, was on the fighting-line in our front, and was borne back wounded to the field hospital, on a stretcher. He was boisterous and blasphemous, declaring his ability to lick the Confederacy, with other manifestations of lunacy. The surgeons gathered around him, and among them our division surgeon, Henry R. Payne, whom I quote: "We removed the general's clothing tenderly, expecting to find (as there was no blood) a severe contusion. On opening the underclothing at the knee with a knife, the disabled limb was exposed, and looking it over minutely, we found a little blue spot where a spent ball had struck him!" On learning that some prisoners from South Carolina had been taken on our front, I went over to where they were held, and found among them some men from my mother's native parish, who told me of a Giles relative who had received a mortal wound during the day.

After Bragg's center had been broken and his army had taken the roads south in retreat, our division crossed Chickamauga Creek in pursuit. We came up with their rear guard at Chickamauga Station, where they had a field hospital. Here we were confronted by a strong earthwork on a salient of the bluff. The Confederate officers stood on the parapet observing us from our line below. To charge these hills we had to make our way over fallen timber, much of it of the largest size, felled to make almost a perfect defense against the attacking force. The trunks of some of the trees were so large that while we could not force our way under them for the mass of tangled limbs, they were so thick through that it was all we could do to climb over them. As we advanced we finally got away from this obstruction, and went to the top of

the ridge on the double quick in the face of a sharp cross-fire of musketry. We got possession of the range of hills without difficulty, and advancing through the open woods across the high tableland, discovered the enemy's rear guard (a division of troops) in full retreat across a field in the next valley. They disappeared from view in the dense woods on the further side of this opening. Here they were screened from our sight, and I thought we would be severely punished as we came within range with a close line of battle. I could distinctly hear their teamsters cursing their animals in their efforts to get their trains out of our range. We were halted here. When we did advance, after some delay, the enemy had taken a strong position, where severe fighting was going on when night fell and we withdrew to our camp-fires. This was the last we saw of Braxton Bragg. When we grappled again with this reorganized rebel army, it was under the able leadership of General Joe Johnston.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

RELIEF OF KNOXVILLE.

Longstreet had withdrawn from Mission Ridge before the battle and united his strength to the rebel investment of our fortifications at Knoxville, defended by Burnside. Under the impression that the Union army there might suffer defeat, our division and Gordon Granger's were sent by forced marches to raise the siege at that point. Our route lay along some of those fertile valleys in east Tennessee, celebrated when I was a boy for their crops of red winter wheat, highly prized on the Atlantic sea-board when converted into superior flour for domestic use and for export. I was kindly received at a cabin on the roadside, one evening after we had got into camp, by an octogenarian, who had served under Jackson and who was greatly surprised and pleased to find the Stars and Stripes so unexpectedly near his house. The women of that household baked for me some biscuits—incomparable biscuit, no doubt, for never before nor afterwards during the service was I blessed with the good fortune of wheaten biscuit, for "co'n-bread" was the staple article of diet in Dixie at that time. Perfect little gems (those biscuit), baked by the fire-place of our forebears, in the same little oven, with the hot coals underneath and on the lid.

One day later on I went into a farm-house, at the close of a long march, and found a group of soldiers who had preceded me being entertained by an intelligent young lady of the household. She seemed in good humor with her self-invited callers, but as I took a seat (with due deference I am sure) she turned to me and said, "Do you think you can conquer the South?" I was taken aback by this unlooked-

for sally, but I could not take water; so I gathered my wits and replied: "We are here and it is General Bragg's business to put us out." I must say here, once for all, that notwithstanding all that had happened, and was happening, and in the nature of things would happen, I took no pleasure in the ghastly wounds the South was inflicting upon herself, through that pride which goes before a fall. The young lady, contrary to my expectations, ceased to press her inquiries. Full sorrowful was she, I fancied. Had her lover been slain in battle, in the forlorn hope of trying to make good a lost cause?

One morning, as the column left camp, weary of the interminable marches, I chose my comrade, John Clover, for a companion, and followed the crest of a chain of hills parallel to the road. This move of mine was not good military form in the enemies' country, but I seldom left the column, and to relieve the wearisome monotony, I chose to come in contact with the people of the country at their homes, and exchange a little of our small store of coffee, which the families on the plantations had long been deprived of and would be glad to barter for. In this way we could get a change of ration.

I am aware that I am drawing upon the credulity of my readers in the suggestion I have made; for it seems to run counter to the observation and experience of all who have ever come in contact with a hungry soldier, campaigning in another quarter of the globe than his own—a sort of shock to most people to intimate that even in remote instances the soldier will depart from his own peculiar method of securing something good to eat, and deliberately engage in equitable traffic to secure it. Well, there were some poor white trash in east Tennessee, and we came upon a lonely cabin occupied by a cheerful old lady, who, so far as we could see on a cursory view, was full as short on subsistence as in everything else. When all other visible means of support failed, those people had one never-failing resource—they could chew snuff; and

this poor thing had the snuff-stick in her mouth, emphatically indifferent to Bob Toomb's success in calling the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. I challenged Fate by donating some of my coffee on the spot, and the joy with which it was received well repaid me for the slight sacrifice.

The ever-changing landscape, as seen from the high country along which we were making our way, was at intervals very interesting, and we kept our bearings by catching a glimpse now and again, off in the valley, of the column winding its anaconda way toward Knoxville. As we strode warily along I amused myself at times revolving on the ease with which we might bring a marked change in our fortunes by taking a course a mile or so further southward and being run off to Libby or Andersonville by the enemy's scouts. In going from one plantation to another, along a zig-zag course, we traveled twice the distance the column made in the day, and were thoroughly tired and hungry at the noon hour when we entered a well-to-do planter's door and suggested in circumlocutory fashion that refreshments would be acceptable. This being in line with the daily procedure, we were not disappointed. The planter was a substantial, well-fed person, and he had "backing" in a young man of brawn whom I took to be a son-in-law, but that was only a guess. It was two and two anyway, and we looked well to our "Enfields." However, after looking the situation over, I made up my mind that these men were disposed to be hospitable, but did not confess as much for fear that in some way the fact would leak out, and there would be trouble, either with their neighbors or with Jeff Davis' conscription officers. The fact that here were two able-bodied men at home satisfied me that they were friends at heart. We were invited to seats at the dinner-table—a wide board, but there was little on it. The plantation had responded so often to the raids of the Confederate commissariat that private hospitality was scudding under bare poles. The place had been stripped of animals and fowls. There were only two plow-horses left; and when we applied for transpor-

tation with which to overtake the column, the planter responded with better grace than I anticipated. I assured him that if he would send his man along, that when we came in sight of the rear guard we would dismount and his horses would be restored intact. This agreement was faithfully carried out, and John returned to camp triumphant, with a nice ham hanging on the point of his bayonet.

At a day's march out from Knoxville we were advised by courier that Longstreet had delivered his charge on the Federal defenses and met with a bloody repulse, and was retreating toward Richmond, and thus ended our expedition for the relief of Burnside. Here we fully realized that the people of east Tennessee were steadfast and true to the Government founded by our fathers. The able-bodied men were in the Federal Army, and the women (young misses, sixteen to twenty) came to the column on the road, waving the Stars and Stripes, and bade us God-speed.

We were now near the close of 1863, and about to take up the drudgery of the return march to Rossville. We had not met with the quartermaster for some months and the men's shoes were worn out. I don't know why his case should stick in my memory, for many were getting back to winter quarters with their feet wrapped in rags; but Captain Sam Wilson was making great personal sacrifices for his country—that was plain. In an unfortunate moment he had chosen to penetrate the Confederacy in a pair of boots, rather than in a pair of Uncle Sam's uncompromising, broad-soled, easy marching shoes. His martyrdom was painful to behold. Before we had fairly shook Braxton Bragg for a neighbor the captain's boots had begun to weaken under the stress of the stony mountain roads, and on our approach to Knoxville the heels of his foot-gear had reversed arms. With a rusty cape on his shoulders, a slouch hat, his trousers stuffed into those boot-legs, the afflicted veteran limped along like a disconsolate "Arkansaw traveler" on the home stretch.

I am in deep sympathy this moment with my patient reader. He was wholly justified in his expectation that these pages would be filled with a blood-curdling narrative of war. I am mortified beyond words that I cannot disembowel a hundred of the enemy on every page, or hold up my dripping sword on filling a number of chapters with the slain of my own valiant arm. A word about this: Our destined end and way depends upon the star under which we were born. The old 3d Brig., 4th Div., 14th A. C., under Gen. James D. Morgan, possessed a peculiar hypnotic power—the power of dispersion. When we suddenly confronted the rebel fortifications at New Madrid and my company took position on the outposts, that was a bluff. And the foe did not stop long enough to blow out his lights, nor to eat a hasty, early breakfast. When he found the old 10th and 16th Illinois across his path of escape from “Island No. 10,” he acknowledged the corn, came in, and stacked his guns. Beauregard kept his nerve from Shiloh to Corinth, till Morgan closed up against his works. That fixed him. He promptly exploded his magazines and left for a sunnier South.

When we got to Bridgeport the Fates went against us (but for a few minutes only) and turned our own shells against us—a striking instance indeed where, gallant men not being able to bring the enemy to bay, adverse fortune evened up the score by involving them in a fight with themselves. At Mission Ridge and Chicakamauga Station the old prenatal influence returned and Bragg virtually refused to make our acquaintance. And here we are, within striking distance of Knoxville; and we waved our magic wand and Longstreet at once bestirred himself to get back into Virginia. Fortunate man! Morgan’s brigade was instructed at the outset to “make war gaily” and we continued to do so “all summer,” and every summer, till Jeff Davis, tired of his job, disappeared in a petticoat.

And so now we have nothing to do this moment but to take up the long march in the hot sun and stifling dust and stride on, unmoved, when men oppressed by the heat, the burden of arms, and the choking thirst, throw away their blankets with an oath and awake in the chill and heavy dew of the Southern night suffering for the want of those blankets. Whosoever thou art, O youth of this dear native land of ours, who shall bear this flag in other days on other fields—know thou that not to every man is it given to bear wounds or suffer death on the field of honor. At the supreme moment, when duty calls, we in vain protest; for shall the thing made say to Him who made it, "What doest thou?"

CHAPTER XL.

ON VETERAN FURLOUGH.

At Rossville we received the proposition to re-enlist as veterans of the service; to receive our regular pay, a bounty of four hundred dollars to be paid in advance, thirty days' furlough and free transportation to and from the place of enlistment—Quincy, Illinois. We completed our muster-rolls and were sworn in and paid on these terms. Each of our men had a comfortable roll of greenbacks, but some of them, being incorrigible gamblers, had lost all their money at "chuck-a-luck" before leaving camp and boarded the train at Chattanooga bankrupt. We made the round trip in freight cars, and other notable rides we had in like fashion, during and at the close of the war.

The self-denying work of the loyal women of the North through the Sanitary Commission and other agencies were a part of the amazing energies of the Civil War. We came within the scope of this influence on our arrival at Quincy. We had hardly stacked arms before we were ushered into the banqueting-hall. The soldier could hardly get around without breaking his neck, stumbling over things provided for the inner man, and the attention and service of these ladies did not stop here, but they were at the beck and nod of every volunteer, sick or worn out. I am sure our reception, however, would have had fewer qualms could we have dodged from the cattle-cars into the bath-room before being discovered by the fair daughters of the Gem City. Passing through the old "Sucker" State—from the sliding doors of the box-cars we cheered everybody and were cheered by everybody in return. As our train passed through a small, coal-mining hamlet on

the Quincy branch of the "Q" a buxom young Irish mother came to her door with her babe in her arms in response to our cheers and the swinging of our hats from the car windows (we exchanged freight for passenger cars at Quincy), and began saluting us by lustily swinging her disengaged arm, and when that tired, she would bounce the baby over onto the other arm dexterously and swing the free arm as before, the baby smiling and enjoying the fun as much as the mother. As we passed out of sight that baby was making lightning changes from right to left and back again with the good humor and abandon the Irish race throw into every cause which they have at heart.

On our way North to Galesburg, Major Charles S. Cowan wired ahead to a way station an order for dinner, for the company, as a free-will offering. In the evening of a January day in 1864 we were received by our friends in the ancient village of the Yellow Banks. It is difficult to adequately set forth here the deep sympathy and loving-kindness shown us by our old friends and neighbors during our leave of absence of thirty days. We shall not see its like again, for somehow the great days of old never repeat themselves.

As the war spirit grew in fervor from year to year the political estrangements and antagonism in the North multiplied so that almost every neighborhood showed the limit to which people can be drawn in the fierce enmities of a civil war. The people were divided as formerly between the two great political parties, but within the Democratic party arose another, a secret organization known as "The Knights of the Golden Circle," sufficiently ornate in its title and threatening in its teachings to create the suspicion that it originated in central Illinois and the southern half of the State, southern Iowa, Indiana and Ohio and along the border counties of other States adjoining the Confederacy. Henderson County was afflicted by ambitious gentlemen of this description. They took their cue from the Right Reverend Henry Clay Dean ("Dirty Dean"), formerly of Iowa, later of Rebels' Cove, Mis-

souri, Dan Vorhees, of Indiana, and Vallandigham, of Ohio. The official title of the organization was found in practice to be too elaborate for the Western mind, and the people cut it short by calling the members the "Copperheads" and "Butternuts." The young people of the "Circle" households were the more demonstrative in their efforts to show the world where they stood on the great question at issue. They evaded explanations and came to the point at once by wearing a "Butternut" pin—an article of home-made adornment, worn as a lady's brooch. On the occasion of a social event held at the south end of the county (in Bedford precinct, I believe) before our return on veteran furlough, a young lady had the temerity to traverse the sentiments of the Union majority present and a patriotic woman in the company tore the offending ornament from the wearer's person. The men of our company, to show their appreciation of this act and to commemorate the event as a part of the local history of the times, purchased a valuable set of jewelry, and at a public meeting where a banquet was served, honored the heroine by presenting her with this evidence of their approval. My comrades were kind enough to ask me to make the formal presentation. It was an interesting occasion, and the notoriety given the incident served a good purpose, as it had a deterrent effect upon insolent enemies of the Union cause at home. The meeting was held in the Methodist church, and the first citizens of the town and vicinity were present and gave their hearty assent to the proceedings. With a few complimentary phrases I endeavored to discharge my comrades' commission. The ceremony closed with one of those characteristic Civil War banquets where the abundance and variety of the viands were beyond belief.

At whose initiative I do not remember, but in a burst of generosity a liberal appropriation was made by our men, and a sword purchased and presented to Captain Sam J. Wilson. The enthusiasm of E Company was without bounds so long as our "greenbacks" held out. For the first ten days of our furlough we felt equal to any proposition in high finance.

Hence the sword affair. General Grant and other heroes had received a sword at the hands of admirers, and our lads would hold their place on earth with the best. The majority "chipped in"; that is to say, those who had a reserve fund with no preferred investments. A considerable contingent refused to "go broke" over the sword. I was solicited to make the presentation, which I did. There was a big crowd present to witness the ceremony. McKinney's Hall was packed to the entrance and our sweethearts were there, and the lamplight gloated o'er. In presenting the sword I assumed that the captain was as much of a hero as anybody and a good deal better one than some we had heard of, although I did not press the point. Rev. Hanson backed all I had to say on the subject and went me one better, and as the affirmative "had it," we adjourned to another hall and had a "shake-down."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

During the winter of 1863-64 the "Copperheads" conspired with Jeff Davis and the select coterie of traitors at Richmond known as "The Forty Thieves" to control the next Presidential election, on the platform that "The war is a failure." The details of the scheme were perfected in the councils of the Knights of the Golden Circle, or the Sons of Liberty, as they, on occasion, preferred to call themselves. A part of their general plan, as it is now well known (see the memoirs of Geo. H. Bontwell, Secretary of the Treasurer in President Grant's cabinet, 2d Vol., pp. 57-61), was to kidnap President Lincoln, hold him as a hostage until the independence of the Confederacy was recognized; failing in that, and in the event that the election was lost to the Democrats, to murder him. I do not mean to say that the masses who voted for the McClellan electors nursed the thought of assassination, but I do mean to say that the leaders of the "Copperhead" branch of the Democratic party of 1864, which was an annex of the Confederate Government at Richmond, were traitors with all these intents and purposes. Vallandigham discussed his plans with Jeff Davis and the Southern leaders during his expatriation, and "the man without a country" and his associates gave aid and comfort to the enemy, in cash, in an all-pervading spy system, and in other forms without stint.

The battle of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg, followed by the flight of Bragg from Mission Ridge and of Longstreet from Knoxville, sent a wail of lamentation throughout the South, and the waning fortunes of the Confederacy made

it imperative that Bill Hanna, as an auxiliary of the "Copperhead" leaders of the old Military Tract, should make a demonstration to prevent the Union armies from overwhelming Lee and Johnston in Virginia and Georgia. The unorganized rebel forces in Henderson County were therefore promptly brought under military discipline: a charter for a council of the Knights of the Golden Circle was secured: the ritual also, the rules and the regulations for the installation of members. The gentlemen concerned felt the solemnity of the occasion. They conferred fully with each other, with Vollandigham at Windsor, Canada, and with the Confederate authorities at Richmond, who urged sepulchral secrecy and the utmost energy in organization. Hanna and his men responded promptly. On a certain night, notable in the history of Henderson County, these patriots of the bush came together by stealth and posted their pickets. The council being called to order, Bill Hanna, in suppressed tones, made known the object of the meeting, and read from the printed matter in his hands a synopsis that gave his compatriots a vague conception of the scope and purposes of the order, which statement carefully veiled the whole truth except by inference. One of the objects was to create as large an armed force throughout the North as possible; to do this their unsuspecting dupes must be inveigled to commit themselves by oath and the restraints of association and comradeship to the fortunes of a desperate cause. The leaders therefore dealt gently with the unwary, but were open and bold among those who had their confidence. This meeting of the charter members was confined largely to the great unwashed, unsanctified Democracy—such as Bill Hanna, Sam Hutchinson, Tom Record, Lynn Carson, Jonathan and Sam Mickey, Elihu Robertson, and other well-known choice spirits of the Yellow Banks, Stringtown, Bald Bluff, Sagetown, and Biggsville. While the oath taken was about all they could stand up to, they swallowed it at a gulp and made a pretense of calling for more. Bill Hanna, having been previously sworn in and qualified by the State Council,

now called before him the charter members, to whom he repeated the following oath, line upon line, which was assented to in like manner :

The Opening Declaration.

"Do you believe the present war now being waged against us to be unconstitutional?"

Answer: "We do."

"Then receive the obligation."

The Oath, or Bill Hanna's Holy Alliance.

(A true copy.)

"I do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God that I will support the Constitution of the United States and the State in which I reside, *and keep it holy!*

"I further promise and swear that I will go to the aid of all true and loyal Democrats, and oppose the confiscation of their property, either North or *South!*

"And I further promise and swear that I will suffer my body severed in four parts, one part east, out of the East gate; one part west, out of the West gate; one part north, out of the North gate; and one part south, out of the South gate, before I will suffer the privileges bequeathed to us by our forefathers blotted out or trampled under foot forever!

"I further promise and swear that I will go to the aid, from the first to the fourth signal, of all loyal Democrats, either North or *South.*

"I further promise and swear that I will do all in my power against the present Yankee, abolition, disunion Administration.

"And I further promise and swear that I will not reveal any of the secret signs, passwords, or grips to any not legally authorized by this order, binding myself under no less a penalty than having my bowels torn out and cast to the four winds of heaven; so help me God."

The tenderfeet in this assembly felt some distinct qualms at the prospect, under certain contingencies, of being hung, drawn, and quartered for no worse offense than a mild adhesion to the administration of Abraham Lincoln, who was accepted by many of their neighbors as one of the prophets of the ages, a seer in the councils of the wise and prudent, the herald indeed of a better day; but they were reassured by a motion to adjourn to the school-house for an hour of social intercourse, where elaborate preparations had been made to jolly the boys. The men from Sagetown vied with the veterans from Bald Bluffs in the glow and warmth of their enthusiasm; Stringtown led the Yellow Banks a merry dance; and the Smith Creek boys emptied the flowing bowl in a way to disgust the Biggsville patriots. The leaders mingled with the common herd like birds of a feather. Bill Hanna fraternized with the boys with that stereotyped sneer for which he was famous somewhat modified. Colonel Sam Hutchinson did not unbend—that was spinally impossible; but he cast some of his most benignant smiles upon the assembly from the Hutchinson Heights. Lynn Carson and a pard from Sagetown were convivially inseparable (the bibulous twins of the evening), and they finally went to sleep in each other's arms. The Tipperary round of pleasure was at high tide when the gray of the morning compelled the warriors to strike hands with pledges of eternal fidelity and disperse.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE CONFEDERATE CAMPAIGN IN HENDERSON COUNTY.

Our thirty days at home at the crisis of the war intensified the bitter feeling between the loyal citizens and the "Copperheads." But the influential Union men at the county seat were not of one mind respecting their neighbors in secret opposition to the Government. Men like Fred Ray, Sr., and Sumner S. Phelps and others of the same relative standing did not agree on all points involved in the peace of the community. I conversed with them freely on these subjects. Mr. Ray was peculiarly sensitive, apprehensive of incendiarism; and, to state the bald fact as it was, he distrusted a brawling soldier as much as a "Copperhead." Ben Harrington offered to show me where the Confederate forces of the town had arms secreted. Out of regard to the conservative sentiment among the Union men, the majority of our men neither said nor did anything to provoke a collision. As for those arms, we were not under martial law at home; and as for Bill Hanna and Sam Hutchinson and their retainers, we considered them impotent. Bill Hanna was a nice man. He was much deferred to. When he sneezed, some of his neighbors never failed to explode in concert with him. His only fault was, he pulled off from the men who staked life and treasure on the Union, and became an ordinary skulking "Copperhead."

But notwithstanding the friendly deportment of our boys during their freedom from military restraint, we did not escape attention from Bill Hanna's "bushwhackers."

I have briefly stated the condition of affairs at home when on a Saturday a few of our men of the pugilistic temperament who had imbibed freely of the usual stimulants con-

sidered themselves still in the pursuit of the enemy, and having one of the most notorious of the local type pointed out to them on the street, gave chase, and cornered him in a dry goods store with the object of compelling him to take the oath of allegiance to the Government. It hurt the pride of the "Butternut" to take the oath under compulsion, and if his friends could have been summoned at the moment, there would have been an encounter of more or less importance. There was some delay in getting the rebel courier off throughout the county with dispatches, but at the summons to arms there was a prompt uprising among the local step-sons of Jeff Davis. Bill Hanna left his plow in the furrow; Sam Hutchinson spit on his flintlock, wiped off the dust, jumped bareback on his old mare and rode at breakneck speed for the rendezvous. Bald Bluff arrived with strong reinforcements. It being Saturday night, Sagetown was in a condition of indeterminate consciousness, with a gallon jug of "Coonrod's best" in reserve, and on the way over lost the road, and did not reach headquarters till after midnight.

Jake Spangler and the learned blacksmith from Stringtown struck the highway with loaded powder-horns. The army assembled in the mountains on the head-waters of Smith's Creek, and detachments continued to arrive on the grounds on all the public roads up to a late hour. It was a formidable mounted force, well equipped. All movements were carefully muffled; all the approaches carefully picketed. General Bill Hanna arrived on the ground by a circuitous route, and cautiously reconnoitered his own command from behind a haystack before he ventured to make himself known. His advance guard having completed a final patrol of the ground ahead of him and notified him that the way was clear, he assembled his escort and rode to Colonel Sam Hutchinson's headquarters in great state. The troops were massed and the affairs of the hour carried on in suppressed tones, no fires or lights being allowed. A large number of recruits had been sworn in at the sub-stations during the weeks preceding, and

the officers and most of the rank and file being unacquainted, it was determined to improve the *esprit de corps* by introducing the general commanding the Department to the army. Colonel Hutchinson therefore stepped forward and saluting, said: "Gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce to you the brigadier-general commanding the gallant Knights of this Congressional Department. Soldiers! I propose three suppressed cheers for General Bill Hanna." The noble general advanced, lifted his shako, smiled, bowed in an uncertain way, both right and left, and said: "I am delighted to see you looking so well to-night. I am looking extremely well myself. There are none like me. I am the only one—the real thing, in Henderson County. It is true, gentlemen, that I have only a single star on each shoulder to designate my rank during this night attack, but when this cruel campaign is over I shall have gold-wash epaulets equal to those General Scott wore when he led the victorious American army into the capital of Mexico. Wait and see. It would be useless to wear gold epaulets in a night attack. You could not see them, but I'll be with you. Understand me, pray: I am your brigadier only. Colonel Hutchinson will command in the field; he will lead you: I will follow; follow all the way, even to the gates of the city." Lynn Carson, his face all a-laze with—with—well, Lynn broke out in a wild "Hooray" but was choked off in the midst of his "hoo." A voice broke in here—that of Brother Jonathan, who only the day before had his patriotism refreshed by taking the oath at the Yellow Banks: "Gentlemen, this is the winter of our discontent; the breeze is chilly for Democrats of our peculiar stripe, and as the school-house has been warmed for our accommodation, I move, sir, that we repair thither to complete our preparations for our advance." The change of base was made without the loss of a man. The high ones and the powerful Knights entered the audience-chamber with grave visages, big with portent. Colonel Hutchinson strode grandly in, his lofty manner and stern glance enough to wither a hand-spike (his brave comrades saluting and bowing low as

he passed), and took a seat on the left of the brigadier-general. A warrior from Biggsville got his monocle deeply imbedded between eyebrow and his cheek-bone, and covering the crowd with his questioning gaze, gave his thumb a rotary turn; there was a responsive conference aside, between the forces from Sagetown and Smith's Creek, and the foreman addressed the assembly, saying: "Your Imminence, has the refreshments arriv?" Lynn Carson bore down proudly and answered, "They have, sir!" saluted, and brought a two-gallon jug down upon the table with a thwack that made the gold and silver plate on the sideboard jingle again. Lieutenant-Colonel Tom Record, the second in command, was painfully affected by the demonstration, mounted the tribune, and in his most scorching manner said: "We didn't come here to drink Schiedam schnapps; I 'm no Dutchman, nohow. You have heard," he proceeded, "the reverberations walluping up and down over our distracted country? You have heard," the orator went on to say, his voice rising to a most painful pitch, "what Wilbur F. Storey, in his *Chicago Times*, calls our grand old Democratic party? He calls it 'a putrid reminiscence'; are you going to stand that?" "No, begorry!" roared the battalion from Sagetown, and the gallant Colonel Hutchinson banged the round table with his eminent sword and cried, "Not much, Mary Ann!" Colonel Record proceeded: "Men, patriots, Democrats!" ["That's us!" said Smith's Creek.] "We didn't come here to limber up and be hauled home in some neighbor's wagon. We're here for war! Lincoln's hirelings attacked us in the streets of the Yellow Banks, and we're goin' to wipe out the stain—on to the Yellow Banks!" The orator, purple with wrath sat down to recover himself. At this point General Bill Hanna arose, gave his accentuated sneer another twist and said: "Colonel Record has spoken to the point; we are already in the field; why stand we here idle? Is life so dear and peace so sweet as to be purchased by the price of chains and slavery? There are armed men now on the plains of Boston, but I am suspicious that they are no friends of

ours. If those men on the plains of Boston should make a mistake—a feint only of reinforcing General Grant in Virginia and suddenly drop down on us here in Henderson County, in the language of Uncle Remus, where would be our molasses jug?” “Now, comrades,” continued the general unsheathing his glittering blade, “we are about to engage in a military expedition of the first magnitude and in the organization of our command it is proper that the troops which I shall have the honor to command (not actually, but technically) should have an official title. What shall it be?” The learned blacksmith from Stringtown took the floor and explained that as “we are going after large game, we should need the buck and ball cartridge, and happily our double-barreled shot-guns will prove the most effective weapon; I therefore move, sir, that our troopers be given a descriptive title, namely—‘The Shot-Gun Brigade.’” By unanimous consent an official order was issued confirming this title and setting forth the subdivisions of the army and designating the commanders thereof. At this point the army took to the woods, and under a scrub oak Col. Hutchinson, commander in the field of all the expeditionary forces, assumed formal direction of the fortunes of the Confederate cause in old Henderson. It was a most solemn occasion, and in the pale moonlight it was noticeable how much the distinguished department commander and his troops had aged on the eve of the battle—so wan, and so swan-like, in that they sat them down on the frozen ground to weep and sing their last war-chant. There was danger of a collapse, and field orders for an advance were issued at once. *En passant*, it may be noted that the scrub oak where Colonel Hutchinson drew his sword and assumed command of Democrats especially fond of the Constitution is an historic spot—a shrine for the has-beens so long as the world shall stand. These eight and forty years now they have made their pious pilgrimages to the spot and chipped the historic oak till nothing is left of it.

On further reflection, General Hanna summoned the officers to a last council, and explained the necessity for a general review of the army before opening the campaign, and 12 o'clock midnight was the hour named in general orders for the pageant. "The moon is at the full," said the brigadier, "and I have carefully scrutinized it over my right shoulder, and the signs are all propitious. A moonlight review is an innovation," said he, "but I am introducing improved methods in all military operations in my department and I shall make Wellington and Nap the First and the rest of the boys ashamed of themselves before I conclude my triumphs on Fame's eternal camping-ground."

At the blast of the bugles and the roll of the drum, the Stars and Bars dipped and the sabres flashed in salute as the group of mounted officers and their escorts appeared at the head of the column. It was noticed at once, when they made ready for a dash down the line, that Colonel Hutchinson's old mare was gay; she snuffed the battle from afar, and communicated her martial spirit to the brigadier's nag, and the fever spread through the group, the most of whom were riding bareback with blind bridles. A rare exhibition of horsemanship took place. The spirited steeds pirouetted around about, lifted fore and aft; standing at times heroically on their haunches. Colonel Hutchinson kept his seat admirably, one hand clutching both the mane and the reins, the other holding on to his plug hat, at an angle on the back of his head, but pounded down securely over his eyebrows, his knees gripping the shoulders of old "Snip." General Bill Hanna never appeared to better advantage, and in the chopping sea of agitated horseflesh Baul de Conying Ham, Lynnovitch Carsonovosk and Jake Spangler acquitted themselves beyond praise. At the firing of the gun they were off; the hirsute extensions of the war-horses rose to the occasion; between Colonel Sam Hutchinson and the brigadier it was nip and tuck, and the descent down the line was accomplished in a style befitting a battery of discharging interrogation points. Instantly the col-

umn, in fours, followed at the trot, Colonel Record, the second in command, acting as rear guard. A night march in the presence of the enemy is a dangerous performance, but the command reached the Davenport Gap in the Henderson County Alps with a loss only of those who fell over seas, into the fence-corners. At this point the force moved with circumspection. The head of the column approached the narrow defile with extreme caution. The veterans from Sagetown were vexed at the reckless bravery of Colonel Hutchinson, and expostulated with him for exposing his valiant person on the outposts; but the noble commander made as if to tear himself away from them and plunge more deeply into the dangerous gorge. The brave men rode forward in groups, and pressed the daring officer quietly on the arm, saying: "Prithee, mon, is it dyin ye're after? Stay, milud; for if a cannon-ball should tunnel yer stomach, who would care for mother thin?" The colonel was undismayed. The crisis was approaching, and another council of war was held, at which it was determined to secure the crossings of the Henderson at Jack's Mill, Coghill's and Hollingsworth's. It was noticed that Colonel Tom Record had something pressing hard on his giant mind, and the way was opened for him to assert himself. Addressing the commander in the field, he asked: "What is the object of this expedition?" "To capture the Yellow Banks." "But have you a *casus belli*?" "We have, sir, two of 'em, and we'll be overstocked if any of these men straggle from the column over ground dedicated for thirty days to Major Cowan's men." "But have you sent in an ultimatum to the burgomaster?" "Brother Jonothan did that yesterday when he hiked through the gates to give the alarm." "Have you ordered the non-combatants to the rear?" Here Brigadier-General Bill Hanna interrupted by saying: "I shall be in close touch with the rear guard as soon as my horse can carry me." "Banzai!" yelled the troops. Private Baul de Conying Ham now advanced and modestly inquired if the refreshment train was at hand. Corporal Lynnovich Car-

sonovosk replied that the supply was getting low, but he had adjusted his personal necessities to the situation, and believed "it" would hold out "till we had dynamited the breastworks and captured the city." "General Hanna," said Colonel Hutchinson," addressing the department commander, "before you fall back on the teamsters, can you think of anything we have omitted to do to compel a glorious victory?" "Colonel, I beg pardon, but I think I hear a noise on our front, and I will send in a written report on that point to-morrow." Saying which, he waved his new buckskin gauntlet and fell back on the field hospital. Detachments were now told off for the up-river crossings, the commanders stuffed with precautionary orders of the severest description. The army was now massed for final instructions, which were given in a few incisive words: "Democrats of the glorious days of the Constitution as it was! Forty centuries look down upon you from these Alpine summits. We are now at close quarters with the enemy," continued the colonel; "we are about to advance, and as a preliminary, Corporal Carsonovosk will issue a final refreshment ration." Turning to the engineers, the colonel said: "Gentlemen, you will see if Davenport has fortified the bridge." They returned in two minutes and a half and breathlessly reported that Davenport kept the bridge, as in days of old; that he was sound asleep, and that his rooster had called the hour with a clearness and jocularly that showed he had escaped the whooping-cough. "The route then is practicable?" said the colonel. "It is," responded the civil engineers with emphasis. "Is Colonel Record, the rear guard, in position?" demanded the colonel. "He has deployed himself, and is holding on prepared for the worst," said Baul de Conying Ham. "Then," said the gallant colonel, "let Le Grande Armée follow its commander." The bugler was heard winding his horn through the enclosing mountains, signal rockets from the detachments at the up-river crossings were seen bursting in the far ether, and there was a simultaneous dash from all points, up through the black-jacks, converging upon the Temple of Justice, where

in accents aspirate they tied the mules and the plow-horses and the various and sundry saddle-nags to the bushes, and in their heavy-tramping cavalry boots and loud-clanging sabres marched up the grand staircase and occupied the ancient panoplied hall of the judges and magistrates in all the splendor of Solomon of old. It was yet dark and a solemn hush fell upon the brigade in full possession of the stronghold of the burghers, who were not aware, and would not for some time realize, that they were victims of Bill Hanna's four hundred. But never since the days of Hannibal had a military surprise been worked out with greater precision and success. General Hanna embraced the colonel and re-embraced him, saying, "It was my plan, but it's your treat" Colonel Sam soured at this, and the silence was audible. The relations between the commanders continued strained, and each took a window and set himself the task of observing the landscape; meantime the sun, after the second Austerlitz, had dawned. For some incrutatable reason the brigade did not sally forth and slaughter the burghers in the streets, and the unsuspecting people were in awe at the number of horses tied under the bushes, and with bated breath inquired the reason thereof. It seemed that having achieved a famous victory, the instinct of the Knights of the Golden Circle to lurk in hidden places asserted itself, and Bill Hanna was abashed at the prospect of having to look an honest man in the face in broad day.

To John McKinney, Jr., and others, who called upon him for an explanation, he laid great stress upon the fact that if the brigade had attempted to put the populace to the sword, the *schoene Fraus* would have frustrated the design from their upper chambers by emptying their yellow crockery down upon the heads of his Cossacks.

As the sun mounted the blue vault the children appeared upon the streets in their bright frocks and the church-bells began to call the people to prayer. "What day of the week is this?" said the brigadier, turning suddenly from the window and addressing Colonel Record. "General," replied Colonel

Tom, "do you know, I had lost the count myself, and the old Cumberland stone church is open for service to-day, and I'm going to have trouble to square accounts with my wife." "Hold! there comes Ed Patterson with a basket of rations," said a high private, "and it begins to look like we must feed and get out of this." The refreshments were served in silence, and by twos and threes the brigade dissolved and quietly disappeared.

A close study of the voluminous Confederate archives reveals the unique character of the military operations under General Hanna. It is clear from the records that he was a war lord of the first water. He is now in heaven; and if, on my arrival there, he comes forward, out of deference to a permanent accession to the citizenship of the place, to do me honor, I shall recognize him cordially, and shall be happy to receive his personal assurance that he is now supporting the administration.

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN;

OR,

THE HUNDRED-DAYS BATTLE.

On our return to our old camp at Rossville, Georgia, in February, 1864, we occupied winter-quarters cabins, for the cold still boxed the compass and refused to leave. Following the resignation of Major Charles S. Cowan, on a vote of the field officers of the regiment, Captain Sam J. Wilson, of our company, was advanced to the majority; and by the almost if not quite unanimous consent of Company E, Governor Richard Yates was authorized to honor me with a commission for the vacant lieutenancy. The spring of 1864 opened early and the weather was beautiful. There was a note of preparation on every hand for the momentous events of this year, and troops were massing in camps around us, and as far as the foot of the Pigeon Mountains, around Ringgold, twenty miles away. We had a level parade-ground, and squad, company, batallion and brigade drills were the daily routine. It was near this camp where Dan McCook's brigade was drilling that Dr. Mary Walker, assistant surgeon so that brigade, was captured while riding beyond our lines. The "Johnnies" in catching Mary in their drag-net got hold of a freak which was a surprise and a conundrum; but, after making a close study of it, they returned it in as good condition as when they got it.

When not otherwise engaged, we made excursions over the battle-field of Chickamauga, close at hand. In the few months that had intervened since Bragg and Longstreet had swept over this field little change had taken place. In the somber woods rude log pens, made of the fallen, half-rotted timber, had been built over the graves of some of the precious

dead, the lowly resting-places of others were marked in simpler fashion, and here the trees, riven by the vengeful wedges of war, held up to the view their splintered fingers. The tender opening leaves were now spreading a canopy of green over the scene and the warm sunlight lay in mottled patches upon the earth. I trod Death's deserted banquet-hall alone. The birds in the leafy boughs and the winged thoughts within repeopled the forest paths to the exclusion of the erstwhile bloody harvest.

1864.

April 30th. In camp at Rossville, Georgia. Mustered. Packed baggage for the campaign. Reuben Bellus, losing the conveniences of settled camp, has determined to "take it cool," and says he is "only on a visit." Officers assembled at Put's Ranch for dinner to-day for the first time. Lieut.-Col. Mac Wood and Col. Tillson guests. Spring showers. James Simons returned from Smallpox Hospital. A thrilling future before us—men feel it, display it in their faces, and jest upon it. Play at draughts with Lieut.-Col. Wood.

May 1st. Sabbath. At dusk heard voices engaged in singing hymns. Mistrusting the cause, set out in the direction of the sound and found in a distant camp a large assembly engrossed in religious exercises. Chaplains of regiments and others made remarks which interested me. Many fervent prayers offered up, bearing upon the success of the approaching campaign.

2d. A day long to be remembered. The sun rose in all his glory from behind the eastern mountains. Peace and beauty smiled upon the landscape. Silently the battalions formed in solid masses preparatory to quitting Rossville forever. Our regiment formed on the color-line at 8 A. M. and stacked arms. Hear the hoarse thump and clatter of "16th and 60th's" bass and tenor drums! My eyes wander among the clouds above the summit of Lookout, who sits in his majesty, the waters of the Tennessee in his lap, and rules the

illimitable region around as only a true king of mountains can. How softly blue his tawny sides appear in the vapory, enchanting morning air! How the masses of Carrara-white clouds wheel around his frowning forehead! The hour has come. Gen. Morgan and staff appear on the road; the blue column links on, and drags its slow length behind. They come! Adj. Wiseman on his gray mount at the side of General Morgan, next the escort ride gayly on, bearing the brigade guidon, two crescents on a red and blue ground; then the brigade band, chanting a national hymn. The line opens, our regiment files into its place, and the winter camp is seen no more. Halt near Ringgold at 12 M.; went into camp on north side of Chickamauga Creek at 2 P. M. Our cavalry engaged the enemy in the mountains on our front.

4th. Visited signal station situated on the summit of mountain to left of Gap. Found a throng of eager comrades looking rebel-ward. Could see the enemy's outposts and our own. Facing north, could see King "Lookout" and his train—the latter receding to the left—southwest and disappearing on the horizon. Squads of our cavalry dashing along at the base of the hills. The view of our camps inspiring—vast in extent and growing larger momentarily—the little white tents half hid in the evergreen forest presented a charming picture. The village directly beneath us. Night, received orders to move for to-morrow.

5th. Marched at daylight, passed through the mountains by the pass where General Hooker overtook the enemy's rear guard after the battle of Mission Ridge, and engaged it, and came off worsted, losing 500 killed and wounded. The trees as we passed through gave evidence of the fight, as also the graves on the mountain-side. Had a pleasant march of five miles. Turned off the road to right and formed line of battle, our right resting on ——— Creek. After much delay, went into camp—16th Ill. on our left. Hear an occasional shot on the picket line. Supper. Officers fishing in stream close by. Fine opportunity for bathing, which we improve. 4th A. C.

went into camp on the hills to our front and left. Col. Waters, Adj. Casswell, Pvt. Drummond and others of the 84th Ill. paid us a visit.

6th. Bathe at sunrise—numbers of our regiment fishing this morning. Place shade over tent and play at draughts. Officers of other regiments putting their companies through the skirmish drill. Capt. Garternicht, 84th Ill., took dinner with us. 3 P. M. received orders to move at daylight to-morrow.

7th. Breakfast at 5 A. M. Broke camp and moved out on Tunnel Hill road; delay at Gen. Morgan's headquarters—halt and stack arms. Artillery moves out in advance. Resume the march. Strike the enemy at 6:30 A. M. Hot skirmishing with the rebel cavalry, during which Gen. Palmer and staff ride past and dismount a little distance off, in an open field, whence they observe the movements on the front. First artillery shot fired at 9 o'clock, rebels give way. Reach Tunnel Hill—severe skirmishing. Our artillery opens—lines mass and load—the enemy flanked out of the town. Our brigade has the advance through the place; gain the opposite side and the base of Horn Mountain. Our regiment deployed as skirmishers and advance up the mountain-side—reach the summit, finding no enemy. Regiment assembled on the summit. After the lapse of twenty minutes, saw line of rebel skirmishers moving by the right flank along the valley towards the Pass. Heard the shrill notes of a cock at a farm-house far below us in the valley. Our skirmishers encircle the base of the mountain looking towards the Pass. No water on the mountain—severe thirst. Men get their canteens filled with great difficulty by descending to the springs and streams half-mile distant. Sunset—deepening of the mist over the valley. Very beautiful and strange. The sighing of the wind through the pine boughs. Thoughts of the morrow; night; sleep.

8th. 8 A. M. first shot fired by skirmishers. Our lines advance, driving the enemy back. Our skirmishers move from west to east. The crest of the mountain cleared of trees and a platform erected for the use of the Signal Corps. Howard's

forces (4th A. C.) formed line of battle; left resting below us at the base of the mountain; the right extending to Rocky Face, beyond the southern limit of the rebel position. Nothing came of this movement. At 1 P. M. Gen. Sherman and staff appeared among us. He scanned the enemy's position with his glass closely. Saw on crest of a low ridge running transversely through the enemy's lines and behind them what seemed to be a rebel general and retinue. Only occasional shots this P. M. by the skirmishers. Our general seems bent on a thorough study of the enemy's works before he moves on them. See, miles to the south, the dust of McPherson's column moving on the enemy's flank, in the direction of Snake Creek Gap.

1:40 P. M. Company B sent out to fill gap in picket line. Good-looking, stout, medium-sized, mustached Gen. Butterfield, of the 20th A. C., makes his appearance among us. Also the quiet, observing, one-armed, gentlemanly Gen. Howard. The three generals climb up on a large stump, interlock arms to steady themselves, smoke, and watch the enemy. Gen. Sherman, an alert, picturesque man, tall, slender, farmer-like in his demeanor, with large lustrous eyes, and a cigar in his mouth, keeps up a "devil of a thinking." He looks at the frowning range of Rocky Face, studded with the enemy's batteries, and anon at McPherson's dust miles away.

9th. Left camp at 5:30 A. M. Reach the foothills at the base of Rocky Face. Form line of battle. Skirmishers in advance. Move forward over hills, across ravines, filled and covered with jungle and fallen timber. Heavy forest also, which screened us from the rebel sharpshooters, else many more would have lost their lives. After advancing a considerable distance, we were halted. Delay. Moved by the right flank over almost impassable ravines. Weather oppressively hot. Halted in an exposed place, where Pvt. Saunders, of Company I, was killed at the distance of 900 yards. Shot through the head. Crittenden was wounded on same ground. Moved by right flank again, and took up new position under cover of a steep hill. Put out more companies on skirmish line.

Severe action ensues. Batteries open on both sides. Rebel batteries give us canister. Adj. Wallace Rice displays great coolness under fire. Gen. Morgan spirited and skillful. Gens. Howard and Sherman witness the action. Night settled down before we were drawn off. Brigade lost forty-three killed and wounded. 60th Ills. lost heavily as skirmishers. At dusk ran gauntlet of enemy's balls while going to rear to get a drink of water. The scene to-day at times was truly magnificent. The glaring wall of Rocky Face Mountain, the enemy posted on and firing down on us from the overhanging cliffs, made a striking picture!

10th. Stood to arms at 4 A. M. Stacked guns after some delay. Breakfast at 6 A. M. Dispatch from Army of Potomac received and shouted to. Artillery passing along the valley in our rear fired on by the enemy posted on the mountain-top. Disabled some of the horses. Confusion. Get off. Battery planted on our front this morning. Rebels shell us. Fierce artillery duel to our right. Received mail. Boys increase the size of their cartridges to throw their balls to the top of Rocky Face. Nonsense! Left the front of Rocky Face at 5:30 P. M., relieved by McCook's (3d) brigade.

The following inscription, carved by a rebel, we found on the head-board of an orderly sergeant of the 10th Mich. killed on this ground in February last: *"Let God judge between us; which is right, which wrong."*

11th. 12 M. Holding ourselves in readiness to march to McPherson's aid below Dalton. Capts. Garternicht and McGaw, of the 84th, with us. 2 P. M. Drizzling rain. 5 P. M. Orders received to march at 6 to-morrow.

12th. Marching south. 6:30 halt and stack arms. Corn in the fields 2 inches high. March rapidly along. Reach Snake Creek Gap. Overtake 15th A. C. train. Delay. Halt one hour for supper. Night. Push on. Dreadful marching through the mud and darkness; go into camp at 12 midnight.

13th. 5:30 pass portion of 20th A. C. Gen. Hooker passes. He talks with Gen. Knight. We halt on side-hill to

left of road behind earthworks which stretch across mouth of Gap. Stack arms. Artillery passing to the front. Generals with body-guards pass. Gen. Thomas comes into the road from our rear, looking splendid. Rapidly and silently, dense masses of troops move out in the direction of Resaca. Ordnance trains and ambulances follow. We were the last out. Left at 3:30. 4 P. M. Artillery opens. Our forces invest the enemy's works at Resaca. We move up and rest on our arms in rear of the line of battle. Hot musketry firing.

14th. 6 A. M. Our division moved forward into open fields to rear and left of Gen. Johnson's first division; massed and stacked arms. Gens. Morgan and Jeff C. Davis lying on plowed ground, consulting their map. Dispatch of Grant's victory received and cheered.

1 P. M. Johnson heavily engaged. We move close to his support. Johnson makes a charge. Only partially successful. Wounded being borne to the rear. Ammunition to the front. Musicians gathering leaves and boughs for the wounded to rest upon. 4th A. C. on our left. 84th Ills. there. Geo. Cowden wounded. Rumor from the 36th Ills. that John Porter, first sergeant, disabled by a falling limb, broken off by a cannon shot, struck on the head, severely hurt. 20th A. C. passing along our rear to the left. Night. Lie down on pallet of straw. Just dropping asleep when we were aroused by: "*Get out of your nest, going to move!*" Draw on boots and speculate as to "what is up." Move to right and fill trenches vacated by 20th A. C. Got into position at midnight.

15th. Skirmishing on our front.

10 A. M. Gen. Davis passed along. Tells the boys to descend the hill in front and try their hand on the rebel pickets just across the field. Half a dozen go down. All return unhurt after amusing themselves as much as they wished!

12 M. Heavy firing on our left. The battle is on! No genuine fighting on our own front.

2 P. M. Adj. Rice struck by an enemy's ball in the hip. Borne instantly to the field hospital. He was reclining at the

foot of a large oak tree (we were all idle at the time), his pencil in his hand, tracing lines on the palm of his hand and chatting with Lieuts. Carr and Boughman. The ball was from a sharpshooter's gun and came a long distance, but with full force, striking him in the hip and coursing up, it is believed into the viscera. The pencil dropped from his fingers and he exclaimed: "O God! I am struck," and attempted involuntarily to rise; failed; asked help and received assistance from Lieut. Carr. A stretcher was called, and he was placed on it, quite pale. He then asked for his pencil and said he thought he was not badly hurt. His quivering lips, however, showed his mental agitation. We never saw him again.

6:35 P. M. Benj. F. Bennett, of Company G, wounded in right leg.

Night. Talking with the rebel pickets Our boys want to know "when they are going to evacuate."

11 o'clock. Heavy discharges of artillery, accompanied by cheers and a false charge of the enemy. Our boys were wide awake to welcome them!

16th. Enemy gone; heavy firing at a distance; cannonading with McPherson. Move out from entrenchments. Receive mail. Meet 10th Mich. just returned from veteran furlough. Return to the mouth of Snake Creek Gap. Take up our knapsacks, camp equipage and baggage train and push south on the Rome road, preceded by Garrard's cavalry. Passed some fine plantations.

Night. Camped in pine grove. Our division detached for this flank movement.

17th. Rear guard to-day. Marched to Armuchee Creek.

2:30 P. M. Rain—coffee—cigars—fight here between rebel rear guard under Jackson and Kilpatrick.

3:30 P. M. "E" and "K" go on picket—Simon for guide. Grave of rebel in fence-corner. I took 2d platoon of "E" and advanced them as skirmishers as far as Dr. Jones' Mill and posted pickets. Factory half mile to our right—boys get tobacco there. Dr. Jones and his slave brought his boat over

and took us across. At his house we got milk and bread and found a rebel soldier at home. Posted pickets to cover approach to the mill. I discovered three of our boys with a pig half butchered!

18th. Broke camp at 1 P. M.—rebel cavalry on our front—move out on Rome road—rear guard to piece of train following troops to Rome—reached town in the evening—shown on the way here the ground where Col. Straight and his forces were captured. Gen. Baird shows us our camping-ground.

Night—sore feet. Our advance had a hot skirmish here with rebel cavalry last evening; captured some prisoners.

19th. Boys bringing in immense quantities of tobacco. Rebel cavalry hovering around on the opposite shore of the Coosa. Our pickets exchange shots with them. Issue 27 bales smoking tobacco to regiment. Visit Shorter's residence. McCook marches into town. Rebel cavalry talking to our boys—they kill a citizen.

20th. Rome—visit town with Maj. Wilson and Lieut. Walcott. Church—preacher's notes—they are of the "fire-eating" character; "The chivalry God's chosen people," etc. Madam Lumkins—Dick W. plays on the piano—the widow talks of her daughter at a monastery in N. C., pursuing her studies—portrait of her son in the Army—portrait of "the Doctor"—lithograph of Mrs. Howell Cobb—the flower garden.

In the capture of this town we have secured the most important point between Chattanooga and Atlanta. We have possession of the foundries, machine shops and other expensive appliances for casting shell and the manufacture of similar war material—these we destroyed.

21st. Shorter's residence again—talk with slave—Addison's works. This mansion is the property of a very wealthy citizen. The rooms were richly furnished, which our soldiers defaced—the ruin was complete when we visited them.

22d. Broke camp at 7 A. M. Marched to pontoon bridge and halt—delay. Village bells ringing for church—the sound

comes strangely sweet to us! Move forward across Oostanaula River into town—through it to the shores of the Etowah—troops put across in detached pontoons, rowed. Move out on the Vaughn's valley road one mile and camp. Creek half mile to left of camp and large flour mill, where we bathe.

23d. Part of 16th A. C. arrived—Col. Bain, 50th Ill. Doc. McMaury—strawberries!

24th. Broke camp at 5 A. M. Two miles out on road two rebel deserters surrender.

Blowing a hurricane this P. M.—marched thirteen miles and rested two hours. Lieut. Winsett had hilt of sword shot off—accident. Resumed the march blinded with dust. Halt at ———. Springs; mass; stack arms and camp.

Night. Violent thunder-storm—torrents of rain—slept in an old cabin with Col. Tillson, Maj. Sam. W. and Lt. Tate. These springs are beautiful—water clear and cold, flowing in several little channels from the fissured rock. 15th A. C. in camp near by.

25th. Drying blankets—broke camp after some delay and took a dim road leading over pine ridges, uninhabited save by the poorest class of “white trash.” Brick residence before striking the hills—piano. Acting Adj. Tate warns us to be chary of the water in our canteens, as none can be had for several miles. Surgeon Reeder riding a mule—boys guy him—he threatens to shoot—he is known as the “blacksmith.” Evidence in the woods of tornadoes. Halt on hillside for dinner—rattlesnakes! Sunset—column winding slowly through the desolate hills—distant boom of cannon—storm—night—camp—raining furiously. Sleep on a sand-bar in the midst of a swamp, four miles from Dallas.

26th. Broke camp at daylight—slow progress—bad roads, hills—20th A. C. ahead—on wrong road—countermarch—take road to Dallas. Pumpkin Vine Creek—deploy skirmishers—Gen. Thomas Adj.-Gen'l—Brig.-Gen. Whipple our guide—bridge—ascend hills—meet boy of 16th Ill. returning home; term of enlistment expired. Reach Dallas. Our skirmishers

drive rebs out and back upon the hills beyond. 15th A. C. on our right. In town—woman takes Gen. Morgan for a "Sub" and asks him for coffee! Minister and family—woman frightened. Boys found a petition of the citizens of this, Paulding County, praying Jeff. Davis to exempt them from the coming conscription, as their aggregate is only 1,000 and they had already furnished 900 men for the war; that if their prayer was not granted, many women and children must *starve*; as it is now, many families found it difficult to subsist themselves—there were none left to harvest the crops. 125th Ill., McCook's brigade, lost fourteen men, including a lieutenant, on picket-line, at night. The enemy's cavalry videttes made a sneak on their outposts. A coincidence, that in the mix-up in the darkness our boys captured fourteen men and a lieutenant as an equivalent.

27th. Heavy firing on picket-line—cannonading to left and right—suddenly leave camp—move to front—halt under hill—skirmishers on our right advance—prisoners taken—one of "G" slightly wounded. Received mail. Moved forward again in echelon—halt in woods—occasional shots chipping trees near us. 16th Ill. on our left. Anderson of "B" and Coppage of "G" brought in wounded off skirmish-line; the first in arm, second through abdomen. P. M. Coppage dead. One company of 60th Ill. sent out on our front—rapid shots on picket-line—S. of "B" mortally wounded. Five wounded to-day; many narrow escapes, as the enemy's balls fell among us all day.

28th. Heavy cannonading on our left and continuous firing on our picket-line—prisoners taken; some of them wounded—enemy shell us. 1:30 P. M. Form line, expecting to be attacked.

5 P. M. Rebs charging the 15th A. C. on our right—artillery and musketry—we spring to our arms. Heard from Wallace Rice to-day. Logan repulsed the enemy with severe loss. Stood to arms all night.

11 o'clock enemy again charges our lines—repulsed. The

fire of our artillery terrible. Rebel prisoners tell us their generals told them that they would break through our lines and push for Chattanooga! The enemy has extensive field-works along a range of high hills.

29th. Two years ago this morning Beauregard evacuated Corinth, Miss. Our pickets swear they saw a woman shooting at them to-day! All quiet, save slight picket-firing. One of "G" wounded. Night. Rebs again attempt to charge our lines on our left—repulsed as usual.

30th. Occasional shots on the picket-line—"Doctor John" and "Put" visitors. Man in "G" had his pipe knocked out of his mouth, and a piece taken out of his chin by a rebel Minie-ball. Threw up breastworks. Man in "I" wounded. "E" on picket this eve. In pit with Andy Fuller, Simons and Hartley—close shooting by rebels—35th New Jersey on our right—many of them wounded. Some men very careless—lying out asleep apparently in full view of rebel sharpshooters. Dead rebels between the picket-lines, killed on the day of our arrival.

31st. Zouaves—35th N. J. still with us. Enemy erect a new battery opposite the left of our brigade, on a high hill, and shell the 16th Ill., wounding one man. Gen. Sweeny attacked the enemy at 1 P. M. "E" relieved this eve from picket-line—returned to camp with no casualties. Night. Received orders to move at daylight.

June 1st. Best sleep in four nights. Delay in moving. Godden shoots his finger off *purposely*! Rebs evacuate, leaving a line of observation. We shift position—rebel skirmishers follow us a short distance—driven back—*intensely hot*. Move to the left. Hear that rebel cavalry are in our old camps at Dallas. Long march to extreme left of line of battle—pass line of ambulances on Marietta road and drove of beef cattle. Forage going to the front—hospitals filled with wounded—graves—strike our troops—move to the left and rear of 4th A. C. Artillery packed in ravines—cattle shambles. Move to the front—great caution in getting into line, which we

accomplished after considerable delay—the filth encountered here! Crept into our blankets at midnight.

2d. Get tools of Col. Gross and erect breastworks. Go to the front and take a view of rebel works—shown the ground over which our forces charged yesterday—Cousin H. wounded here. Rainstorm—lasted all day—Water filled trenches.

3d. Picket-firing. Boys of 84th Ill. visit us. The ruse by Gen. Stanley—failed—rebs didn't bite. Raining—received recruit to-day, Warren Frazell—"came down to see how he would like it."

4th. Gen. Davis sick—Gen. Morgan commands division; Col. Lum the brigade. We leave intrenchments; file along the rear of the line to the left two miles—past Gen. Thomas' and Gen. Wood's headquarters. Halt at 12 M. in rear of lines and to left of 1st Division, Gen. Johnson commanding. 16th Ill. and 14th Mich. go to trenches and relieve troops of 23d A. C.

5th. Raining—rebels evacuated—Sky clears—read and pass the day listlessly. Thompson, Colonel's hostler, takes animals out to graze—horses captured—man of "K," a companion of T.'s, reported killed. Gen. Palmer and staff—the former very talkative.

6th. Break camp and follow the enemy—firing ahead at 12 M. Peter Tait, an old college friend, comes to me as we move upon the road. Roads miry—prisoners—country church—rebel works—4th A. C. headquarters—Gen. Howard—stragglers with rails on shoulders in single file, marching in a circle. Camp on grassy spot—intrench.

7th. Mail to-day—papers—Baltimore Convention. Uncle Abe's renomination. Philadelphia Fair. A warm, sunny morning—encamped on a rebel farm—beautifully growing wheat—hillside covered with dewberries—apples in the orchard—honey in the hives. Boys cleaning up—Negroes washing clothes. Lieut. Worrell and Doctor Dave McDill visit us. Gentle spring shower this P. M. How the grass revives under the moisture! *Plaindealers* received—contain circular of "Copperheads' Wolf Hunt." Darn socks.

[Mem.—The “Copperhead wolf hunt” was a prearranged pretext for a political meeting of Henderson County Confederates where Bill Hanna could discipline “the forces.”]

8th. Reading Hawthorne and Wordsworth. Hear three volleys fired over the grave of a dead soldier of the 14th Mich. Night—light shower—brigade band—Gen. Sherman’s order on straggling.

9th. Orders to march at 6 A. M.; countermanded. Other troops moving. Rumors of flag of truce.

There are a hundred thousand of us: the infantry, the cavalry; the artillery and trains; the ambulances and the signal corps; the furled guidons and the faded banners. And we lay in our blankets in the silver moonlight in the mountains of Georgia; the foe close at hand and the dead between the lines. Sleepless, but resting at ease in my blanket, I lie and look around upon the champing horses; the batteries; the billowy forms asleep around; the moonlight pouring down—the gray, brilliant moonlight, glittering like the jeweled bosom of a queen. We are here on our way to Atlanta and the sea—from Island No. 10 and Belmont; from Donelson and Shiloh; from Corinth and Stone River; from Chickamauga and Mission Ridge; from Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill; from Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. ’Tis the early summer of 1864, and we are on our way home via Savannah and the Carolinas and Washington. Many of the lads will never see home again, but we will do the best we can as to that!

10th. Broke camp at 5 A. M. Move out into field along roadside and halt while 3d Brigade moves in advance, followed by 2d Brigade. Col. Mitchell—rainstorm—troops moving to north and east. Move forward—halt while 15th A. C. passes us, or, rather, crosses our path. Another beating rain shower—up to knees in mud. Roads horrible for our trains and artillery.

3 P. M. Skirmishers engaged—our battery opens—halt and form line of battle parallel and confronting rebel works. Sky clears—evening—brigade band: “When This Cruel War

Is Over." 4th A. C. in rear. Clearing away trees to give our battery range. Adjutant James Allen has just received a note from Wallace Rice, dated in hospital, near Chattanooga, on the 7th, in which he says: "I have been very bad from getting erysipelas (gangrene) in my wound. Have suffered—oh, so much! and am writing this in much pain."

11th. Misty this morning—shots on the picket-line—rumor that the enemy would attack. Raining—Gen. Baird on our left. Troops getting ragged—clothes much worn—holes in hat-crowns patched with bits of blue cloth the size of one's hand. Cloudy and dismal. Muddy stream—bivouac—Gen. Johnson rides past. Carries a cane instead of a sword! Gray beard; dark eyes; above the medium size; pleasant-looking. Artillery shots—skirmishers—cars—whistle of locomotive—the engine keeps close on the heels of the skirmishers—cracker-line perfect! Cutting away timber for batteries.

13th. Raining. Go on picket at 7—boys fall into creek. Brigade has orders to move—two companies sent to front—dinner—artillery opens on our left.

4 P. M. Push line forward. Gens. Davis and Thomas—Kenesaw Mountain in full view to front and left. Clear our front of the enemy's pickets. Night; stars; crescent.

14th. Clear and beautiful. Gen. Morgan and relief. Mail and breakfast. Read in *Plaindealer* of money being subscribed as a bonus to induce men to go into the "100 days" service!

9:20. Move to the front—light marching order—left in front, close column by divisions—prisoners going to the rear—wounded passing back. Advance and throw up breastworks. Dinner—Gens. Thomas, Whipple, Palmer, Davis, King and others. Cannonading to left. Skirmishers advance under orders from Gen. Morgan to go to top of hill and halt. Companies "G" and "K" sent out to strengthen the line. Generals repass—battery on our right opens—mail—moved to left—Johnson's division fills the works we vacate. Camp in woods close column by divisions. Rebel signal station detected

sending a dispatch which asserted that the rebel Gen. Polk was killed to-day by a shot from one of our batteries. Night, bands playing *national airs*—we intrench.

15th. Under arms at daylight—felling trees for breast-works—weather clear and beautiful. Shots on the picket-line intermingled with shots at intervals from our battery on the right. Four companies sent out as pickets.

12 M. Gen. Sherman and staff pass along the lines. Heavy skirmishing on our left—16th A. C. advancing their picket-line. Sixty prisoners taken in this advance. Tobacco scarce—not to be had for love or money. “Chokem” says: “I ’ll fight any man in the brigade for one pound of the weed.”

16th. Clear and beautiful—right advances, encircling Kenesaw. Shots on the picket-line. Barnett’s Battery wakes up a rebel battery on the mountain. Heavy artillery firing on our left. Received orders at 1 P. M. to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment’s warning—light marching order—picket-line strengthened. Johnson is supposed to be making preparations for attacking us—we are prepared.

2:30 P. M. Parrotts coming up. Mail this P. M. Group of generals in angle of works at house on our right at 5 P. M.—Sherman, Thomas, Palmer, Davis and others. From this point can see on summit of mountain rebel signal station, also horsemen and infantry.

17th. Brisk skirmishing on our left—rumor of prisoners being taken. 8 A. M. Orders received to hold ourselves in readiness to move at any moment.

P. M.—Visit picket-line—Negro huts—slaves—14th Mich. Reserve—skirmishers advance—flank rebel line and capture a squad of prisoners—a major among them. Our loss three wounded. 4:30 P. M. Enemy attempts to recover his lost ground—repulsed. Our boys cheer. Light rain falling—put up tents. At dusk the picket-firing grows more spiteful. Artillery opens on our right. “Put” tells of “Dad Hand” dancing for “a chaw tu-backer.” Night—Gen. Palmer says main body of rebs ten miles distant—doubtful. The General

in a jocular vein—"Don't blame a man for getting behind a tree," he would do the same. "Want anything rash done, call on *new* troops—old soldiers too sharp."

18th. Raining—gloomy—swamps on our front—batteries on our right moving—our line advances half mile and throws up breastworks.

19th. Bugles rouse us before day—brigade band—"Old Hundred." Light firing on picket-line. Rebs evacuate—their pickets driven away. Move forward half mile and halt at cross-roads. One section of Barnett's Battery goes to the front. Gen. Whipple passes to front. Col. Dan McCook—a medium-sized, wiry fellow. Col. Mitchell, a little, fancy man. They chat together—three reb prisoners pass to rear—Col. McC. talks to them. Find that enemy had only contracted his lines—"the apex on Kenesaw, his flanks resting on Noon-day (?) and Moses Creeks." Our battery (2d Minn.) shelling the sides of the mountain. Rebels on the summit looking down on us as we approach. Our skirmishers take a few prisoners and one of the enemy's ambulances. Pass two lines of strong rebel rifle-pits and continuous works which the enemy had abandoned, and halt on his last and heaviest works, which were ten feet in depth, platformed for guns and bushed to secrete them. 11 A. M. Gen. Sherman walks along the deserted works where we are resting, gazing at the mountain; lines of battle and skirmishers advancing on our left—drenching rain. 12 M. Move to the front and form line of battle—move by the left flank, obliquing toward the mountain, and form another line of battle. Our batteries fire over our heads at the mountain.

3:30 P. M. Reb sharpshooters discover us in the bushes. Del. Esterbrook, "H," wounded in tip of shoulder; ball goes on and pierces a canteen and tears a man's pocket out. Shots getting more frequent—sky darkening—strong tokens of rain. 4 P. M. Captain 60th Ill. wounded in the head—mortally. Hear of the death of Adj. Rice—unexpected—shocked—profound sorrow.

20th. Built breastworks—rebel sharpshooters trouble us. Cyrus Chapin shot through the wrist. Our batteries open. 12 M. shell from our battery bursts prematurely; pieces fall among us. Gen. Morgan views the enemy's position—talks with us. Pieces of shell falling around.

4:30 P. M. Attack on right. Our batteries open on mountain—supper. Two of 10th Ill. wounded, Cos. "I" and "F"; leg and breast—latter died. Also one of 10th Mich. Regiment moves to the front for picket—reserve in ravine—night—raining.

21st. Sergt.-Maj. Chas. B. Simpson hit in the scalp. Gave him a bad headache! 4th Miss. and 125th Ill. talking across picket-line—exchange tobacco for coffee.

22d. Reb batteries shell our camp. Dan Parker chews, dries and smokes the same quid. Rebel guns open on us—two killed. Several wounded on our right. Women reported near the rebel batteries on the mountain-top. Cannonading to our right. 12 midnight. Rebel batteries open on us; this supposed to cover the removal of their artillery. Orders to march—countermanded—build breastworks.

23d. Rebel artillery opens to the right and left of us. Twelve pieces in rear of our brigade open and silence rebel batteries—exciting scenes—splendid shots by our gunners. Our batteries to right—4th A. C.—open terrific fire on right of mountain. Another duel between battery in rear of brigade and rebel guns—magnificent—our guns victorious—tremendous cheering by our boys. Cannonading still going on to our right. Last night rebel pickets attempt a surprise—our men on the alert, and drive them 100 yards to rear of their former line.

24th. Robt. Graham gone home—time expired. One of "C" wounded in thigh.

25th. Artist sketches Kenesaw. 10:30 A. M. Rebel batteries open. Boys repair to trenches—terrific artillery duel; engagement lasted one hour, neither side gaining any advantage.

2:30 P. M. Rebel batteries open again—they challenge with a volley of six guns. Our batteries reply and drive rebel gunners from their pieces. Our guns had effective range—engagement lasted half an hour—our guns continue to fire—enemy unable to respond. With a glass can see the effect of all our shots as they are fired.

4 P. M. Rebel batteries open again—intense excitement. Shells of contending batteries pass directly over our heads. Our batteries reply. Action renewed with increased fury. Enemy directs some of his pieces on our camp. Capt. Carpenter's right-hand fingers torn off by piece of shell. Tops of trees cut off by shell and fell with a crash among us. Mail—orders to move at nightfall. Our division relieved before Kenesaw at midnight.

26th. Move along the rear of our line of works a distance of four miles and mass in rear of Gen. Stanley's division, 4th A. C. Had a tedious night march of it, getting into camp at 6 A. M. Breakfast. Clear and breezy to-day. Prisoners going to rear. Hear the "halloo" of a voice almost superhuman—attracts the attention and suspicion of many. Gen. Morgan thinks it the warning of a spy.

"Stick" Carl, Capt. McGaw, Adj. Caswell, Surgeon McDill, of the 84th, and Lieut. Worrell, of the 78th Ill., call Hooker on our right.

27th. Roused at 3 o'clock A. M. with orders to move at daylight, light marching order. Movement delayed—left camp at 6:30—observe Gens. Howard and Palmer riding past—notice something unusual in the face of the latter, deeply flushed. Is there a fight on hand? Heavy cannonading to left. File into a line of works at the front with great caution—muskets brought to the trail to prevent the gleam of the barrels being seen. Run a gauntlet of rebel sharpshooters for quarter of mile—reach advance of breastworks with loss of one killed and four wounded. Relieved 21st Ky. Mitchell's, Dan McCook's and Gen. Harmon's brigades charge the rebel works—advanced in silence. Hooker's skirmishers on our right, ad-

vance upon the enemy simultaneously with the charging-line. 113th and 78th Ill. regiments cross our works on the double-quick—under a burning sun—the charging-line was exhausted before it got half way to rebel works. Enemy's batteries get cross-fire on us, raking our line with grape and canister. Rebel pickets driven in, most of them captured. The charging-line disappears in the hills and woods on our front. Hear the fighting, but see nothing. The deafening crash of the rebel batteries as they continue to shell our works. Our charging-line repulsed. Stragglers and color-bearer of 113th come into our works—one of them struck with piece of shell after sitting down. Confused report of the action. Our charging-line retired a few yards only and intrenched. Our loss heavy. Our wounded coming in. Dan McCook mortally wounded. Col. Harmon killed. Major 113th wounded. Many fine officers and men lost. A dark, sad day. Gen. Brannon, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Cumberland, passes along in company with Maj. Houghteling, giving directions for the planting of batteries. Gen. Morgan and Company "B" boy behind tree? Simeon Donelson, of "G," had hand torn off by piece of shell. Jno. W. McCurdy wounded in wrist by piece of shell. Hospital Steward Hobson shot through the breast while standing near battery in rear line of works. It is related among our officers that Col. Harmon last evening wrote a farewell note to his wife, and that Gen. Dan McCook, on going into action this morning, said to some of his friends: "Boys, here goes for a major-general's stars or a soldier's grave." [*Mem.*—He got both. He was borne home, where he lingered for some weeks. Previous to his death, President Lincoln sent him the coveted commission.] Sim. Donelson, with his bleeding hand torn in shreds, broke a leafy bough and passed around among the desperately wounded men and kept the myriads of flies from polluting and infecting the wounds of the prostrate men, and was the last to go upon the operating-bench to have his own wound dressed. Dr. Henry R. Payne, the Division Surgeon, said: "I thought we had finished, when I turned

half-way 'round and there stood Sim, holding that dreadfully wounded arm. He was passed up quickly, the hand and wrist amputated and the stump dressed." The other killed and wounded listed with the aggregate.

28th. Our batteries in position. Occasional cannon shots by both sides. Dead and wounded of yesterday's charge still being brought in—loss of division yesterday 800. 84th boys over to-day. 84th and 27th in our rear. 2d line—mail—total loss on our whole line, 2,500. At this point our men hold their ground close up under the rebel works. It is pitiful to see their frail line of defense, composed of anything they could hurriedly pick up under fire—limbs of trees, dirt scraped up with tin cups and knives. A singular incident occurred here to-day, marking a coincidence and confirming in a measure, our suspicion as to the spy's "halloo" heard within our lines on the day before this charge was made. A man in blue uniform, with a mess-pan in his hand, left the front of the 85th Ill., walked directly toward our outposts, behind a big tree midway between the lines; but passed on and, before his character could be determined, crossed the rebel works in safety.

29th. Glimpse of Marietta. Go down into Geary's division 20th A. C. Generals Geary and Hooker at Spring—the former a large man, courteous, frank, hearty address; the latter a princely-looking, silver-haired old gentleman, of quiet address, ruddy face. Hooker's glance through glass at rebel works—notice new line of breastworks thrown up last night—observe rebels busy completing abattis. Capt. Garternicht over. Truce to bury dead on our front—visit scene of the charge of 27th inst. Found ground strewn with our dead, the bodies swollen to twice the natural size under a burning sun. Our men busy burying. Reb works crowded with their men looking on. Rebel officer mingling freely with our burying parties. Conversation. Our men crowding up on the works, prevented by guard from going out on truce ground. Gen. Morgan cautiously appears among our men, uncovering

on coming into the presence of our dead. Rebel general seemed to enjoy our discomfiture. Reb colonel denounced Northern "Copperheads" and New York *Herald*. Return to our line with feeling of indignation and inexpressible sorrow. Visit from A. T. McDill. By some strange misfortune this charge was delivered against the most formidable point in the line of rebel works, built by slave labor, days in advance, in anticipation of the event.

30th. At 2 o'clock A. M. heavy firing on our front. Rebel skirmishers opened the action. 34th Ill. engaged—they dig rifle-pits on our front. Pickled onions and kraut, antiscorbutic, issued to-day. Muster.

July 1st. Heavy fog. 2d and 3d Brigades keep up an incessant firing on the rebel works. Had view, from high, open ground on our right, of rebel fort being erected to our front and right, distant one mile. Gorgeous sunset. Our batteries open along our entire line—no response. 85th Ill., directly in front of the rebel salient, attempt to mine the rebel stronghold—our boys rake their works with musketry, and no "Johnny" dare show his head!

2d. Dawn—our batteries open—no response—cleaning camp. Rebels fire a few cannon shots.

3d. 3 o'clock A. M. Enemy gone. Breakfast at daylight. Our regiment moves, skirmishers in advance, in direction of Marietta. Debouch into main road—strike 20th A. C.—take a few prisoners. Halt and stack arms till Hooker's men pass. "Fighting Joe" passes on gray charger. One of our batteries opens on rebel rear guard—enemy's artillery replies from Marietta. Kill one man and wound others of 20th A. C. We take a circuitous route to town and enter the place at the Military Institute. Rest—prisoners—dinner—the town—pretty village—disfigured by the wear and tear of armies. Cannonading at a distance—leave town to our left, and move southward. Pass Hooker's ordnance train. Group of exhausted men—very hot and roads dusty. Column of infantry with train moving on road to left, and east of us S. R. R. B.

burying—cannonading to right. Rebel works. In answer to a gentleman, Gen. Morgan, proud of his old regiment, replies: "This is the 10th Illinois." Relieve two regiments of 20th, A. C. in breastworks. Night—found the enemy on our front—intrenched. Skirmishing—his new line of works in full view across open fields.

4th. The national anniversary. Bands out—camp resounding with "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia." "Hymn of Liberty," "Ready to Move at a Moment's Warning." Cannonading to left. 11 o'clock A. M. 60th Ill. move to front as skirmishers. Bill of fare for dinner; quarter-gown green apples, intensely acid. Munched our hard-tack in the trenches in the hot sun—joked and thought of the sumptuous feasts North to-day. Our skirmishers advance—rapid firing—rebs running from right of their rifle-pits to left—strengthening them. Our batteries shell their pits effectually. Scatter their reinforcements and drive them away. Our wounded coming in. One rebel battery can almost enfilade our works. Orders to move at 6:30 P. M. Supper. Our brigade advances and throws up a new line of works. Our regiment sent out to relieve the 60th on the picket-line, which suffered severely to-day. Our batteries open to left and right. In swamp—sunset—bands playing at a distance. Night—right wing in reserve—left companies move to the front—dangerous ground—rebs close at hand—move with the greatest caution. Maj. Wilson putting companies in position—very dark, thick undergrowth on our left. Close shooting by rebel pickets—our boys engaged. During the night Pvt. Jno. Nelson had rubber poncho on his person struck, it being folded; on unrolling it, found eight or ten holes in it! James W. Davis, lying asleep at our reserve, had tin can on his person pierced and dirt thrown in his face by a rebel Minie-ball. Maj. Wilson ran the gauntlet of the enemy's fire. Narrow escapes were numerous.

5th. 3 o'clock this A. M. rebs silently retreat—dawn—visit the deserted works of the enemy; found them very

strong—prisoners. Corporal Wallace of the 60th Ill. dead—his position—Lieut. Van Tuyl attempts to awake him, taking him to be asleep! He lay very naturally, as if screening himself from the enemy behind a small pine bush. "Come, come, soldier, it is daylight, the rebs are gone—get up!" Alas, for him! He was farther advanced than any of his comrades, and the bush behind which he had lain down to protect himself was scarcely large enough to hide his hand; There he lay, as if about to take a shot at the foe, his kerchief on his arm with which he wiped his brow; his gun out ahead of him, extended, the butt against his shoulder, his face lying on the lock. The enemy's ball entered the right eye. The ground on which he was killed had been a peach orchard, and a few straggling trees remained; flourishing young pines were coming up thickly on every hand, and the tender grass sprouted luxuriantly, making a scene of real beauty. As we moved to the right and left the place spades were busy preparing the grave of Corporal Wallace. Farther on, came upon other burying parties—the dead still lying where they had fallen. Moved out to the regiment assembling on the road, where we found the column in pursuit of the enemy. Prisoners—one of them seven feet in height and as saucy as he was long! Pass through heavy earthworks deserted by the enemy. March slow—hot—reach hills and halt for dinner—cannonading to our right and front. Move close to the Chattahoochie River and halt. Skirmishers thrown forward and engaged, 10th and 14th Mich. in advance—drive rebel pickets back to their works—14th Mich. lost heavily. Brigade forms line of battle—halt and intrench. Our battery shells rebel train moving across river. Rumor of difficulty between some of our generals. Rumor that our cavalry captured large number of militia and Negroes.

6th. Two rebel divisions reported on our front. With Lieut. Winsett in search of a spring, observe rebel wagon train beyond river on the double-quick. James M. Rice, on cler-

ical detail, with us to-day. Hooker moves to our right. Our batteries shell rebel works. View of Atlanta from tree-top.

7th. In obedience to order, policed camp and fitted up tents to "stay a while." Spend the day in cleaning grounds, sinking barrels for water, etc. Night—five companies on picket. Rebs attempt to advance their picket-line—are driven back. Shots pass over camp.

9th. Enemy left Hooker's front. 23d A. C. crossed river east of this yesterday. Cannonading in that direction to-day. Troops gathering large quantities of blackberries. Capt. Mason says Adj. Rice died of neglect of wound by hospital attendants. Sergt. Brown, of "C," doing well. Factory burned up the river and train of wagons brought into Marietta laden with the operatives. Order to march at daylight.

10th. Tents struck and packed for marching—enemy left our front—prisoners go by—sixteen—rumor that we will not move. Visit abandoned rebel works. Pine bushes cut by Minie-balls. Post of rebel picket reserve. Rebel picket stations—octagons—abattis—stockade—breastworks. In rear, works for field officers and hospitals. These works, a portion of them at least, have been built a long time. Mail to-day. Return picking blackberries. Cannonading on the river.

11th. Misty—lowering weather—cleared towards noon—write letters—Gen. Sherman and escort pass. Pickets swimming—friend and foe together in river, and exchange coffee for tobacco! Gathering berries.

13th. Rose at daylight and gathered berries—beautiful springs—in camp again at noon—clothing issued this P. M. Evening—received orders to march at 7 A. M. to-morrow—cannonading—order to march countermanded.

14th. Rumor that the enemy charged McPherson—repulsed. Ex-Capt. David R. Waters, formerly of "G," presents himself. It is exceptional for an officer deliberately to abandon the service of his country for personal gain—to sell whiskey and trash to the soldiers at extortionate prices. *This seems a harsh comment.* Capt. W. was and is a talented man,

and acted in this matter within his rights. He was encouraged by drinking men like Tillson, and received the sutlership, which he coveted.

15th. Rumored fighting across river. Mail — berries plenty.

16th. Cannonading across river. Inspected at 10 A. M. Received orders to march at 5 A. M.

17th. Left camp at 5. Marched east and south—up north side of river to Atlanta road. Came to bank of stream and massed in ravine. Lay pontoons and cross without much opposition. 16th Ill. in advance—lose four killed out of Company “F,” Henderson County men: D. Montgomery, Warren Patterson, Alex. Peterson, Thos. Whitcher. Two wounded: John Shaw and J. E. Nelson. Drove rebels two miles and go into camp—dead rebels in the woods. Send a note to *The Plaindealer*.

18th. Slept little—our batterymen hard at work all night felling trees and planting guns—artillery moving all night—Hooker’s batteries passing along our rear. Visited graves of Company “F,” 16th Ill.—found their comrades disinterring them to get their personal property out of the pockets to give to friends at home. Our regiment relieved 16th this morning. Col. Tillson unwell. Maj. Wilson in command. Army moves—our regiment in advance—Companies “D” and “I” skirmishers—Company “C” ordered out to strengthen line. “H” sent out subsequently—Nancy Creek—skirmishers have difficulty in connecting their lines which rest (right flank) on Peach Tree Creek—Maj. Wilson with it—is struck in thigh—badly wounded—visit him after being brought in—lies on stretcher—he goes to rear in ambulance, deeply regretted by all. Dusk—Capt. Frank Munson, right arm broken by a rebel ball—wounded on picket-line. Night—Company “E” goes on line—fills space between “I” and “D”; complete rifle-pits—hear rebels talking and chopping trees—shots exchanged. Hood relieves Johnston as commander of rebel army on our front.

19th. Call outposts in—mocking-birds—firing to right and left of us—send Amos Wright to “reconnoitre”; gets a shot—returns—swing left of picket-line forward—stream and factory close on our front—in view.

5 P. M. Gen. Morgan, Col. Lum, and major 10th Mich. call at our outpost and go down on our front and take items, keeping close to the *large trees*. The General brought 10th Mich. and section of battery with him, intending to advance upon the stream. After a close inspection of the enemy’s position, deferred the movement. Heavy action on our left, in which “C” participated.

20th. Aroused at 3 A. M., with orders to march at daylight. Delay—10 A. M., orders repeated to hold ourselves in readiness to move at any moment; 11 A. M., men permitted to take off cartridge-boxes. Fighting on our left—rebels charge our lines—repulsed.

21st. Move out to picket-line—pass rifle-pits which we prepared on 18th and 19th inst. Prisoners—mill—wade stream and ascend hill to rebel works, which are very strong—form line and stack arms. Notice the effect of our shot on rebel works; found many of our balls in the head-logs. Mail. This P. M. our regiment left brigade and recrossed Nancy Creek to Howell Plantation, and relieved pickets of 2d Brigade—three companies reserve go into camp. Chattahoochie River close by. Remains of railroad bridge in full view. We are now on the extreme right of our army.

22d. Rose early—gathered quart blackberries for breakfast—cannonading far to left—relieved by cavalry this A. M. Return to brigade in old camp. Heavy cannonading ahead and far to the left. A battle is on! Confused reports of the fight on our left in circulation. General McPherson killed. Our forces go into line and entrench three miles from the city. Our brigade on the extreme right, save the cavalry. Our batteries shelling the enemy—night—heavy skirmishing to left. Blackberries. Orders to strengthen breastworks. Lieut. Winsett;

"Oh that this calamity were past and we were returning home—so many of our brave fellows being slaughtered!"

23d. Cannonading—profound regret at the loss of Gen. McPherson—build shade over tent. 11 A. M. Enemy massing on our front—generals prepare to receive them—some curiosity and excitement. Mr. Eno, from Gen. Thomas' headquarters—this old gentleman belongs to the Sanitary Commission. Troops on our left in line—our batteries shell rebel column passing to our right—our shell make it hot for them—they double-quick and disappear behind a belt of woods. Portion of the city can be seen from Dutchman's house in rear of our camp. Heavy firing far to the left. Hear the whistle of a railroad engine in Atlanta. Gen. McPherson's body sent North with two of every grade in his command as an escort. Constant picket-firing night and day.

24th. Artillery and musketry fire. Preaching by chaplain at rear line of breastworks this A. M. Noon—Negroes coming into our lines on road from west. Received hat in mail to-day. Very quiet this P. M. Bands playing—sutlership of regiment given to Capt. D. R. Waters. Artillery and musketry spiteful. Gen. Morgan around—says he will watch to-night—apprehensive—cheering loud and long by the entire army. Heavy firing—no attack—cheering and firing dies away.

25th. Cold last night—misty this A. M.—days unusually cold. Policed camp and pitched tents regularly. Night—signal rockets.

26th. In company with comrade Ed H. Ellett, obtained pass, approved by A. A. Tate, for Capt. Lusk, commanding regiment, and by Provost Marshal Stinson for Gen. Morgan, by which we visit 84th Ill. in 4th A. C. Pass along the rear of 14th and 20th A. C.'s breastworks—batteries—reserves.

27th. Vacillation of Lusk. Disliked by Morgan. 2 P. M. Recall our pickets—assemble and move into camp—move out—brigade—to road on the front of Mitchell's brigade—form line of battle—Companies "G" and "K" deployed as skirmishers under cover of hill—delay—16th A. C. passing to the

right along our rear—60th surgeon in shirt sleeves—wristbands open and turned back, ready for work, an ominous figure indeed. Field officers dismounted—snatch a moment to chat with Lieut. Tunis, 4th Iowa—Mitchell's men on works behind us, awaiting developments. Heavy rain. We advance—six companies deployed, four in reserve. Engage the enemy after marching quarter of mile straight to front. Four regiments close column by divisions support us. Rebel captain killed and others of his men killed and wounded—drove their entire line back one mile—16th A. C. on our right. Put battery in position and throw up breastworks. 6th Ind. of 16th A. C. relieve us on picket-line—assemble and return to old camp. Loss of regiment slight, all wounded. Returning to camp met 17th A. C.; also Generals Palmer and Baird. Generals Sherman, Thomas, Palmer, and Davis at Gen. Morgan's headquarters to-day—Generals Thomas and Palmer present Gen. Morgan with a pair of major-general's shoulder-straps. Learn then our division will remain in reserve a while and Gen. Baird's will take the front. Gen. Jeff. C. Davis in command of corps.

28th. Gen. Morgan in command of division. Lieuts. Porter and Parrott call—marched out on Sandtown road. Come upon 9th Ill. Mounted Infantry on outpost on the extreme right flank. Road in places obstructed by rebel picket barricades. House—rail barricade—talk with family, one mile to river, five miles to Sandtown. Turn to left into woods, and halt for dinner. Rumor that we are going to Turner's Ferry on Chattahoochie River Out again at 1 P. M.—strike rebel cavalry—drive them—house—old man—two miles to ferry. Aid from Gen. Davis—change our course—turn to left—can hear the sound of battle at our old camp—volleys of artillery and musketry. We turn sharply to the left—moving now direct to the position of our army—solitary country—dim roads—night—saw-mill, house—glare of the flame in the old fireplace—little girl standing in the doorway, wonder-stricken at the phantoms passing in endless procession through the darkness.

Rapid firing on the front and right of our column—delay—long and tedious march—men dropping out along the roadside. Impression that we did not accomplish what we went out to do—a sudden change in the programme during our march—nobody seems to know the trouble—reached camp in rear of 15th A. C. at 1 A. M. [*Mem.*—This was a most damnable performance. We earnestly desired to get into this mix-up with Hood's army. It was the intention that we should strike the enemy's flank. We had a guide—whether we were intentionally misled I do not know. It was as dark as hell when we got into camp, and the confusion was great. On arriving at the spot where we were to go into camp, we came up, as it were, out of the bottomless pit. Adj. Theo. Wiseman stood at its mouth with a torch in his hand to light us out, and I watched him narrowly to see if he had one big eye in the middle of his forehead and a tail with a spear on the end of it. Who was at fault in this "Sandtown" movement I know not. One thing I know: If Joe Mower or Phil Sheridan had directed the movement, our division would have found the flank of the enemy in short order. How did Gordon Granger find the enemy when Gen. Thomas was hard pressed on the field of Chickamauga? By the sound of battle. God bless his memory.]*

29th. Issuing rations—breakfast—Quartermaster Oliver Pyatt called—Gens. Sherman and Davis discuss the orders given Gen. Morgan yesterday. Gen. Sherman gave no order to go to Turner's Ferry—Gen. Morgan received that order, *and no other*. We were to have gone to the extreme right of our army and taken position to attack the flank of the assaulting rebel column. Gen. Davis (sick at this time) much

*Recent search has ferreted out the truth concerning this movement. This contretemps rests heavily upon our division to this day. It gave Sherman an opportunity to slur the Army of the Cumberland, which he took advantage of in his "Memoirs." The order of the general of the army was erroneously copied by a clerk at the Corps Headquarters. The blunder was higher up than General James D. Morgan, and the grand old man felt so indignant at the aspersions of Sherman that he did not at the time, nor ever afterward, attempt to vindicate his reputation as a safe and sure soldier in the field.

disappointed at the miscarriage. Passed over the battle-ground to-day. "Louisiana Tigers" fought desperately—many of them fell on our works—reported that regiment lost their colonel, major, and seven captains killed. In front of the 55th Ohio and 26th Ill. many rebel dead over the ground. "Put" says, "They tried to get us into a fight yesterday, but we were too sharp for them." 12 M. Our brigade, commanded by Col. Robt. F. Smith, 16th Ill., moved to the front—10th Mich. on the skirmish-line—forward through woods in line of battle—weather very hot—cross large road leading into the city—halt and throw up rail barricade.

4:30 P. M. Our pickets engaged. 3d Div. 20th A. C. on our right. Our entire line of investment moved forward this P. M. and erected works—farm-houses burning—battery going into position—fifty-seven dead "Johnnies" found through the woods on the ground of the action of the 28th inst. Dropped a little to the rear of our first position and dug trenches by torchlight.

30th. Roused at 3 o'clock—completed breastworks—orders to move—delay—Col. Tillson visits us to-day—not able for duty yet. Noon—Morgan L. Smith's division of 15th A. C. relieves 3d Brigade of our division. Shift to right and advance flank half mile and throw up breastworks—hard work—16th Ill. in reserve. Occasional shots on our picket-line. Brigade of Hooker's men on our right. Mail—rumor of a fight on the left.

31st. Aroused at 3 o'clock—bugles; drums and brigade bands—"Star-Spangled Banner," "Old Hundred." Left camp at 7—light marching order—on reconnaissance; moved west to farm-house—turned to left and south, down dim road. 16th Ill. deployed. Entered woods—reached hills and swamp—found the enemy—heavy skirmishing—rebel works—their batteries shell us. Heavy rain-storm—three in 16th wounded, also slight loss in 10th Mich. Form line of battle, and cut brush from our front—right of regiment refused, being on the flank. Gens. Thomas, Whipple and Ward—McK. sick—not

with us. Returned to camp at 4 P. M. Order removing our regiment from old brigade. Dissatisfaction on the part of our men—night, wet—dry clothing. This order removing our regiment from Morgan's old brigade is the result of an old quarrel between Tillson and Morgan. The regiment must suffer to appease Tillson's malice.

August 1st. Made change in officers' mess arrangements—a few subs and coffee-coolers, sponging their living—agree to dismiss them. Signed "grub" note for \$59 for Ira Putney. Issuing rations this morning—Col. Tillson reported for duty—evening—removal trouble—officers summoned to headquarters. Col. Tillson demands our support of his course in taking the regiment out of our old division and corps. Mason and two others, off-color trio, secretly oppose him. Their farewell paper to Gen. Morgan. Troops advance lines.

2d. Go on picket at 8 A. M. Relieved 16th Ill. Six companies on line, four in reserve. "Put" Caldwell, 16th, wounded in right foot. 10 A. M. Lieut. Van Tuyl and twelve men reconnoitre—developed blackberries! Cavalry on our right. Enemy reported massing on our front. Strict orders to hold our picket-line! Men in trenches strengthening works—prepared for them. 23d A. C. move in on our front and entrench. Withdraw to trenches. Mail.

3d. James Shoemaker visits us. Also Capt. Hall, Com. Subsistence, 3d Brigade, 3d Div., 23d A. C. Pvt. Jno. Tank fires his gun against orders. Tillson's reprimand. This P. M. enemy drive in our pickets—shell them back—heavy cannonading—rain—read in Chattanooga paper (*Gazette*) of death of Francis P. Speck, in General Hospital, Lookout Mountain. Severe fighting on our left to-day.

4th. Aroused at 3 A. M. Left camp—light marching order with tools. 2d and 3d Brigades ahead—pass Gen. Schofield's headquarters. Gen. Baird and Gen. Cox close by. 1st and 3d Divisions went to right last night.

3 P. M. rumor that we are to have a fight. Move out on front of 1st Division and take position on hill in columns by

regiments. Troops moving past us into woods on our front and into position. Artillery packed in valley to our left and rear. Ambulances debouching into valley and going into park—a place seemingly made for their safety. Rebs shell us—shell blows hat off one fellow and dints the muzzle of his musket—this and nothing more. Lieut. Anderson, Company "G," reported for duty from hospital at Chattanooga. Two of our batteries shell rebel works furiously. 6 P. M. rapid skirmish firing. Evening—air dense with smoke, obscuring the landscape. Our division files along edge of woods—sunset—the blue sky—mist rising along the forest—ambulances going to rear with wounded—groups of soldiers in valley—Negroes in valleys stiff with fright—eventide—horses grazing in the valley—fires lighting—smoke settling—shouts of teamsters coming up—cheers of our skirmishers driving the enemy—one brigade of our division gets position on hill to our front. Rebels shell them—heavy picket-firing—spirt of balls passing over us—soldiers passing to the front from commissary with boxes of hard-tack on shoulders. Sapphire sky—stars—multitudinous voices of insects—hum and buzz of the Union host settling into camp. New moon—thin crescent above the western horizon—camp close column by divisions—entrench—sleep without blankets.

5th. Breakfast—prisoners—Gen. Morgan—we advance—10th Mich. skirmishers—some loss. Advance over a mile—entrench—put up traverses to prevent enemy from enfilading trenches. Shell us severely—no casualties in our regiment. Gens. Morgan and King. 1st Tenn., 23d A. C., on our right. Send detail to old camp for knapsacks.

6th. Hazy and cool. Reb sharpshooters throwing balls among us—they shell us—our skirmishers drive their pickets in—threw their shell among us all day. 12 M. 16th and 14th sent to front, to support pickets. 23d A. C. advances—heavy firing in that direction—16th and 14th return—one of "B" wounded by piece of shell. Night—heavy rain.

7th. Issuing rations. 12 M. hot skirmishing on our front—14th Mich. sent out to support our line. Two of our batteries open on rebel works. Gen. Sherman and Howard stop in rear of our line. Fighting on our left. Turn the enemy's left—he falls back—we advance—take prisoners—reach rebel works, reverse them and erect traverses—shell us—take head off one man, wound others—make it hot for us. Move forward to crest of range of hills and entrench. Fighting to left of us. Our wounded—more prisoners. Showers to-day. Rebel lieutenant brought in wounded.

8th. Brisk firing on picket-line. 2d Ill. Artillery in position on our front. Put up head-logs. Enemy throwing shell among us with great precision. Knapsacks brought up—Jno. Crawford slightly wounded by piece of shell. 12 M. Sergt. Ben. Kimball of "K" killed while eating dinner—Lieut. Tommy Kennedy affected to tears at this loss—buried in rear of camp. One of "D" and another of "K" wounded. Narrow escape of Capt. Mason and others from shell. Mail—23d and portion of our A. C. to advance to-day—rain prevented this movement.

6 P. M. Relieve 16th Ill. on picket-line. McKinney sick—Van Tuyl 1st platoon, myself 2d platoon. Pine tree over our pit—put men in forward trenches—Billy Endicott and others—enemy's works very close and in full view—angry firing all day. Sid McCurdy hit in heel. Found dead rebel in front of our pits—killed on the 7th, while engaged with 14th Mich. Sid got half dollar in silver and knife from his pocket—buried him! Midnight—squad of 14th Mich. appear and ask permission to go out in front of our pits and bury two of their dead who fell here on the 7th.

9th. Heavy firing on left. Our batteries shell rebel camp, which is in full view in edge of woods across open field. 12 M. 23d A. C. advances. 2d Ill. shell rebel pits; knock head-logs off. Our boys spoiled several rebs—saw them carried off on stretchers. Deserters came in last night from 4th Ga. Sharpshooters. That regiment at Resaca was 400 strong; have now but 80 men; 40 lost in front of our brigade in the advance on the

7th. Rebel forts on our left. 3 P. M. Artillery duel. Relieved at 6 P. M. by 14th Mich.

10th. Rebels shell our camp; kill one of "D." Narrow escapes.

12th. Orders to move at daylight. Baird's 3d Division in our entrenchments—31st Ohio relieves us on the picket-line. Keep our reserve at the old place, but move our line to the right. Brigade shift to right and occupy trenches of brigade of 23d A. C. Mail. 6 P. M., return to trenches of 14th Mich., near Gen. Cox's headquarters.

13th. Rumor of our leaving old brigade soon and going to 17th A. C. Orders for our removal said to be with Gen. Morgan. Night—attend prayer-meeting in company with Lieut. Van Tuyl.

14th. Policed grounds and pitched tents. Orders for monthly inspection to-morrow. Suggest Soldiers' Monument to Sergeant Andrew Fuller and others. The sergeant is a man who would adorn any company of men to which he belonged.

15th. Details sent to country for green corn. Bathe at Cascades this A. M. Receive orders to make out charges against John Tank for firing his gun in camp. Excitement about leaving brigade—men generally opposed to it—if left to a vote of the men, it would be defeated unanimously.

16th. Draft circular for Soldiers' Monument. Evening—relieve 16th on picket. The loss of such men as Wallace W. Rice, Samuel Plummer, James McDill, Gid. H. Ayres, and others, of Henderson County, suggested the monument to their memory.

17th. Hot—bad rifle-pits—too narrow—men cramped up in them. Close firing by the enemy. Chas. Cowan grazed in ankle by ball. Relieved—meet, going to camp, Lieuts. Porter and Aton. Arrange to visit 84th Ill. with them to-morrow.

18th. Lieut. Porter refused permission by Col. Cahill to be absent from his regiment to-day. Visit 84th with Lieut. Aton—mule mounts—complete draft of articles for Soldiers' Monument Association.

19th. Roused at 3 A. M. by color-corporal and afterwards by Col. Tillson, with orders to be ready to march at 5. Troops moving in to take our place—took cup of coffee and moved to right and occupied works of 23d A. C. Returned to old camp at midnight—learn from "Solomon" that we leave for the 17th A. C. to-morrow.

Under an order from the War Department, secured by the scheming of Col. John Tillson, we exchanged the "Acorn" (14th A. C.) for the "Arrow" (17th A. C.). After three years of active service with Gen. James D. Morgan, in whom we had unbounded confidence, to be torn away from our old division and corps to gratify the spite of John Tillson was deeply mortifying. And our chagrin was not lessened when, a few days after our departure to the 17th A. C., our old division, led by Gen. Morgan, gallantly charged the enemy's lines and captured an entire brigade and two rebel batteries of ten guns. Is it not plain that Tillson played himself for an ass? In the face of all, the regiment continued to do its full duty.

20th. Bid old brigade good-bye—God bless the brave old band—*forced* to leave them or we should never separate. Call on 16th Ill. before leaving along with comrade Ed H. Ellett. We chose our own road to 17th A. C. Comrade Ellett is one of our most popular men and an accomplished soldier. Reach Gen. Ransom's headquarters—Henry McDermott—coffee—Col. Tillson—regiment comes up—camp in rear line—left wing—right wing in the advance works. Indecision of Capt. Lusk—Col. Tillson commands brigade—3d; 1st Division commanded by Maj.-Gen. Joe Mower, with whom we began our career as soldiers at Island No. 10.

21st. In response to an order, I reported at brigade headquarters, where Col. Tillson offered me a position on his staff; in effect, it is a command and I cannot refuse, although I have no desire for close relations with its commander.

22d. Am to report to Col. Tillson to-morrow morning.

23d. Eight companies on picket at 3 A. M. On duty at brigade headquarters.

24th. Dr. Payne and Capt. McEnally took dinner with us. Advised of a move to take place to-morrow morning. Mail—letter from brother Ewell. John Winsett reports for duty from hospital; leaves for his company, which is detached. Stationed at bridge on Chattahoochie River, guarding commissary stores—enemy shell us. Night—marching orders received for 9 A. M.

25th. Clear and hot. Very quiet on the lines—packing up—teams departing—learn that 20th A. C. has swung back on river and entrenched. The rest of the army, 50,000 strong, side-stepped to right—on Jonesboro.

26th. Orders received to have commands in readiness to move at 8 P. M. Night—we evacuate works—delay in getting off—rebels shell us—they can hear our artillery moving—strong picket-line out—march all night—pass Owl Church. Halt for rest in morning. Slept none for two nights. Pass on and halt again at 10 A. M.—take breakfast—find our trains here. March on two miles—place troops in position—post pickets. One of the Adams family, relation of the late John Q. Adams, is reported to be driving a team in this army.

27th. Again on duty with my company. Delayed in camp till sunset, when, the train having stretched out on the road, we move out as rear guard. Pass cavalry. All night going about three miles—wagons upset—burn them—Capt. Carpenter missing; supposed to be captured. Went into camp—train ahead in corral. Green corn for dinner and supper. Hear of active operations on the front—troops go out on the double-quick. [*Mem.*—Col. Tillson gave me an appointment on the brigade staff. The books were easily kept, and the duties otherwise were not beyond the capacity of any man of average intelligence; but I had difficulty with Tillson almost at once. He received an order which was part of a very important move by the whole army, and which resulted in the capture of Atlanta itself. He made two verbal drafts of the order in succession; having made one, he forthwith made the other, and then, after some reflection, went back to the first, remarking that one's first thoughts were the best. I said to him, "This

order I will have to deliver to Capt. Lusk—a slender reed to lean upon—and it must be as plain as a barn door or we will get into trouble.” I did not hear the order as delivered from Gen. Fuller, but I gave Tillson’s version of it clearly and repeated it to Lusk, and he did what he was expressly forbidden to do. At the moment Tillson cast the blame on Gen. Fuller; but Tillson drank whiskey over-much, and, so far as I am personally involved in this or any other controversy with him, I am now, as then, a better man than he ever was cut out to be.]

30th. Marched at 6. Railroad ties burned—rails twisted and broken—this is the M. & W. R. R. 15th A. C. moving on our left—in the direction of Jonesboro. We move on the extreme right—circuitous route. Kilpatrick ahead—drives rebel cavalry. Darkness overtakes us—very weary—10 o’clock and no camp—men clamorous and exasperated. Billy Endicott cursing at a huge rate—man in company next in our rear opens with a volley of oaths—Billy eclipsed—felt ashamed of his own conduct as reflected in the bad temper of the other—silent for a few minutes—gets humorous, crying out: “O my bleeding country!” “Hurrah for Abe Lincoln! hurrah for the Union!” Marched till 11 o’clock and camped two miles from Jonesboro. Hear railroad train. Pickets firing.

31st. Constant picket-firing—cannonading to left—trains running. Advance lines and throw up works. Rebels charge 15th A. C.—repulsed with great loss—shift to left on double-quick—Jack Thomas, of “A,” and Sergt. Nicholas Smith and others wounded. Entrench—prisoners—see steeples in town of Jonesboro—night—cars running continually.

September 1. Orders to be ready to move at a moment’s warning. Gen. Ransom—prisoners—Tunis and Allen, of 2d and 7th Iowa.

P. M. Fighting on our left. 14th A. C., Gen. Morgan’s division, charges the enemy; breaks his lines—captured (i.e. brigadier-general, 2,000 prisoners and ten guns! Our lines advance—enemy retreating—night coming on—enemy evacuating—our batteries shell them furiously—tremendous cheer-

ing! Midnight, enemy exploding ammunition. Gen. O. O. Howard's congratulatory order on the success of recent movements, resulting in the capture of Atlanta. But for Tillson we would have shared in the glory won by our old division under Gen. Morgan!

2d. Enemy gone. Our army after them—our division delayed. Move into Jonesboro in the evening with train.

3d. Churches filled with rebel dead and wounded. Our own wounded in tents. Go on picket—relieved—march to front after night.

5th. We move to left and fall back into new line of works. Right wing of regiment on picket—rain-storm. Gens. Howard, Ransom and Fuller in house—brigade headquarters.

6th. Drop back into old works before Jonesboro—rebel cavalry following us—they are in town—raining.

8th. Left camp early and marched in the direction of Atlanta—cannonading in our rear—rebel cavalry pressing our rear guard. Reached vicinity of East Point in the evening and went into camp behind old rebel entrenchments.

9th. Moved one mile nearer East Point Station—within inner line of rebel fortifications—policed grounds and put up tents. Right wing east of main Atlanta road—left wing west of this road—brigade headquarters directly in our rear—spring water close by—this is our place of rest after the long and difficult summer campaign. While in this camp the following line officers resigned: Capt. Charles McEnally, "B" Co.; Capt. John Boyle, "C" Co.; Capt. Samuel Mason, "D" Co.; Capt. G. C. Lusk, "K" Co.; 1st Lieut. Richard Wolcott, "F" Co.

The following officers of the line received furloughs for thirty days: Capt. Colin McKinney, "E" Co.; 1st Lieut. Henry C. McGrath, "A" Co.; 2d Lieut. Geo. D. Woodard, "H" Co.

A large number of enlisted men received furloughs also. At this time Lieut.-Col. M. F. Wood returned to regiment for duty and took command. A number of enlisted men whose

term of service (three years) had expired, were mustered out. Those in our own company were as follows: A. R. Graham, Jas. M. Rice, Frank Rascher, Henry Millholland, Kirk P. Hartley, John Rosebaum.

On 26th September, in obedience to orders, I took command of Company "F"—received to Lieut. Wolcott for ordnance, camp and garrison equipage.

Raised a subscription of five hundred dollars in our company for Soldiers' Monument in Henderson County. The facts in regard to the above subscription are, it was cheerfully given, but was much larger than the company could afford.

THE HOOD CHASE.

October 1st. Mess with Lieut. Winsett. Confused reports coming in as to Hood's movements. Received orders at 1 P. M. to be ready to move at 2:30. At this hour moved out and formed, close column by companies, on parade-ground; stacked arms—breezy, but hot. Brigade band—troops pass—prisoners—marched three miles and bivouac for the night.

2d. Left camp at 5. Marched ten miles—came up with small force of the enemy and drove them—returned to the camp we left in the morning. On picket with Company "F," detachment of 25th Ind. and detail from Company "B," sixty-five in all. Terrific thunder-storm—slept none.

3d. Left camp at 6 A. M.—returned to old camp in the trenches. Took breakfast and packed baggage and sent to Atlanta to be stored. Received marching orders for to-morrow. Ira Putney mustered out after making three trips to 4th Division mustering officer—had at last to apply to Gen. Ransom. Night—complete an article for *Plaindealer* on W. W. Rice, 1st lieutenant and adjutant. Place it in the hands of "Put" on the eve of his departure for home.

4th. Troops moving since daylight—delay—left camp at 1 P. M. Move slowly and halt often. Draw rations on the roadside. Pass 14th A. C. camp. Old rebel forts—suburbs of

Atlanta—strike Sandtown road—turn to left upon it. Night. Road blocked with troops—succeed in the course of two hours in marching one mile! “Yakob” afflicted with night-blindness—send him to ambulance. Bad roads—wagons break down—throw away camp equipage—strike railroad—march along it—Negro pickets—Chattahoochie River—cross and halt in road—cold—sleepy—stiff. 3 o'clock A. M. Men giving out—fall by the wayside.

5th. Marched all night and still marching. Road lined with sleeping stragglers—not stragglers, perhaps, but men completely given out—pass through old earthworks—troops breakfasting—Doc. Payne—Gen. Fuller—countermarch one mile and halt for breakfast. Aching feet—do not move.—12 M. Stragglers coming in—Company “F” boys get on train at Chattahoochie River and ride to Marietta, from whence we joined regiment. Send our valises to Marietta, where they are taken charge of by quartermaster, who remains behind. This is the battle-ground of 4th July. Left camp at dusk, with but few minutes' warning, and marched till midnight to within one mile of battle-ground of 27th June—Kenesaw Mountain. Halt in old rebel works—rain—drowned out—am amazed at the rapidity with which we get over this ground *now*, as compared to our progress south over the same roads during the spring and summer!

6th. Marching orders countermanded. Bounced coffee-coolers from our mess!

7th. Heavy fog this morning—distant cannonading—pioneers go out—read “Mexico” and “On Horseback into Oregon” in the *Atlantic*.

4 P. M. Order to march—countermanded—dispatch from signal station of Corse's fight at Altoona. “157 rebel dead before our works.” Our loss in killed, wounded and missing slight. Orders to march at 4 A. M. Hood has a good pair of legs and is keeping out of our way.

8th. March delayed—high wind and cold—read all day—had to keep under my blankets most of the day, it was so cold.

Received marching orders for to-morrow. Put up a wind-break and slept well.

9th. High wind continues. "A" and "F" rear guard—march to Marietta—seminary—residences burning—hospitals—cemetery—camps—moved beyond town and camped in the woods, close column by division; main portion of the army in camp here.* Hot—graves of soldiers killed during summer campaign.

10th. In camp—five companies forage to-day—broke camp in the evening and marched to Ackworth—reached camp at midnight.

11th. Marched to Altoona—evidences of the fight—garrison still there—bridge over Etowah—Centreville—people cheer us—railroad trains.

12th. March to Kingston—cannonading at Rome—bulk of the opposing armies in that direction. Troops and ordnance trains pass on to Rome—our regiment got aboard train for Resaca—road torn up twelve miles; Hood smashed it good. Come to within half-mile of the break—"A" and "F" on skirmish-line—reach break—rebels fled—repair break, during which "I" is feeling the way in advance. Overtake them with engine at tank. "I" gets aboard and "D" takes the advance. Reach Calhoun. "F" and "D" on picket—Federal commissary—\$600 horse—rebel cavalry just left town. Dispatch from Resaca—our garrison there summoned to surrender! Not much! Train returns to Kingston—we move forward to Resaca. "D" in advance—"E" flankers—Lieut. Van Tuyl on right with 1st platoon, myself on left of railroad track with 2d platoon—placed in temporary charge of this. Capture cavalry horse and accoutrements on skirmishing-line—belonged to rebel deserter or spy. Arrive at Resaca at 3 in the morning—very cold—cross on pontoons—enter fort and fill trenches—850 of our men here, mustered out on their way North—time expired. These movements at night, in the confusion of pursuit, some queer things happened; one, a horseman having an altercation

with some of our mounted officers; I observed the man ride off; he was believed to be a spy.

13th. Enemy in view — constant picket-firing — enemy maneuvering on our front.

Afternoon. Rebel force understood to have crossed river and advancing to attack us—people come in from the surrounding country for safety. Wife of Gen. L. H. Rousseau here with wives of other officers. 4 P. M. Our skirmishers advance and drive the enemy from intrenchments—cheering. Our cavalry out—our artillery used with effect—sunset—reinforcements—rebels attempt a charge—repulsed.

14th. Enemy gone—our cavalry in pursuit—had the enemy remained, we were to have charged them. Large part of our army arrived here to-day.

15th. Roused at 3 A. M. Army broke camp and moved after the enemy in the direction of Snake Creek Gap. Came up with his rear guard at the mouth of the Gap. Our brigade in advance. We form line of battle—skirmishers drive the enemy away with loss of twelve killed and wounded. Gen. Sherman talking to prisoner—Gens. Howard, Ransom, and Fuller—enter Gap—road obstructed with fallen trees of large size. Completely blocked—our prisoners cut them away. Slow progress—skirmishing constantly, our regiment deployed—march over the hills with extreme difficulty—deep ravines—weather extremely hot—Gen. Ransom reprimands Lieut.-Col. Mac Wood, and justly.

16th. 15th A. C. in advance to-day. Rebels living on parched corn, sorghum cane, chestnuts, chinkapins, and cow peas—anything they can find; "No bread," says a Negro captured—the road literally covered with the chewings of the Chinese cane; we track their columns by it. Rear guard to-day. 4th and 14th A. C. moving alongside us on an improvised road. Gen. Stoneman rides past in a private soldier's hat and blouse; very plain man. Camped near Villanow.

17th. Did not move until dusk. Received a large mail; great rejoicing over it—learn nothing of Hood—crossed mount-

ains and went into camp in cornfield. Gen. Howard's order on pillaging.

18th. Broke camp early and marched rapidly—reached Chatooga River; camp at sunset on this stream, near Osgood's Factory. Sweet potatoes in abundance—female operatives—our cavalry had severe skirmish with enemy's rear guard at the bridge here. Slater's Ridge on our left—passed some fine farms to-day. Traces of rebel army; it passed here on the 16th and 17th. System of foraging instituted.

19th. Left Osgood's Factory at daylight. Marched through Summerville and Alpine. Went into camp at dusk—out of rations—hungry—Gen. Osterhaus—crossed State [line into Alabama.

20th. Co. "C" brigade foragers. Broke camp at 7—Co. "F" rear guard. Brigade inspector picking up stragglers and private foraging parties. Men in sweet potato patches—old man shouts to boy to help him get a few before all are gone; he gets enough for one meal. Jenkins shoots pig; Gen. Leggett, of 3d Division, strikes him with the flat of his sword; men indignant at this. Camp early, two miles from Gaylesville, Ala.

21st. Supply-train came up last night—strict orders against straggling. Co. "F" rear guard. Broke camp early and moved into town—delay—Gen. Sherman's headquarters; the general walking to and fro before his tent, turning occasionally to members of his staff to answer or make an inquiry. Very warm—move off road one mile, and go into camp. Learn that we are to remain here for two or more days. Hood has "skedaddled" for parts unknown. At this camp, Sherman said to Wilson, of the cavalry: "I am a smarter man than Grant; I see things quicker, and I know more about history; but there is this difference: as to what is going on behind the enemy's lines, Grant don't care a damn, while it scares me like hell."

22d. Co. "E" foraging. Lieut. Winsett and I go through Gap to Spring Valley to picket-line and get persimmons and

black haws—foragers in procession, going into camp loaded. Inspection to-day at 2 P. M.

23d. Capt. Geo. Race to see us this P. M.—informs us that our old brigade is close at hand.

24th. On picket with "F" at 6 P. M. Relieve Company "A" at the mouth of Spring Valley.

25th. On the picket-line—Parson Canfield—citizens wish to go North and ask rations—appear at our station hungry—give them coffee and hard-tack—give me chestnuts. Hurley wants to go North—has a son in Illinois—Widow Hurley and Widow Banister want rations—our foragers have stripped the country. Mrs. Martha Cromar wants to go North—her husband a prisoner at Rock Island—she wants to meet him in Illinois and remain there.

Our army has stripped this region of its horses and mules, grain and provisions. People are utterly destitute. Parson Canfield's written appeal referred. The parson is a "Missionary Baptist."

26th. In camp—read "History of Europe." Lieuts. Woodard and McGrath return from furlough. McKinney's furlough has expired also.

27th. Gen. Ransom very sick. Gen. Jo. A. Mower arrived yesterday and assumed command of division. Gen. Wilson in command of cavalry.

28th. Portion of army marches to-day. Reviewed by Maj.-Gen. Mower and Brig.-Gen. Sprague. Col. Lum and staff present as spectators.

29th. Broke camp at 7—crossed Chatooga River on bridge—our brigade rear guard—pioneers fell trees in the ford and burn bridge after us. Pass through village of Cedar Bluffs on the east side of valley, under the hills. Cross Coosa River—delays—swampy country covered with pine forest—trains have great difficulty in getting through. Capt. Hempstreet, Division Provost Marshal, thinks we will march all night—darkness—flounder along till 10 o'clock and camp. Draw rations—sleep at 11. Roused at 4.

30th. Broke camp at 5—very dark yet—halt for ordnance train to pass. No meat in supply train—men hungry—living on hard-tack and coffee. Push on—strike Rome road about 10 A. M. Reach Cave Springs—ragged village—camp in field.

31st. Gen. Ransom died within three miles of Rome, on a stretcher. A fine-looking young man—dark brown hair, hazel eyes, tall and slender—much lamented. Rumor that Perry Godfrey was captured while guarding a forage train near Marietta.

Large mail this P. M. Letter from Robert S. McAllister on Soldiers' Monument; also one from Maj. Wilson. Papers in abundance. Col. Wood sent up an application for the return of Capt. Race to regiment. Mustered to-day. Adj. Allen informs me of his commission as major in 5th U. S. Colored Heavy Artillery, stationed at Paducah. On a stroll this P. M. met a brigadier-general and a host of other officers returning to their commands from furlough. Jno. F. Bennett, of "F," among the number. Also Sergt. Nicholas Smith, of "E," who brought us news and letters. McKinney does not show up!

November 1st. Indian summer—hazy and blue and peaceful! Received marching orders for 3 A. M. Broke camp at 7. Passed through village of Cave Springs. Saw two citizens only—women at windows! Orders kept secret—know nothing of where we are going—thoughts of being paid soon almost abandoned—moving southeast—tending probably to Marietta or Atlanta by easy marches—foraging in the valleys as we go—on one spot at the roadside to-day noticed thirty hogs slaughtered, which a foraging party had placed for their comrades when they should come along in the column. Boys in rear had a few shots to-day at guerrillas hovering around, picking up stragglers. Reached Cedar Town at 1 P. M., where 17th and 15th A. C.s camped—a deserted, dilapidated place. Rumor that Gen. Blair has returned from his pacificatory

tour! Mountains beyond the valley south of us loom grandly upon the distant and indistinct horizon.

2d. Broke camp at 8 A. M.—raining—dreadful roads—train miring down—burn cotton and cotton gins on our way—camped at a miserable place called Van Wirt.

3d. Marched from Van Wirt to Dallas—our old “stamping ground.” Severe march—rained all day—prisoners—camp at dusk—rear guard got in at 3 o'clock in the morning. Passed a beautiful slate quarry to-day—houses roofed with it and tombstones cut from it.

4th. Broke camp at 7 and marched to within seven miles of Marietta—camped at 12 M., behind an old line of breastworks—showers this morning and sleet, afterwards very cold with high wind—read “History of Europe.”

5th. Marched at 8 A. M. Reached the railroad four miles below Marietta, and went into regular camp. Capt. Pollock, Division Inspector, seized all extra horses and mules not accounted for.

6th. Put in estimate for clothing—special order from Gen. Howard, stating that we will remain in camp here till the army is paid and clothed and till after the Presidential election. Corporal John Clover brought this order to me on the picket-line. Sent in list of married men to headquarters. The regiment received two hundred recruits to-day; thirty-eight of these substitutes and drafted men—assigned to Company “F”—to drill these men so I can handle them on the eve of an opening campaign is an arduous labor.

7th. Henry Post visits us on picket-line—says the troops are being paid off! Great rejoicing in “F” at this news—men in this company have not been paid for twelve months, some fourteen months!

8th. Have all I can do and more—no help—company of eighty-three men now, larger part raw recruits. Lieut. Carr returns this evening with *desks*. Make out and forward ordinance returns.

9th. Hard at work organizing and drilling company. Had to correct Wolcott's rolls. Paid after night.]

10th. Received 1st sergeant's pay on "*final statements.*" Ordered to drill recruits five hours daily. Everybody in a great hurry. Received captain's pay as commander of Company "F" and pay on rank as lieutenant. Lieut. Winsett was a genuine homespun—a fine old country gentleman, one of the olden time. He was chosen to carry a large sum of money home after the troops were paid, and the load of greenbacks was so heavy and he discharged his trust so faithfully that he established a solid reputation as a hunchback, which he had not enjoyed before, and which was never called in question afterward.

11th. Drilling recruits—issue clothing—work enough to do—everything hurrying back from Atlanta to Chattanooga.

12th. Battalion drill to-day—finish clothing receipt rolls. Last train for Chattanooga leaves to-day! Lieut. Winsett goes North with the regiment's money. A large fortune in greenbacks went North in private hands from the Army.

The stupidity of Lieut.-Col. Mac Wood was well illustrated on dress parade this evening. My thirty-eight recruits were in line with the veterans of "F" and the other troops, Wood in command. He was putting the battalion through the manual of arms, at which the veterans were expert. My recruits were as awkward as Satan among the angels in Heaven, although I had drilled them considerably. They could handle the guns all right, but they could not order arms with neatness and dispatch. Wood couldn't see straight, being cross-eyed, but he could hear like the Devil, and when the guns of the recruits came down, one would have supposed that old Mac had got religion (which indeed would have been a most extraordinary supposition), he received such a shock—calling out to me to place one of my veterans out for a fugleman and show the green 'uns how it was done. The battalion rested in silence while this wonderful interpellation was gone through with. I had among the recruits a slick youth, ex-

pert in the handling of his gun, who had belonged to the regular Army. I answered the colonel, saying: "Certainly, I will take one of these recruits and show you and the rest of these men a little sleight of hand." My man went to the front and did the trick as though that had been his specialty for three hundred years. As for Mac Wood, I didn't care a continental. He couldn't drill his own company, when he was captain of "A."

13th. Gen. Mower and Col. Tillson inspect us this morning. 11 A. M. Received marching orders. Left for Marietta to tear up railroad track—entered town—filed to left and formed by wings along the switches—formed line along railroad track—line stooped, put handspikes under track, heaved it over, pried the ties loose, piled them up, put iron rails on top, fired the piles, and twisted the rails around trees. One hour for supper—Gen. Mower—work again till 10 P. M.

14th. Left camp at 5. Got two miles on our way south and were recalled—went back to Kenesaw Mountain and finished tearing up a piece of track which was untouched; so careful were our generals that the work of destruction should be complete. Left for Atlanta at 1 P. M. Marched till dusk—halt in edge of woods and take supper. Resume the march. Reach Atlanta at 9 P. M.—move to Whitehall and camp. Atlanta on fire. Read portions of "Regulations to Recruits" and accompany it with some advice. Place sick and lame in ambulance—draw cartridges—broke camp at 10 A. M. Marched half-mile—halt—long delay—division supply-train moved out on wrong road; had to wait for it—move forward—come up with train—rear guard—seven wagons to company—wearisome march all night long—reached camp at 9 A. M.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

“HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

“In the Field, KINGSTON, GA., Nov. 8, 1864.

“The General commanding deems it proper at this time to inform the officers and men of the 14th and 15th, 17th and 20th Corps that he has organized them into an army for a special purpose, well known to the War Department and to Gen. Grant. It is sufficient for you to know that it involves a departure from our present base and a long and difficult march to a new one. All the chances of war have been considered and provided for as far as human agency can. All he asks of you is to maintain that discipline, patience, and courage that has characterized you in the past; and he hopes and through you to strike a blow at our enemy that will have a material effect, what we all so much desire—his overthrow. Of all things the most important is, that the men, during marches and in camp, keep their places and do not scatter about as stragglers and foragers, to be picked up by a hostile people in detail. It is also of the utmost importance that our wagons should not be loaded with anything but ammunition and provisions. All surplus servants, non-combatants, and refugees should now go to the rear, and none should be encouraged to encumber us on the march. At some future time we will be able to provide for the poor whites and blacks who escape the bondage under which they are now suffering. With the few simple cautions, he hopes to lead you to achievements equal in importance to those of the past.

“By order of MAJ.-GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

“L. M. DAYTON, *Aide de Camp.*”

SHERMAN'S FAREWELL TO THOMAS.

Before the telegraph wire was cut, which was the last frail link that bound us to our friends, Sherman sent this simple message to Thomas:

"All is well."

The distance to be traversed was three hundred miles. On leaving Chattanooga on the Atlanta campaign, one hundred and thirty carloads of provisions had to be delivered daily over the Louisville & Chattanooga Railroad for the use of our army. Now we had to cut loose from the "cracker-line" and "root hog or die."

The army was composed as follows: 55,329 infantry, 5,063 cavalry, 1,812 artillerymen, and 65 guns; 4 teams of horses to each gun, with caisson and forge; 600 ambulances, each drawn by two horses; 2,500 wagons, drawn by four mules to each. Each man carried 40 rounds, the wagons having the remainder of the ammunition. We had five days' rations only when we started. The army was divided into four corps, which marched on parallel roads, with the cavalry on the flanks. This gave us a front of from forty to sixty miles and we cut a swath of that width as we moved toward the sea.

The *London Times* said of the "March to the Sea," in anticipation of that great movement: "That it is a momentous enterprise cannot be denied. It may either make Sherman the most famous general of the North or it may prove the ruin of his reputation, his army, and even his cause altogether."

16th. Having marched all night, we rest two hours and push on. Prisoners—country rough—poor farm-houses—thinly settled—stream—old mill-house—old man, tall and gray—

old store-house—two boys in buggy—cotton burning—getting a little forage—pork and sweet potatoes—men jaded and silent—come into fine, open country this P. M. Night—old man watching his barn—creek—camp near McDonough.

17th. Broke camp at 7—slept well—village dingy and weather-beaten—court-house—fine country—plenty of forage—march well conducted to-day. Army Negro attempts to forage a little on farm on roadside; white woman gets after him with sharp stick; boys shout and groan. Advance ordered to kill all bloodhounds and other valuable dogs in the country. 15th A. C. behind us. Camped on beautiful spot, near Jackson. Forty horses and mules taken by our division to-day.

18th. Broke camp at 7. Hear that the Georgia Militia are assembling to stop our progress. Reached Ocmulgee River at 11 A. M. Halt in field to right of road while pontoon bridge is being laid. Dinner—issue rations—recruits' feet very sore; feet of all of us sore—plenty of forage—burned cotton—rain—night—called into line suddenly; move off partly by right in front, partly left in front—general confusion—road blocked by train—swamp—wagon upset—Ocmulgee Mills—the rushing river—high, precipitous banks—bridge—rapids—lights reflected—camp-fires on shore below and on the distant hills—across, up to the mountains and over an undulating country into camp.

19th. Rained all night—wet blankets—breakfast—three barrels sorghum found in woods close by. Learn of forty barrels more secreted—Negroes tell of it—two hundred bushels sweet potatoes found in one heap—placed there by "C. S. A." Recruits give me trouble—in poor condition for marching—get some of them into ambulance—burn cotton and gins—pass through Monticello—pretty village—citizens—Negroes—churches—forage—camp four miles beyond town.

20th. Broke camp at 6:30. Received foraging pass from Lieut.-Col. Wood for two men and sergeant. Dwellings burned to-day! Made first six miles without a halt—bad roads—first specimen of the palmetto to-day—raining—made sixteen miles—camped in open grassy field. Robt. G. Bell brought in

two fine horses. Supper tonight on fresh pork, sweet potatoes, sorghum and quince butter! Cavalry engaged.

21st. Rained all night—still raining—broke camp at 9 A. M.—slow progress—burned cotton—turned cold towards sunset—high wind—portion of our army is in Macon, also our cavalry in Milledgeville.

22d. Broke camp at 7—very cold—reached Gordon at 12 M. Portion of 15th A. C. in camp here. Went into camp—rest this P. M. Bath—change clothing—engage Billy Roberts as forager for officers' mess. Two regiments from 1st and 2d Brigades detailed to tear up railroad—cannonading in direction of Macon.

23d. Clear—frosty—inspection—guns of recruits in bad condition. This P. M. moved out on M. R. R. and tear up track—return at 9 P. M.

24th. Broke camp at 7—rear guard to-day—moving towards Savannah—heavy frost last night—clear and cool—tear up railroad as we go! Louisiana sugar-cane—get into swamp—miserable roads—delay—night—delay—midnight—teams unhitch and feed in road—orders to rest till morning! Slept none.

25th. Countermarched at 4 A. M. and took another road, or, rather, no road—route through fields till swamps were cleared—farm-house and vats of molasses—boys get what they want and pull out the bungs and let the contents run down hill in a stream for a distance! Black haws, persimmons, huckleberries! Cannonading eastward—Irvington—rice growing—Col. Mac Wood's interview with three ladies—their story of the pillagers—how they received them. War is "hell" (?) Long and tedious march. Reached No. 15 Station after night and went into camp. Orders to march at 6:30. Reveille at 4.

26th. Marched on time! Old man to right of road—arms folded, looking over his silent home and desolate fields! Make four miles—enter swamp—obliged to turn back for want of road—countermarch and go into camp till Negro pioneers make road—three miles to river—pontons down and part

of 15th A. C. across. Our cavalry had a skirmish here yesterday. Left camp at sunset and marched to Oconee River and crossed—narrow stream—vista to right converged in darkness—clear, starry night. Thoughts on Sherman's movement—effect on Lee—poor Confederacy! Camped on high ground—lofty pine trees on fire to their topmost boughs!

27th. Gen. Sherman with us. He signifies his intention to move with the right wing during the remainder of the march. Broke camp at 6—swamp—slow progress for the first two miles—Spanish moss as we come upon high ground; the country improves. Made nine miles—portion of 15th A. C. tearing up railroad. Order from Gen. O. O. H. against pillaging, or worse—penalty, death! Forage in great abundance. Old man on roadside salutes the flag! Indignation at allowing prisoners to ride horses and mules when the sick and barefoot of our own army can scarcely be accommodated.

28th. Broke camp at 8. Slow progress. Cotton burning—commodious farm-houses and slave cabins—long march—got into camp late—on picket.

29th. Broke camp at 8. Forage in abundance—large farm-houses with Negro quarters. Bottom of shoes slippery as glass, marching on the "needles" in the piney woods! Fifteen miles to-day.

30th. Relieved from picket-line at 6. Marching orders for 7. Pine barrens most of the day—reached to within half mile of Ogeechee River at sunset—supper—crossed river after night—horrible place—railroad station—camp—lost Jacob Ertell, a worthless "substitute"—deserted probably.

December 1st. Broke camp at 7—moved to railroad station and filed down track—troops tearing it up—reach our point—tear up, burn and twist—hard work—hot sun—hot fires! Move on to another point, tear up, burn and twist; and still another point, tear up, burn and twist—getting our hand in! It is now 3:40 P. M. Moved one mile farther south on track and tear up, burn and twist!

Night—march to camp four miles distant—crossed a horrible swamp to get there. Gen. Sherman complimented our brigade upon its work to-day. Gen. Fuller complimented Company "F." He might well do so! Company "F" killed two calves while rails were heating! The fatlings intruded and the boys, needing a roast, supplied their wants like sensible fellows!

Plantations seen to-day were large and well appointed. Slave cabins, etc., deserted by their owners—hogs in abundance—potatoes also. Picked up an old Southern paper containing extracts from a book of travels in North America in the 18th century, written by Capt. Basil Hall, of the Royal Navy. The Cockney captain travels in Georgia and discourseth as follows: "Rain is amongst the greatest of all plagues in a journey; your feet get wet; your clothes become plastered with mud from the wheels of the carriage; the gentlemen's coats and boots steamed; the driver gets his neck-cloth saturated with water!" And further: "He could rarely obtain a private parlor and table in the country inns"; he was "often obliged to lie on a feather bed"; he carried with him, indeed, "one of those admirable traveling-beds, made by Mr. Pratt, of Bond Street, London, which fold up in an incredibly small compass."

Three-fourths of the tillable land in the Confederacy stood with corn this year—the cribs from which we get our supply attest this fact. There is no greater humbug than the "*starvation* theory." "Dixie" can feed itself—now—for the first time since the slave-holder appeared on the soil.

Picturesque swamps—cypress groves—Spanish moss—water-lilies—stalk with tuft like that on the head of some South American birds—small pale pines shooting up—the counterpart of the human plants which inhabit these sickly localities. Gen. Sherman and escort—bad roads—marching rapidly, however. No halts in 17th A. C. save the accidental ones resulting from swamps—bully for the swamps! Large

tracts of land abandoned, supposed to be *worn out*—covered now with young pines.

Reached Millen, an insignificant town; but an important railway station. Rebel stockade here, like that at Andersonville. Union prisoners hurried off to other points.

2d. Broke camp at 9—marched down railroad three miles and tear up, burn and twist—men bruised more or less—marched to Scarborough and camp. Negro pen—Gen. Howard's orders relating to foraging and firing guns read to regiment to-day. Made eight miles.

3d. Broke camp at daylight—moved down railroad three miles and tear up, burn and twist—twenty eight rails first—Company "F"—forty rails second time. Moved out to wagon road and halted for the foragers to bring in their spoils, during which Company "F" killed a cow! Preferred to take her along for fresh milk, cream and butter; being short on dairy implements, accepted fresh meat as a substitute



"TEAR UP, BURN AND TWIST."

Cannonading this morning, also after getting into camp. We are near Savannah. Going into camp by moonlight—marching over the white sands of Georgia—the men are silent and tired—for the thousandth time, more or less, we are trudging "weary and heavy-laden" into camp—to a hasty supper, a short sleep, the reveille—the tocsin to new toils, continuous, unceasing, interminable(?). A large concourse of slaves; men women and children are following after us—the men and boys laboring as pioneers. I noticed them in camp to the left of the road as we came in—a strange but interesting picture. John McClintock arrested for firing his gun—secured his release

4th. Broke camp at 8—fifty-four miles from Savannah—came up with the enemy—our division in advance—struck swamp where rebs were entrenched—Gen. Blair—two shots from our battery and they “skedaddle”—pushed ahead one mile and camped—sugar and molasses galore—passed “Uncle Billy” sitting in porch of farm-house with his heels over the railing and his big head uncovered; thought he was asleep, but am not so sure about that.

5th. In camp all day—portion of our army tearing up railroad. Lieut. W. H. Carr placed under arrest for absenting himself from the picket-line—Capt. Pollock reported him. Reading “Edwin Brothertoft.” Pleasant day—men washing and cleaning up—reported \$2,000 in gold and two watches found buried, the property of one man; doubtful—pillagers foiled. Coming up to Negro cabins, they address a wench with:

“What did you hide?”

“Box clothes in de field.”

Turning to another standing near, they ask:

“And what did you hide?”

“Books in de garden.”

Boys believing the “half had not been told,” started off to the garden with high hopes. They searched and found—a *Bible* and a work on *medicine*.

Four men of “C” tied by thumbs in front of color-line for pillaging.

6th. Broke camp at 9—slow progress—rear division to-day—poor country; full of swamps—had a time getting our train through—rained—did not reach camp till 2 A. M.

7th. Broke camp at 7—clear—very hot—country poor—swamps covered with saw palmetto—white clouds to south of us must hang over the sea. Marlow station—locomotive destroyed—twenty-six miles from Savannah—live oaks—residences. Wheeler defeated by Kilpatrick.

8th. Made ten miles to-day without incident, save cordu-

roying several miles of swamp and clearing the same of trees felled by the enemy—heavy guns at sea.

9th. Inspection—broke camp at 6—our division in advance—Sprague's brigade ahead, ours next. Strong sea breeze in our faces—dense pine forest—prisoners—skirmishing—heavy guns at sea. 10 A. M. One of our batteries opens—go into line of battle on the double-quick—skirmishers advance—Gen. Mower—buildings burning in our rear—we turn the enemy's right—our regiment deployed—enemy's works; pass over them—go into line of battle again—move forward on the double-quick—strike railroad—discover locomotive—platform car; one piece of artillery on it—advance through swamps and over fallen trees—through thickets—over fences to Station No. 1—enemy shell us—first shell bursted among us—they had our range with considerable accuracy, but no one on the line was hurt. The long-service men in Company "F" were Germans, from St.-Louis; they had not re-enlisted as veterans, and their term of three years having nearly expired, they were not anxious to take risks, and when the rebel shells unexpectedly dropped among us, they disappeared like a covey of partridges in the thick underbrush, leaving me standing alone. The "presto-change" quickness of the act amused me; but they all returned to the line in a few minutes. Capt. Hamerick, Q. M., killed some distance in the rear—32d Wis. lost a few killed and wounded—torpedoes buried in the road; Gen. Sherman compels prisoners to dig them up—eleven miles to-day.

10th. Rear guard. At 10.30 halt and stack arms at a point five miles from Savannah. Enemy here in force—entrenched—troops go into line of battle; trains and non-combatants ordered to rear—four companies, "A," "F," "G," and "I," ordered back as train guard; rest of regiment in line at the front—Lieut. O'Reilly, of Gen. Mower's staff, shot through the neck; not killed—shell takes head off Negro and passes close to Gen. Sherman.

Gen. Kilpatrick's headquarters. The general—blue sur-tout, light blue trousers, two rows broad gilt lace, medium size,

broad shoulders, not heavy, but wiry, thin light hair, almost bald, sloping forehead, heavy and full at the brows, large Roman nose, light complexion, blue eyes, broad mouth, thin lips well compressed; his staff, laced; his orderlies and two wench cooks; his nephew "Billy" and the pigeons; what lieutenant says of this boy; don't know his place; insults everybody on the staff. Night—signal rockets.

11th. High wind toward night and extremely cold—sky full of shaggy clouds, hiding the moon—rockets—14th A. C. moves in on our front and relieves us—Morgan's division—old friends—troops out of rations—we move to-morrow to Ossabaw Sound to open communication with fleet.

12th. Bitter cold—slept little—broke camp at 6—on our way to the coast—slow progress—hard-tack selling at high prices—men hungry and the whole surrounding region stripped of food—roads very bad—throughout the entire day we scarcely made, between halts, more than a few hundred yards; the delays were so frequent and long that the train often went into park and remained thus for an hour, two hours, or more, as would happen; occasionally we made a distance of two miles easily, then the wagons would mire to the axles; almost the entire distance was corduroyed by our pioneers; marched thus all night long.

13th. Crossed canal at 8 A. M.—hear whistle of steam tug on the Ogeechee River. 15th A. C. in position; their pickets engaged. Reached camp at 12 M. An occasional shot by our artillery—smoke of transports seen to-day off the coast—we are not far from Silkhope Station on Gulf Railroad. Fort McCallaster stormed by Hazen's division 15th A. C.—it is said that Hazen "drew cuts" with Gen. Mower of our division for the chance of storming the fort. Gen. Sherman with the fleet—men living on rice, which is issued to them in the straw; it is hulled by beating it in a mortar; tedious and difficult process; the pestle for beating out the rice is fastened to an old-style well-sweep, which we work up and down. Transports at Hilton Head with rations signaled down.

14th. Trains moving to Ogeechee River for rations—oysters on the coast; men go down for them—policed grounds—rice for breakfast, dinner, and supper; we empty the camp-kettle at each meal.

15th. Learn that our troops at Fort McCallaster received mail to-day—anxiety for letters—one transport said to be loaded with mail for us—living on rice. Appointed one sergeant and six corporals to-day for "F," chosen out of the veterans.

16th. Got ration of rice for men. 2 P. M., received march-

ing orders, the substance of which is to cross the Ogeechee River and proceed forty miles west on the Gulf Railroad, tear up the track, burn every tie, and twist every rail for that distance, and destroy the bridge across the Altamaha River, and return within five days. The force to accomplish this consists of 1st Division 17th A. C. (ours) and Kilpatrick's cavalry. —



"TWIST EVERY RAIL."

Going towards the Ogeechee—passed hospital of 15th A. C. containing wounded—saw column of prisoners—the garrison captured at Fort McCallaster—looked like jail-birds—beautiful farm-house—yard; troops camped therein—train of wagons bearing our wounded men to hospitals—Negro pioneers and the corduroy road—immense labor—best corduroy I ever saw; pinned down; very solid; needed, for it rested on a quagmire or quicksand. Met wagon-load of mail going to camp, turned it back. Reach Ogeechee River—troops here—boat-bell—sunset—go into camp—half-dozen sacks mail brought us; great rejoicing over it—read letters and papers most of the night—learn that we draw rations to-night—men shout for hard-tack; none comes; disappointment—noticed men in the dark-

ness purloining the half-eaten corn from the mules to parch for their supper.

17th. Broke camp at daylight—crossed river—heavy fog—country flat—bog—trees dripping with dew—small bridge broke through—halt—men reading letters—noon halt—had piece of half-cooked sole-leather beef for dinner—marched rapidly this p. m. in the face of the hot sun—camped at Midway Church, a place of Revolutionary memory—got a little forage from country this eve—“Alex” and “Billy” out—eat supper at midnight—Lieut. Van Tuyl principal cook—first good meal in four days—had the advance to-day—I carried in my hand a small history of Georgia, containing brief references to fighting on this ground during the Revolution.

18th. Broke camp at 7—severe march—very hot—came into good country—plantations large—people wealthy—reached Walthourville at 2 p. m.; a small, aristocratic village, situated in pine grove—pretty churches—residences vacated; everything left in them save the jewels and portable valuables; furniture and libraries intact; got two books—marched beyond the village to the railroad and went into camp—men’s shoes giving out; some of them barefoot—abundance of forage—passed two noble palmetto trees.

19th. Broke camp at daylight—light marching order—out on railroad—our work assigned—Co. “F” had forty-three rails for the first job—marched two miles further down track to Walthourville Station and tore up twenty-six rails—returned to camp by circuitous route through woods. Evening—sea breeze in our faces—sunset—night when we got into camp. Heard Kilpatrick canonading at the Altamaha bridge; learn that he can do nothing on account of the high water—surrounding country flat and overflowed.

20th. 1st Brigade sent to reinforce cavalry at Altamaha bridge; on their way met cavalry coming back, having failed to burn the bridge, which was surrounded by water and defended by cavalry and a battery strongly entrenched. Our work completed, we started, after some delay, for the Ogeechee

River—reached Midway Church at sunset without incident—brought in quite a train of carriages, carts, and buggies loaded with forage—met our supply-train here with rations—hardtack issued.

The ancient vehicles which the foragers picked up and loaded with sustenance for the inner man were a prize lot; they were the skeleton remains of carriages of state, in which milord and ladies rode to the society functions of the Oglethorpe and earlier periods. Imported they were, and had descended through heraldic lineages from a time remote. The worm had eaten up what the wear and tear of prehistoric man had left of the upholstery. There was a blar of a film on the wood-work, and the tackling and the once gilded metal fastenings and furnishings were of a unique and strange pattern. I marked the vehicle—the family carryall—in which Adam and Eve rode out to see the new homestead; the road wagon in which Noah rode around to look at the country after the feshet; the State chariot of Nebuchadnezzar, in which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego took their revenge on that potentate after he was sent to grass by yoking him with his mate and using the pair to draw them and a brass band through the crowd of anarchists holding high old wassail in the Hanging Gardens; and all the lumbering things on wheels that gave significance to the later succeeding centuries down to our time.

21st. Broke camp at 6 A. M.—reached Ogeechee River at 12 M.—bad roads—learn here that Savannah was evacuated by the enemy last night—reached old camp at 3 P. M.—hear of Thomas' fight with Hood at Franklin and Nashville; bully for "Pap" Thomas! On picket "F" and "E."

When Gen. Sherman presented the city of Savannah to President Lincoln as a Christmas gift in the winter of 1864, he restored to its honored place under the flag one of the most interesting cities of the Colonial period. Two centuries prior to the investment of the city by our army, the Creek chief Tomochichi, then ninety years old, welcomed to the Georgia shore "the first soldier and gentleman of his day," Gen. Ogle-

thorpe. That old Indian friend of the founder of the city was buried in the center of the public square, and a huge boulder with a memorial medallion imbedded in the side marks the spot. The names of the streets suggest loyalty to the Union: State, Congress, President; the avenues: Montgomery, Perry, McDonough; the wards were named Washington, Warren, Franklin, and Greene. The lots were platted 60x90 feet and fronted upon a street both ways.

The city contains a monument to Gen. Greene, to Sergt. Jasper (the historic idol of my youth), and to Count Pulaski, the "heroic Pole." The Marquis de Lafayette laid the cornerstone of the two last in 1825.

While our army rested on the Thunderbolt River near by, I studied the city with great interest, not omitting the Colonial burial-ground. On south Broad Street stands the old house where the Colonial Legislature assembled in 1782 and the house where Washington was entertained and which was his headquarters while in the city is still an object of interest to all visitors.

I attended services in Christ Church, where John Wesley and Whitfield, the great evangelists, both preached, and the tradition is that Wesley was an irascible old English gentleman, who ruled his parishioners with the "big stick."

22d. High wind—cold—on picket—relieved at 5 P. M. by two companies of 32d Wis.

23d. Sun rose like a queen from the sea—morning gun at Fort Jackson—along with Lieut. Van Tuyl, spent the day in making a house; made a good one—bought a table from one of 26th and put it in place. Evening, received orders to march to Savannah at 8 A. M.

24th. Broke camp at 8 A. M.—reb works—heavy artillery—shell road—cemetery—inner fortifications—forts—our troops encamped in the suburbs of the city—penitentiary—poor-house—Forsythe Place—its fountains and groves—citizens—Negroes—account of the evacuation, some drowned in the hurry to cross the bridge. Marched three miles south of town and went

into camp near the fort and town of Thunderbolt—Fort Jackson three miles distant—Thunderbolt River close at hand.

25th. Christmas—putting up house—visited Thunderbolt—"pressed" a table from a deserted house—borrowed a stool, and paid \$1.00 to an Irish oysterman's wife for another table. Monitors anchored in the river—transports in the distance—inspection. Commenced clothing receipt rolls by candlelight. Lieut. R. H. Mann mustered out.

26th. At work on clothing receipt rolls—had them signed and witnessed.

27th. At work on ordnance returns. Lieut. Mann left for New York city. Order received for review to-morrow—Gen. Sherman will review his entire army at the rate of one A. C. each day.

28th. Roused at 4. Lightning low on eastern horizon—sky overcast—every indication of stormy weather. Left camp for Savannah for review at 6 A. M. Commenced raining heavily as we entered the suburbs of the city—formed line on lower end of South Broad Street—delay—rain—delay—rain—black servant steps out of a residence close by and invites us in—pouring rain—Capt. Gillespie, Adj. Allen, Lieut. McGrath and I go in with the servant. Conversation—black grand-dame—her courtesy—coffee—rain—"wringing-wet." Return to camp—review postponed—work on papers—night—high wind—cold. Death of McMeems—write to his friends and enclose letter of chaplain.

29th. Clear and cold—drums—air thick with rumors—signs of orders and marches—ask for information—none able to answer. Will we be reviewed to-day? Nobody knows. Troops moving out. 1st Brigade moves to town for review. We receive no orders—Capt. Carr, over from division headquarters, informs us of review—no orders still—everybody drunk at brigade headquarters—order arrived there from division, but too drunk to read it! Order finally received—fall in and march to town—form line same as yesterday—cold—delay—citizens—city papers—Gen. Morgan—16th and

60th officers—Col. Tillson and my article on "Wallace W. Rice." Wishes me to describe "Buenaventura." Wishes article on "W. W. Rice" sent to his wife—delay—McGrath and I visit dock—reviewed in Exchange Place—great crowd—Gen. Slocum and Gen. Sherman and staffs—Pulaski Monument—return to camp at 3 P. M.

30th. At work on papers. Visit "Buenaventura" with Lieut. Lewis W. Van Tuyl. Night—C. B. S. mustered—turn "F" over to him—feel relieved.

31st. Mustered this morning—at work on papers. This work completed, my connection with Company "F" will cease. I will receive commander's pay, and such consolation as follows duty faithfully performed.

John Charles Frémont, the first Republican candidate for President, was born in this town.

1865.

January 1st. New Year—get pass and attend church in city—Independent Presbyterian—pleased with services—Gen. Sherman and staff present—visit city—oyster supper.

ON OCEAN TRANSPORTS TO BEAUFORT, S. C.

2d. With my own company again—go on picket with it. Guard mount at Gen. Mower's headquarters. Met Col. Tillson. His compliment on the manner in which I had conducted Company "F." I made no response. Pleasant day. Night—troops cheering—Lieuts. Shaw and Woodard visit us on the picket-line with an appeal for signatures on Lieut.-Col. Mac Wood's case. Wood is an ignoramus and Tillson a plotter, as the surgeons say, by "first intention." He plotted against Col. James D. Morgan at Mound City, and through all the years of the service afterward. He was shallow enough to suppose that while he flattered he deceived me—never for a moment on any point! He affected poetry, and died an inebriate.

3d. Early breakfast brought us by Aleck—troops have marching orders—going—17th and 15th A. C.s—to Beaufort, S. C., on ocean transports. Relieved from picket—go to camp and pack up baggage.

2 P. M. March to Thunderbolt to embark. Troops going aboard—Gen. Sherman in neat fatigue suit, white vest, talking to naval officers on board transport, anchored in middle of river. Tars row the General from one vessel to another—transports leaving—General aboard salutes General Sherman, who waves his hat in return. 32d Wis. and 10th Ill. go aboard one vessel—men crowded—officers comfortable—night—officers drinking—went to bed early—steamer did not leave her anchorage till late in the night. The embarkation was an animated scene.

4th. Emerge from the Sound into open sea at 9 A. M. Reach Hilton Head at 12 M.—did not stop—reached Beaufort at 3 P. M. Moved out to camp two miles from town. The trip up Beaufort Bay is a delightful memory.

5th. Mess out at Negro huts after oysters—get them after dinner—big stew—Aleck in town to-day. Move camp this eve—go back few hundred yards on higher ground—cold and windy.

6th. I and Howard go to town. Call at commissary department and make requisition for mess. Meet Ed eating cheese—isn't going to camp until he spends all his money! Get an *Atlantic Monthly*—see Sam Cooley—artist—courtesy of himself and wife—his coast views very beautiful—arsenal—dinner at Beaufort Hotel. Gen. Saxton and wife—returned to camp. Line officers met at Col. T.'s headquarters and elected Capt. Gillespie to the majority *vice* Wilson.

7th. Majority of mess go to town on mules! Tillson having placed Gillespie in line of advancement, he will succeed to the lieutenant-colonelcy as soon as Wood is out of the way, an event anticipated daily. Gillespie gave a champagne blow-out this evening.

8th. Company inspection — received sanitary goods — edibles.

9th. Completed papers — drilled company. Went to town and mailed "The Republican Court." Negro soldiers abused by white ones—white soldiers drunk—bought clothing at post quartermaster's—officers drunk—returning to camp, met Burns with "D" going into serve as provost guard.

10th. Send note to *Plaindealer*. Wrote to Robt. Moir on loss of subscription to Soldiers' Monument. Wrote to Maj. Kelly on pay. It seems that the company subscription of five hundred dollars to the Soldiers' Monument has been intercepted and squandered—consider how it may be recovered.

11th. Learn that Lieut.-Col. Wood will be mustered out to-morrow. Old Mac was a failure in some respects; but he was not a coward.

CAMPAIGN THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

12th. Received marching orders for to-morrow. In town with Lieut. Hankey—charming view of the Bay—Gen. Howard's headquarters. Col. Wood in Beaufort—a citizen—drank his health in a glass of wine—good-bye. Took dinner with Burns and Howard. 15th A. C. landing from transports—recruits—substitutes—drafted and furloughed men of both A. C.s coming in from Nashville—eleven days on the road—McKinney not among them.

13th. Muster-roll for "F." Broke camp at 5 P. M. and marched seven miles—did not get off the island—went into camp near estuary.

14th. Broke camp at daylight—delay—move out upon causeway and over pontoons—vessels in the far blue distance at sea! Cannon shot—skirmish in advance—drove the enemy before us all day—went into camp after night inside old entrenchments of the enemy—heavy cannonading—marsh grass on fire—had to burn a ring around our bed to prevent burning out during sleep.

15th. Broke camp at 7—passed through two lines of heavy earthworks, old and grass-grown—Negroes inform us the enemy left our front at midnight—reached Pocotaligo Station on P. R. & A. Railroad at 10 A. M.—camp on low ground on south side of railroad—rebel winter quarters—learn that Foster's troops, Capt. James' command, five miles distant—10th Ill. and 27th Ohio ordered out with foraging train this P. M.—Heyward Mansion; its destruction—books—furniture—pictures—musical instruments—bust of Calhoun—New York *Heralds*. This was the summer dwelling in the piney woods of a prominent family, a class in touch with Northern traitors through the spy system, by which they were supplied with medicines and the daily papers, etc., etc. Our soldiers smashed the piano with the butts of their muskets while the wagons loaded with forage.

16th. Reading B. T——'s "India, China, and Japan."

17th. Reading—ride with Woodard into country—plantation-cemetery—"No common dust lies here," etc.

Maj. Screven's plantation—Gregory's—letter from Maj. Wilson—death of Gid. H. Ayres at the head of his colored company in the battle of Nashville. Beaufort and vicinity was distinguished before the war for its wealthy slave-holders and their aristocratic pretensions, illustrated by the above line, copied from one of their tombstones.

18th. Clear—nights cold—heavy frost—inspection at 1 P. M.—prepare "Buenaventura" for *Plaindealer*.

19th. Circular of Gen. H. announcing capture of Fort Fisher—received marching orders for to-morrow.

20th. Broke camp at daylight—moved out on Ridgeville road—struck the enemy's cavalry soon after leaving our out-posts; drove him four miles—only our division out—aim to capture a battery and its support—made a flank movement, during which rebs decoyed and nearly surrounded a small force of our cavalry; prevented by our infantry—struck river in our flank movement; attempted to bridge it; swollen by recent floods; failed—rained continuously—waded in water to our

knees—very cold—returned to Ridgeville and camped—got comfortably settled, when we were ordered back to Pocotaligo—got into old camp after night—found my old friend Capt. James, 33d U. S. (colored), at my tent; pleased to meet him—camp flooded with water—sick—no rest.

21st. In company with Capt. James, called on Colonel T. —mounted and returned with the captain as far as the Hudson Plantation, the scene of Col. Terry's fight, leading colored troops against the enemy; won his first star here.

22d. Troops tearing up railroad—our regiment moved east in direction of Charleston and tore up one mile of track—rebel battery shell us—Pocotaligo Station, on P. R. & A. Railroad—in the station building I examined a mass of private papers left by rebels in their flight—some curious deeds to realty signed by King George III.

23d. "E" and "K" on picket at 9 A. M.—reading history of Georgia—Gen. Fuller returned from furlough—what has become of McKinney?

24th. Dried blankets—clear—high wind—reading.

25th. Mounted and rode down to Capt. James' regiment at Hudson's Plantation—met Negroes who informed me that Gen. Hatch's troops had crossed the Tilufinny—resolve to go on—pass Gens. Potter and Hatch—reach works of colored troops; deserted, save by section of 3d R. I. battery—see from this point the new camp across the river—shipping in the estuaries—leave mule under the Negro guards and cross river in boat with squad of soldiers.

In Capt. James' tent I was ill at night from ptomaine poisoning, caused by something I had eaten; sick now for two days with intermittent attacks; but for strong camp coffee, I had fared worse.

26th. Up with the sun—breakfast—recross river and return to Pocotaligo—found division gone; overtake it—returned to old camp—found Lieut. Winsett in camp; learn from him of the interception of the Soldiers' Monument fund by McKinney.

27th. Arranged with Capt. Kellogg, division commander, for getting grub for officers' mess on credit—learn that our campaign opens on the 30th inst.—trains loading with supplies, and sick and disabled returned to Beaufort, also extra baggage—packed a box of books and papers and sent to rear—Capt. Race reported for duty. This officer, one of the most efficient in our organization, but detached on Gen. James D. Morgan's staff, is a valuable and much-needed acquisition.

28th. Prepared "Buenaventura" article for *Plaindealer*.

29th. Capt. James and adjutant of 33d (colored) called—15th A. C. moving to front—marching orders for 7 to-morrow.

During one of my father's semi-annual visits to the city of New York for the purchase of merchandise, a Sunday call, in 1854, at the old Five Points Mission, resulted in an acquaintance with Mr. Pease, the famous superintendent, one of whose first and best aims was to find friends for the friendless and homes for the homeless who found a temporary asylum at the mission. Merchants of character and repute from the West were seized upon with avidity by Mr. Pease in behalf of the boys and girls in his charge. In this way Capt. William James, a youth of fifteen or thereabouts, from Kilkenny, Ireland, came West to grow up with the country. This alert, active son of the soldier race throve sturdily under this transmigration; the human plant rooted readily in the new soil and grew apace. He absorbed a knowledge of business methods, schooled himself fairly well in the common branches, became active in the "Wide-Awake" Presidential campaign of 1860, entered the Union Army in 1861, and rose from a sergeant in my regiment to a captaincy in the "First South Carolina Colored Troops," afterwards numbered by the Government the "33d U. S. Colored." He survives in comfortable circumstances, a substantial citizen of Jacksonville, Fla.

30th. Broke camp at 7 and moved out on Ridgeville road to point near Combahee River and camped. Reading "Oliver Twist."

31st. This P. M., veterans of "F" were sent to rear and mustered out, their three years' service having expired—marching orders for 6 A. M. to-morrow.

February 1st. Broke camp at 6 A. M. Our division in advance. Soon struck the enemy. Negro informed us that they were simply the rebel outposts of two hundred cavalry. They felled trees across the road, which our pioneers quickly removed; they also erected rail barricades every two miles, from behind which they did their shooting on our advance. Drove easy. Came to deep swamp at 3 P. M.—very difficult to cross—had severe skirmish here—captain on Gen. Howard's staff severely wounded through the neck—detained here till dusk—crossed, single file, on poles—precarious footing. Encamped half-mile from swamp. Pack-mule and trains came over after night. Made twelve miles—weather clear—country more hilly than expected. Passed one fine large plantation which was deserted—our men burned the buildings—large quantities of chinaware of superior quality found buried in the earth and destroyed—shame!

2d. 3d and 4th Divisions, not getting across swamp last eve, could not take the advance, and we took the lead again—3d Brigade (ours) in advance of Division, 25th Ind. skirmishers. Met the enemy two miles out. Severe skirmishing—killed four rebs—wounded a number. Had some officers and men wounded. Burned plantations. Enemy drove hard—delay—form line of battle—bury rebel dead—Gens. H., B. and M. close by. Move in—delay where roads fork—take left road—Gen. Mower pushes things—heavy skirmishing—saw 9th Ill. Mounted Infantry make a charge—brilliant—rebs fled precipitately. Lieutenant-colonel on Howard's staff wounded in leg. Reach an open field—halt—form line of battle—send three companies from our regiment to relieve the skirmishers of 25th Ind. Cannonading to our right. 20th and 14th A. C.s said to be not far distant. Night—bivouac—water hard to obtain—forage in abundance. Mulatto girl presented herself at our camp-fire to-night—wanted to cook for our mess. Colo-

nel 43d Ohio wounded in leg to-day. Adjutant of 25th Wis head shot off by shell. We are now on the shore of the Salkahatchie—enemy entrenched on the other side—swamps wide and deep intervene.

3d. Our division in advance—broke camp at 6—moved up road parallel to river one mile—delay—blocked up in road—raining—deep mud—on causeway—swamp on either side of us—Gen. Mower standing in the midst—detachments carrying boards and laying a sort of bridge over the swamp to left of road to reach the bank of the river. Cannonading to our right—soldiers on a limited dry spot to right of road, washing and joking. Move to left, descending into a dismal swamp. 25th and 32d went in—our regiment moves on up causeway and suddenly quit the road, entering the swamp to the right—plunge into water—through deep tangled wild-wood—a maze of poisonous vines and cypress stumps—water ankle-deep—knee-deep—thigh-deep and bitter cold. Slow and tedious—reach river—relieve 63d pickets—glimpses of rebel fort one hundred yards distant—rebel flag—our pickets engaged—we reconnoitre—Capt. Gillespie thinks the enemy can be easily driven away and his artillery captured! He sends word to this effect to Col. Tillson, who is with the 25th and 32d on the left of the causeway. Sergt. Tom Cook acting as orderly for Gillespie. Send detail to brigade wagon for axes—ten men of "E" fell trees across river for the purpose of crossing our men. Phil Lent, stretcher-bearer of "D," killed. "E" out on skirmish-line. Prvt. Silas W. Goulden just ahead of me wounded in breast and arm—sent him to the rear—Willis Nelson near the same spot had his clothing pierced on the tip of right shoulder. Companies "K" and "G" cross stream—Booth wounded—Capt. Wilson of "G" also. One of "F" killed. One of "C" mortally wounded. Jacob Rust and William Tweed of "E" wounded. Casualties in other companies also. Rebel artillery opens, sweeping the causeway to our left. Our boys pour their volleys into the rebel fort, and drive the rebel gunners away from their pieces. A few of

43d Ohio boys assist us. Rain—dusk—troops to left of causeway cross the river in force—flank the enemy's works—we advance from the front—rebs evacuate—fly in confusion, leaving their dead and many prisoners in our hands, also clothing and knapsacks—among them four cavalymen of 31st S. C. We occupy the enemy's works—Gen. Howard and captain of staff arrives: "Can you tell me how you got it?" "By making it too hot for 'em." Shook my hand heartily. I was placed in charge of prisoners—talk with a rebel ordnance sergeant and his comrades—they live in Savannah—anxious to return to their allegiance and homes. Cavalryman of 3d S. C. in Yankee uniform—Gen. Mower asks permission of Gen. H. to hang him. Night—troops go into camp—relieved from duty with prisoners—supper—dry clothing—boys gathered up some rebel officers' uniforms—get from pockets machine poetry and letters. Loss of regiment to-day, 26 killed and wounded. Gen. Mower fell into river—pulled out by Capt. De Grass. Buried our dead on a little elevation in the swamp.

4th. Our regiment left camp, light marching order, with forage train at 8 A. M. Met 4th Division coming in—Gen. G. A. Smith, Gen. Potts and Gen. Belknap (Secretary of War under Grant), the latter with his saddle hung thick with chickens! Boys laugh at his Shanghais—he, a big, burly, sandy-whiskered fellow, smiled and said: "Boys, you 're only mad because you haven't got 'em!" Found rebel artillery ammunition strewn along the route of retreat of the enemy last night—had to lighten his load to get away. People along the road said the rebel forces were going their last cent on their legs as they passed on the double-quick at an early hour last evening. Halt at old lady's—"seventy-odd"—palsied—her complaints—gave her a guard—moved on a mile—rich reb, four sons in rebel Army—load wagons with corn—boys fill canteens with molasses and haversacks with peanuts—kraut—the family—a scene—group on porch—cotton-gin and buildings burning—tears. Ambulance gone back to Beaufort with wounded,

under an escort with wagon-train, which is to return with rations.

5th. Rode into country with Hartley and "C" boys on mules—kill blood-hound—talk with Negro, who shows us the hiding-place of his master. Find the old gentleman with his Negroes, mules, horses and wagon on a little island in the center of a large swamp. Brought away the animals and turned them over to the quartermaster. Coming out of swamp on our return, came upon two other citizens secreted with horses—men were old and infirm—so were the animals—let them go. Met Lieut. Kennedy and Capt. Race and their "Bummers," also Lieut. Woodard—returned to camp with them.

6th. Broke camp at 8 A. M. and marched to Little Salkahatchie—eight miles—arrived at 11 A. M. Went into camp here thus early, as it was impossible to proceed till the swamp and river were bridged and corduroyed. Heavy rain.

7th. Received marching orders for 8 A. M.—delayed till 12 M. Swamps innumerable—took command of "G" to-day. Reached camp after night. Gen. Mower listening to piano music evoked by young lady; the boys meantime pulling the blinds off the windows of the residence for fire-wood!

The commander of "G" being wounded and sent to the rear, I was assigned to the command of the company and remained in charge of it till we reached Raleigh, N. C.

8th. Broke camp at 7—one mile—past a saw-mill and over a swamp brought up to Midway Station on the Sav. and C. R. R. Gen. Howard's headquarters here—stacked arms along track and tore it up and destroyed it effectually. Talk with Negro refugees—they come from beyond the Edisto, whither we go. The Jennings. Go into camp—dinner—throw up breast-works—learn that the rebel force is not far distant. Ride out with Lieut. Woodard to the plantations of Sims and Jamison. Get a few books and papers and return—high wind—cold.

[The Jamison plantation referred to belonged to David Jamison, the president of the convention which voted the State of South Carolina out of the Union—so far as a vote could do that. The premises were a wreck when I reached the spot. There was at least a ton of books and private papers in a small out-office still remaining; among them I found the secret cypher used by Jamison when chairman of that convention to communicate with the conspirators who remained in Washington. I lost this and other papers, including my commission, by accidental fire.]

9th. Broke camp at 8—rapid marching—pass burning plantation buildings—cannonading ahead—cloudy and cold—halt—load—move on—go into line of battle at the double-quick—rebel batteries open on us—reach a position in 'an open field, in a depression. Our battery takes position and opens—rebels reply—first rebel shot takes the leg off a batteryman and kills one of the 32d Wis. While we eat dinner, a soldier with a "diamond" shovel scoops out a shallow grave and lowers his dead comrade into it. Presently a piece of shell strikes the grave-digger, who had his back turned to the rebel battery, on the knapsack, throwing him upon his face, doing him no injury whatever. An orderly wounded.

After much labor, succeeded in eluding the enemy—drew his attention to the left of our position and laid a pontoon-bridge a little to our right, almost on the rebel front (effected this at dusk)—crossed immediately—strict orders not to converse above a whisper and to move with great caution across the bridge, making no noise—32d and 10th ahead—off the bridge into the mud and water and dense woods. Not fifty yards distant reb pickets discover us and fire into our flank, wounding John Nelson of "E" in the cheek. "A" and "H" deployed on our left flank. Firing ceased—conclude they are gone—move ahead—cautiously—swamp getting deeper every step—delays—bitter cold—feet and limbs aching—men shiver; teeth chatter so they can not talk—delay—Gen. Mower—his impatience—advance—water knee-deep—water thigh-deep—

Heavens, how cold! Water waist-deep—some short fellows nearly go under! Ugh! Ugh! Some crawl up and perch on the cypress-knees shaking with the cold—foolish fellows! why don't they go ahead? Plunge on, leading "G"—hard-tack from the haversacks of those who preceded us floating on the turbid water. It is now near midnight—plunge ahead—gain dry land—cross a fence into a field—form line of skirmishers and also a line of battle in rear with as many as have now got through. Hear the voices of the enemy not far distant! Gave them a volley—they get out of that, leaving a mortally wounded major behind and some other prisoners. Lines of



MIDNIGHT CROSSING OF THE EDISTO.

battle now complete—we see the enemy's fires just across the field—our lines advance—see rebel troops passing through the red glare of their camp-fires on a rapid retreat—a few scattering shots pass over our heads—we advance—double-quick, with cheers—enemy does not stay to receive us—reach their camp—stack arms—throw out pickets—gather in groups around the rebel camp-fires and cough and shake with cold in our wet clothes. We have crossed the Edisto! We are without blankets, hungry and cold—it is now one o'clock in the morning. Bring the dying rebel major to one of the fires, the other prisoners also. Gen. Mower congratulates us—Lieut. Van Tuyl goes back over river to order pack-mule up with blankets—morning hastens—I despair of sleep to-night and lie down on pile of rails—slept none—am but an indifferent sleeper—"Lew" returned at 3 o'clock A. M. with the blankets—he went to sleep instantly—not so I.

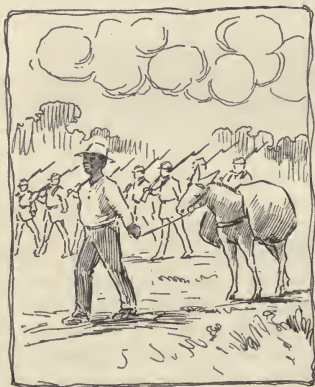
10th. Clear—beautiful day. Troops remain in camp—our regiment ordered out with train for forage. Reported to Gen. Mower—moved up lane—halt—stack arms—continuous stream of foragers passing into camp, loaded with meat and meal, flour—everything! Some with buggies, others with carriages; army wagons loaded and pack-mules. Return to camp. 3d Division passes to front—soldier marched through all the camp under guard with “Skulker” written in large characters on a board which was strapped upon his back. Lieut. Kennedy and I ride into the country this P. M. Jennings’ residence—its plight—the family in the kitchen—library—“Cotton is King.” Visit churches—Jennings and his boats—his safe. Don’t infer that we cracked this man’s safe. I can only speak for myself. I came out of the South dead-broke!

11th. Clear and warm. Broke camp at 12 M. Received mail on the Orangeburg road to-day—country rolling—plantations large—red clay soil, highly cultivated. Got into camp after night—made seventeen miles. Heavy firing ahead—15th A. C. Reading “Life of John C. Calhoun.”

12th. High wind—cannonading through the night. Rebs said to be in force on the river—North Edisto, which is close by. Look for a fight. Remained in camp till 12 M. Our batteries meanwhile shell rebel works. Left camp at noon on a moment’s notice—heavy marching order—moved down towards our battery and turned to right parallel to river, debouched upon an open field, where we found our artillery massed—also ammunition train and ambulance—ominous enough!

Warm, sunny day—stack arms—suspense—presently from the woods in front of us emerge two officers with orderlies. They ride rapidly across the field and report to some one far to our left and disappear ’round our left flank in the woods—suddenly Gen. Howard and staff appear and ride off toward the position of our batteries—they speak as they pass the left of our line—notice slight agitation among the men—news of some kind—in a minute or two word comes that Gen. Blair is in Orangeburg! The town is ours! Cheers! A pause—

Gen. Sherman and staff appear and ride toward us—the old hero is looking splendid—we cheer—he salutes—cheers redoubled—he rides away in the wake of Howard, towards Orangeburg. Gen. Mower passes down the line—boys shout the watchword of the campaign: “*Cartridge-boxes 'round the neck! Heave-o-heave!*” The first referring to the swamps and rivers which we wade; the last to tearing up railroad track. Gen. Mower the boys call “Swamp Lizard.” We take arms and follow our leaders—halt near the causeway which leads to bridge across river, then push on over into the city—notice a few dead rebs by the wayside. Reb works—city—buildings on fire—citizens (men, women and children) in the yards with all their household stuff packed up awaiting to see their houses consumed—perhaps themselves! *Fools!* Court-house—flag—Negro pen—jail—fine residences—Gen. Sherman on the sidewalk—prisoners—tearing up railroad. Orphan Asylum—gray suits and white aprons—little girls and boys seem quite happy—they bring water to us—the town was fired by a Jew merchant of the place—whiskey burning.



ALECK AND BILLY.

to-day—left track for camp at 5 P. M.—passed through fine country—came into the old Charleston stage road—beau-

SCENE: Old rich fellow standing in his portico. Regiment passing. Soldier: “How do you like the looks of the Star-Spangled Banner?” Citizen: “I’ve seen it before.” Soldier: “You are liable to see it again.”

Noticed the residence of Lawrence M. Keitt.

13th. Marched four miles up railroad and tore up the track—“G” “operated” at Jamison’s Station—took up sixty-six rails

tiful plantations—reached camp soon after night—difficulty finding the cook's "shebang"—dear old "Aleck," of Alabama, and "Billy," the mule, comprised the commissary outfit of the officers' mess. "Aleck" was a plantation slave, and came with us from Tuscumbia in 1862; an honest colored boy as ever lived. I never could tell why, but "Aleck" always showed a peculiar affection for me, nor do I know how or where we finally lost him. After the grand review at Washington, when the army boarded trains on the Baltimore & Ohio for Louisville, the little fat mule "Billy," that so faithfully carried over hundreds of miles the greasy old gunny-bag paniers which contained our boiled sweet potatoes and pig meat, would have to be left behind; but certainly "Aleck" came West with us. I would give dollars now (1911) to possess a kodak picture of our faithful cook, the pack-animal, and the grub-stake of the Carolinas.

14th. Advance division to-day—cloudy and cold—fine country and well improved—wide stage road—golden grass and hills covered with evergreens—strike hills and streams seven miles out—buildings burning—smoke of 15th A. C.—mill burning—halt—tar-pits—turpentine camp—reach high grounds beyond and go into camp—dinner—"Aleck" and "Billy" bring in wagon-load of grub—rain—hear that our hard-tack is giving out—great quantities of forage coming in. We can trace the route of the corps on the horizon by the trail of black smoke from the burning tar, rosin, and turpentine works.

15th. Broke camp at 10 A. M.—frequent halts—noticed road in which 15th A. C. moved in ahead of us—the corps of the grand army are converging to strike *Columbia*—our foragers saw men of 20th and 14th A. C.s to-day—heard cannonading—distant—Beauregard, Taylor, and Hardee said to be in *Columbia*. Weather clears—carriages with sick—got into camp late at night—starlight—15th A. C. had heavy skirmishing—11 P. M., cannonading—whistle of steam engine in *Columbia*. Reading "Gulliver's Travels."

16th. Cannonading — we shift to left — swamps — strike sandy country—sky clears—sunny and warm—rapid marching

—hot—halt—get in shade of small bush—view of *Columbia*; splendid; situated on very high ground, just below the confluence of the Saluda and Broad rivers—Capitol buildings, old and new—flags—deserted streets—small groups of rebels riding in full view; darting in and out, to and fro, carrying the torch—cotton burning in the streets—the ground on which our corps is massed also very high and in full view from the city—our entire army, with its war-stained banners—artillery—ambulances—ordnance and supply-trains stand in full view before the doomed Capitol. Report that the enemy has evacuated, leaving only a detachment of cavalry as a party of observation. Our batteries throw shell across the river at the rebel cavalry in the streets—foragers coming in with large quantities of meal, meat, flour, and tobacco—we are halted alongside an old prison camp, where the officers of our army were only recently starved; a miserable, filthy place—old garments, patched, lying around—the breeches! the graves! the hovels—bits of old letters—pieces of old briar-root, of which the prisoners made pipes. Strong breeze blowing in towards the city—bands playing “Yankee Doodle.” Gen. Sherman passes—dense smoke enshrouds the city—lay pontoons across Saluda—cheers—heavy skirmishing—enemy driven off—rebel train moving north—anxiety about Woodard and his “Bummers”; recruiting officer and his Negroes charge them; flight—fun—cheers. Finish “Davy Crockett.” Picked up the “base” of pants worn by a Union officer in this prison; he had repaired the foundation of his trousers with the half of his vest intact, sewed on the best he could.

17th. Cannon-shots 9.30 A. M.—three companies 4th Division cross river in boats in advance of those who are crossing on the pontoons—new Capitol building, meant for a capitol for the Southern Confederacy—churches—broke camp at 10 and crossed Saluda—factory on our left—camp on peninsula—high wind—tall grass on fire—*talk about wind in Illinois!* South Carolina’s can equal the gales of any land or sea; blew coffee from my lips when I attempted to drink it. Broke camp in the evening and crossed, slowly, Broad River—passed up through

the city and out on the Winsboro road and camped—beautiful plantation—wine in cellar—night—city on fire—visit the conflagration with Lieut. L. Van Tuyl—asylum; talk with officers of this institution—fire spreading in every direction—women and children in consternation. House—young lady and two gentlemen—guard—old doctor from Vermont; he teaches school—feeds soldiers—lady asks advice; give it. People, black and white, going in crowds up the streets, carrying children and their effects—old gentleman and three daughters; their friends over the way; home in flames—exclamations of pity—Catholic priest; his school for boys—old man will be saved in spite of himself; we insist that his dwelling is safe, and suggest that he put a black boy on his roof to put out sparks; he is indifferent and reckless; the elder daughter, turning to her sisters with a wan face and a wagging hand, almost ludicrous: “The pee-an-nah! the pee-an-nah!”—leave them. Jewish lady and eight children accost us; give her the best advice in our power—Gen. Giles A. Smith, mounted, lifts his flask and drinks damnation to the Confederacy—Irish people; our Irish soldiers assisting to save their property—Negroes begging—soldiers with cigars in sack—elderly lady calls from porch, asks us for help; observing that she is unduly frightened, her house being in no danger, my companion tells her that “Providence will do more for you than we can; fire can’t reach you.” Cotton piled in the streets burning. Meet captain 15th A. C. wringing wet, having assisted to put out fire in the neighborhood—fire in this quarter of the city raging with terrible fury over and through the solid blocks of buildings—families fleeing for safety down the streets—main street crammed with a surging mass of humanity—soldiers and citizens—sidewalks heaped with plunder—soldier with gorgeous silver platter of immense size—books—carriages and horses—officer and guard; officer drunk; tells us of his sergeant’s “good thing”; shows a sample of the “good thing”—ladies looking after trunks—family pass carrying poodle dog and leading a hound—cross street—accost old Negro, “What do you think of the night, sir?” “Wall, I tell you what I dinks, I dinks de Day ob Jubilee for me hab come.” Old priest and “sister” on

sidewalk with their plunder, ready for flight, ask if the flames have crossed the main street. Press on—pick up case of surgeon's instruments—look into residence; a lady in full dress seated on the stairway, her trunks around her, and a guard stretched full length upon the floor fast asleep. Revisit old man and three daughters; old gentleman tells us of mob of black-legs and Wheeler's men, who remained behind the rebel army to sack the city before the entrance of our army; one of the mob drew a revolver on Gen. Wade Hampton, who returned to dispel the rabble; old gentleman told us that he would rather lose all he had than have his daughters misused; to our knowledge, no insult had been offered them; during our absence they had a very large trunk stolen, which they had placed on the sidewalk; leave them. Stop again at the Vermont doctor's; found him in the midst of his household stuff on the sidewalk in front of his residence, greatly flurried; found his residence, a large fine one, on fire; went up stairs to the flames and put the fire out. Pass on—fat old gentleman and family sweating under their weary load; fat man, with deep anguish in his voice, "Alas, that we should suffer so on account of our rulers!" Group on corner, young man and wife; home burned; had not where to lay their heads; told him to occupy the deserted dwelling of one of the wealthy traitors; he thought none of these would be standing by daylight, which seemed quite probable. Met a soldier with a small white pony which he had found in a cellar—Irish lady with babe blessing Gen. Sherman—one fellow with a window curtain parading the streets and flouting his strange device for a "Bummer's" banner.

18th. 1st Brigade gone to tear up railroad, also 25th and 32d—our regiment remains in camp—Claiborne White; his new rebel uniform coat—3d and 4th Divisions tearing up railroad—move out six miles and camp—cannonading this morning—uncut sheets of rebel "bluebacks" picked up.

19th. Broke camp at 7—light marching order—18th Mo. and one company of 9th Ill. Mounted Infantry with us—proceeded seven miles out on railroad to ——— Station; here overtook rebel rear guard; came near having an ugly fight with

them; they open on us with a battery; we deployed under cover of the deserted rebel huts to left of road and looked upon the enemy deploy his skirmishers and prepare to receive us. As we came out to tear up track and not to fight, and as we were already farther advanced than necessary, we stationed our pickets and withdrew and went to tearing up track. At this place the Confederate authorities were erecting a stockade for prisoners; had cut the trenches and framed a great many timbers for this purpose; we burned the timbers. On returning to camp, learned that the enemy's cavalry made an attempt to destroy our supply-train.

20th. Broke camp at 9—moved up track four miles beyond where we were yesterday and camp—portion of the army tear up track—ten miles to-day. Rumor that Charleston is evacuated; contrabands bring in this word.

21st. Our regiment in advance of the army—moved slowly along the railroad, tearing it up as we went; we tear up the track, pile it and fire it, and the engineers come behind and twist the rails—some *flat rail* on this road. Some of our escaped prisoners came to us to-day—immense quantities of forage taken.

22d. Broke camp early and reached Winsboro about noon—handsome village; has college—found part of 20th A. C. here—railroad destroyed—after leaving village, took road to right—entered a very rough country—soil intensely red—sides of hills furrowed by deep gullies—got along slowly. *Accumulating Negroes fast*; poor creatures cling to us, despite the bad treatment they often receive at the hands of the soldiers; their patience is invincible; I often pity them; they meet with insult and abuse at every turn; the vast majority of our men, however, respect them. Rear guard to-day.

23d. Broke camp at 8. Marched to within two miles of Wateree River and stacked arms till 15th A. C. crossed. Remained here three hours—pulled out finally, but made very slow progress—reached the river at dusk and crossed over on a poor pontoon bridge. Boys in trouble about horses and mules which were ordered to be turned over here—"Bummers"

anxious about their riding stock—extremely so! As the companies massed on opposite bank, they pushed forward to camp, distant two miles — rain — miry — hills—night—road blocked with wagons—pitchy darkness — camp — got into line and stacked arms in a confused manner—rain—rain—late supper—get tent up and fare very well. Rumor still floating about that Charleston is evacuated.

24th. Broke camp at 6—our division in advance—raining—miry. 20th A. C. appears off our left—halt till we pass. Noon halt—no breakfast—hungry—rain again — very slow progress this P. M. Got to camp at twilight. "G," "E" and "K" on picket—posted on plantations. Rain—15th A. C. pickets—Negroes' cabins.

25th. Raining—old boats burnt. Took up picket-line at 7 and joined regiment. Out four miles came to sandy soil—good roads—country poor; swamps and thinly inhabited. People poor. Secure a living by making turpentine and rosin. Piney woods "chipped" for turpentine. Made twelve miles. Passed spot where one of "A's" foragers was killed—rebel placard: "*Death to all foragers.*" Bellus, Cowan and Purcell of "E" captured and taken to Andersonville Prison. They had load of provisions in buggy—attempted to cut loose and run, but were not quick enough! My boots are about "gone up." Rosin pockets in trees burning last night as we came into camp.

26th. Broke camp at 8 A. M. Crossed Little Lynche's Creek—swampy on each side of it—ammunition-train had to raise boxes to keep load dry—swam the mules—Alex and "Billy" had to swim! Good roads now—made first three miles easily; then came frequent halts—finally got under way and moved rapidly along till reached camp before dusk; one mile from main Lynche's Creek. Passed two houses only to-day and they were of the meanest sort. Country poor, flat and gravelly. Tillson, having lost Purcell, details Billy Roberts for brigade forager. Two brigades of infantry and 3,000 rebel cavalry said to have been near this ground at 9 A. M. to-day—doubtful as to the numbers.

27th. Our division has the advance. Broke camp at 5:30. Passed 4th Division in camp. Delay at creek—pass over—stream full to overflowing; farther shore low and covered with water—road being corduroyed by colored pioneers—deep water—horses down—half-mile to dry land—reach it and stack arms. Move forward one hundred yards and stack arms—go with Lieut, Winsett to spring—troops move forward again a short distance and camp for the night. Connecticut officers with us. Learn of Kilpatrick's disaster with Wade Hampton. Orderly this P. M. captured forty-three mules, four horses and large number of Negroes. 1,500 "Bummers" out to-day.

28th. See little of the enemy since leaving Winsboro—ominous! Broke camp at 7. Our division in advance; our regiment in rear. Made fifteen miles to-day. Rain—gained camp at 3 P. M. On direct road to Cheraw. Learned after getting settled in camp that 9th Ill. were in tight place; went out to assist them—no forage for man or beast. Drawing rations at the rate of five crackers for four days. Men hungry and out of humor. Rumor that communication will be opened with us on the Great Pedee. Entrenched after night. Presence of the enemy restricts foraging.

March 1st. Our corps remains in camp to-day—understand we are further advanced than the other A. C.s. Finished Simm's "History of South Carolina"; on "Life of Marion." Rebs on our front—their picket-line four miles distant. Taken 150 prisoners since yesterday. Batteryman of our division came in to-day who has long been a prisoner at Florence—says rebels, on evacuating that place, left large number of our sick behind with nurses, to be picked up by our army; many die daily. Marching orders for daylight.

2d. "Bummers" forming at headquarters. Broke camp at 6. Moved out on the Cheraw road—came upon the enemy's outposts—drove them back upon their rifle-pits and beyond, with slight loss. Out foraging to-day—our brigade have division supply-train with us, Gen. Mower and one section artil-

lery. Found the enemy in force—in line of battle—too strong for our small force—returned to camp.

Some misgivings about our situation to-day. It is said we can not penetrate farther into this poor country without great risk. Enemy is concentrating all his available forces on our front and entrenching to dispute further progress. We do not wish to fight so far from a base, lacking facilities for the transportation of wounded. I think, however, that "Uncle Billy" is master of the situation, and we will push on, probably to-morrow. 20th A. C. said to be skirmishing heavily. Camp at 12 M. Men faring poorly for rations—country a pine barren—no subsistence—nothing but tar and turpentine. Many men barefoot—Chas. N. Cowan captured to-day.

3d. Marched at 7—moved over same road as yesterday—did not find the enemy—pushed on—struck his cavalry videttes—formed line of battle—came upon fortifications—enemy fled them on our approach and attempted to burn a bridge behind them which spanned a stream running parallel with the works—failed, however—our boys rushed upon the bridge, scattered the rosin on it and extinguished the flames—delayed us but a few minutes. Our artillery reached Cheraw as the rebs were leaving it—throw a few shell after them—our skirmishers charge to save the bridge across the Pedee—too late—covered with rosin and turpentine, ignited like powder—the whole structure instantly wrapped in flames. Our regiment sent off to left flank of town—put out "C" as pickets. Col. McFarland's residence. Blair's headquarters. "Bummers" sack the town. Join brigade south of town and camp—rebel hospital—cemetery—two rebel bodies unburied—bury them—supper—visit town—river—reb pickets—lieutenant 43d Ohio, Lew and Hankey—chat at town pump by moonlight.

4th. Re-inauguration of President Lincoln to-day. Visit town with Lieuts. Winsett and Hankey—depot burned—machinery moulds—bank-note printing materials—artillery and small arms—tools of every description—cotton—locomotive. In this mass of captured war material was a Blakely gun,

"Presented to the Sovereign State of South Carolina by One of Her Citizens Residing Abroad, in Commemoration of the 20th December, 1860."

Laying pontoons—1st brigade across river—cemetery—many Revolutionary graves here—mostly British officers.

The following piece of Southern buncombe is cut on the front of a large family tomb here:

"My name—my country,—what are they to thee?
What—whether high or low my pedigree?
Perhaps—I far surpassed all other men.
Perhaps—I fell below them all,—what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb;
Thou knowest its use. It hides—no matter whom."

Broke camp at 3 P. M.—crossed river—1st Division in line of battle—skirmishers advance—firing—"G" and "B" sent out on flank—to knees in mire—cross fields—gain woods—drove the enemy off and camp—night—enemy's ammunition exploding on our front—3d Brigade moves out to reconnoitre—return to camp—lose my haversack containing toilet articles, the equipment of many weary campaigns. Cannonading up the river.

5th. Enemy left our front—left baggage and provisions behind, on the ground where he blew up his ammunition. Beautiful day—no move—doze and read the poets. Foragers coming in loaded to the guards. They report a rebel commissariat six miles distant, filled with pork and meal. Number of barefoot men increasing every day.

Our rear guard still in Cheraw destroying the spoils taken there. Charleston, in her haste and doubt, shipped her plunder off to Cheraw, where Sherman could never reach it! When at last they found it lay on our route, it was too late to get away with or destroy more than half of it. They did, however, burn a large depot building containing valuables of every description.

Two foragers had encounter with reb to-day. Killed him; but not before he wounded one of his antagonists and broke

his carbine over his head. "Bummers" pillaged a rebel store to-day—brought in rebel uniforms and underwear.

6th. Broke camp at 8. A few of the field-pieces captured at Cheraw along with us—the cannon not on trucks were abandoned. Reached finely cultivated country to-day—large plantations—horses, mules and forage taken in great quantities. Reached Bennetsville and encamped. Visit town—Gen. Blair's headquarters—printing-office—prisoners—Charleston refugees—books—search for a map of North Carolina—Billy Morgan and Alex, our colored cook, learning to read.

7th. Rear guard to-day. Our regiment in advance of brigade. Took Fayetteville road—passed through fine country—guide-boards many. Procession of carriages carrying sick, lame and lazy. Made eight miles and camped at 3 P. M. at Beaver Creek church.

Night—procession of refugee slaves coming into camp singing with splendid effect a doggerel after this manner (tune of "Dixie"):

"Way down South in de land of gravel,
Barefooted Yankees bound to travel.
Look away! Look away! Look away!"

8th. Eggs, sweet potatoes, chicken and coffee for breakfast! Broke camp at 9:30—make half-mile and halt—rain pouring down—slow progress—frequent halts—crossed many swamps and streams—head-waters of Little Pedee—country poor—farms small—cabins and fields of stumps and stones. Negroes' vehicles taken out of train (lengthened it so much) and put in rear of corps. Negro procession quite an army in itself. These poor creatures are sadly mistreated by some of the soldiers; they are uncomplaining, however.

No enemy last two days—crossed State line into North Carolina—roads very bad; wagons sink to their axles—have to corduroy nearly every foot of the way. Regiments and brigades—in fact, the entire army—take a rail on the shoulder as they go along, depositing where needed. Rumor that Rich-

mond is evacuated! Heard this for a day or two. Prognostications on this event—rumors of Terry's movements. Learn that our gunboats have been at Fayetteville looking for us. Got into camp long after night—ordered out after supper to corduroy road—train can not get through—anger of men—go—ordered back—rain—Gen. Howard's orders are to march till 10 o'clock. What's up? Lee? Let him come! We can end this rebellion on this ground as well as on any other.

9th. Roused at 4 o'clock with orders to march at 5. Warm—calm—birds singing—come into finely cultivated country—plantations large—dwellings good—families at home. First plantation: old gent, wife, children, slaves. Second plantation: young ladies on portico—Yankee officer strutting and purring and stroking his moustache before them. Third plantation: two ladies—guard—they stand in the porch looking at us floundering along, knee-deep in mire and in torrents of rain. We glance ruefully out of the shadow of our lowering, drenched hat-rims!

3 P. M. Rain lashes our faces—impossible for trains to get through the mire, so we take a rail each and corduroy every inch of the road. Thunder and lightning—night overtakes 3d Division train fast in mud—my old, worn-out boots lame me terribly. Attempt to camp in open field—failed—fired off to shelter of woods—pitchy darkness—rain, and numb with cold. Foragers stuck three miles from camp. Hall—his silverware. Passed Flora College. A great many of our men lost their remnants of shoes to-day.

10th. Broke camp at 6. My old boots—my old socks! So help me God, if I had old Jeff Davis here, I'd cram them down his dirty throat; thought I'd throw them away this morning, but after much difficulty got them on my feet and staggered along. Hasty breakfast and move out—Negro men, women and children. We are rear guard. By 12 M. got half-mile from camp! Swamps without number.

1 P. M. Large swamp—delay—moonlight—supper—cross over—Negro woman's child drowned—horses drowned—march

rapidly—swamps again—Presbyterian church—go into house during delay and give an old reb \$25 (rebel money) for pair of shoes—good-bye, old boots! Cross over—it is now two o'clock in the morning—come to marshy country—wagons mire down—got within two miles of camp at daylight. Halt for breakfast and feed in the road—move on to camp—get in at 9 A. M.—found division ready to move out for the ensuing march—stack arms, rest a few minutes, and resume the new day's march. "Toil on, ye ephemeral train!"

11th. In advance—rosin burning—3d Division camp and general headquarters—cross Fish Rod Creek—pass through Rock Face Village and across river of same name—factory here burned; operatives idle—camp within three miles of Fayetteville, our cavalry having driven the enemy away from the town and across the Neuse River. Night—just got asleep when aroused to go on picket—took company and posted north of camp.

12th. Brigade moved down to river; put down pontoons and crossed over—seventy men and eight commissioned officers of 24th A. C. communicated with Gen. Sherman to-day—came up Cape Fear River on tug *J. McD. Davidson*, from Wilmington Communication with home at last. Beautiful breezy day. Wrote note for *Plaindealer*.

Evening—ordered to take in pickets and join regiment—Gen. Mower passes—distant canonading—arrive at river—portion of bridge taken up to allow steamer to pass; this operation cut my company in two whilst crossing. Rumor that we will receive ten days' rations here and move forward on Wednesday. 14th A. C. troubles—lost tents and baggage—Gen. Morgan thinks rebellion "dwindled down"; lost all his tents but one, which he carries on a pack-mule; his headquarters in fine house in town; his staff *inside*, himself in tent *outside*; small wedge tent; fire in front.

Apropos of Gen. James D. Morgan's method of plain living in the army, the following slight incidents will further reveal his character and standing with his contemporaries:

In the evening, at the close of the fighting before Dalton (Rocky Face), Gen. Morgan ordered Company "H," Lieut. Woodard, back for our knapsacks. The company passing Gen. Palmer's headquarters, that officer hailed the lieutenant with, "Where 's that large body of men going?" Woodard answered according to Gen. Morgan's order. Gen. Palmer: "Oh! All right; Gen. Morgan never does anything but what is right."

On another occasion, in the field, Gens. Stanley, Davis, Johnson, and Morgan sat mounted, taking a social glass together. Gen. Stanley, addressing Gen. Morgan, offered his flask and said: "Will you drink, general?" Morgan: "Thank you; I am not dry." Stanley: "General, we don't drink because we are dry." Morgan: "I never drink unless I am dry."

Demolishing arsenal to-day—Gen. Sherman looking on and giving the proper instructions—Wm. Case—residence near camp—pocketbook buried under apple tree—goods buried—the hazel-tree wand—horses on island—daughters away—rebels under guard—one tricky fellow crossed dead-line and is mortally wounded.

Sent in requisition for twenty pounds coffee for mess, got five pounds, with injunction to go light upon it, as no more could be had.

13th. Bright, sunny day—music across waters of Cape Fear—Mr. Case; stables burning; runs out to save buggy; plug hat; boys shout at him; they run his buggy back into the fire. This old gentleman (?) had made himself very obnoxious by telling the men that he was a genuine traitor, and looked for the speedy overthrow of the Union armies.

Broke camp at 7, our brigade in advance—pushed out three miles and went into permanent camp for two days—encountered rebels, however, and did not gain the three miles without fighting for them—put up rail barricade and pitched tents. discharged Hall this morning and took John Banfield for mess-forager—turkey for supper. Clothing—"C" and "G" estimate

called for. Order received from Gen. Howard on habit of profane swearing.

14th. With Lieut. Hankey, visit Fayetteville—difficulty in getting over river—pontoon bridges crowded—town—navy officers—troops passing—bands playing—citizens out—Negro burial—return to camp—find troops going into new camp—night—headquarters off “E” and “H” and “C” in corn-crib—Lieut. Woodard relieved as “Bummer.”

15th. Moved out rapidly in direction of Clinton—no enemy till we reached ——— River; here had severe skirmish with him; punished him severely and drove him away, but not without small loss; one of their dead and two wounded fell into our hands—wide and deep swamp on either side of this stream—rebels attempted to burn bridge; failed; we were across about as soon as they—torrents of rain on us all evening. Nightfall—distant cannonading—“Old German Louis” frying flap-jacks in the rain.

16th. Orders to move at 10—delay—tents down and packed—stood in rain all day waiting to move. Evening—ordered out with Company “G” foraging with brigade teams—go into country three miles—night overtakes us—rain—bridge breaks down—break tongue out of wagon—orders received to remain on road where troops are passing—bivouac—to join regiment in morning.

17th. Division came up to us at 6 A. M.—fell into our place and moved with column—came into good country and then again the usual number of swamps—got along slowly—large mulberry trees—left Clinton road at dusk.

18th. Left camp at 6—brigade in advance—sore and stiff this morning—got along rapidly—corduroyed considerable road in morning—towards noon, came into high hilly country—less pine, more oak—plantation of Cobb; tomb of his wife—camp at dusk at Gison’s Church. Tons of books found at Cobb’s Plantation.

19th. Broke camp at 9 A. M.—our regiment rear guard—A. C.s to left—placed trains in charge of one division and

pushed forward to the sound of battle—good country—fine plantations—Union family at roadside—boy with one leg wounded at Fredericksburg—heavy cannonading to left; continued from 11 A. M. till night. Reached camp unexpectedly at 4 P. M.—just across wide swamp on high, steep bank—foragers bringing in large numbers of horses and mules—vehicles of every description loaded with provisions—contradictory reports coming in about the fighting on our left—cannonading through the night—roused at 12 midnight with orders to draw one day's rations to do two days and prepare to march immediately. The battle of Averyboro fought yesterday by the 14th A. C., in which Morgan's division particularly distinguished itself.

20th. Broke camp at 2 A. M. Cannonading—distant—delay at swamp—push rapidly along after crossing it—cannonading—approach it—4th Division wagons—Gen. Sherman's train—hot—fifteen miles made—push on. Trees leaving out—fruit trees in blossom. Cannonading dead ahead and nearer. Hot, hot. Reach 15th A. C. and go into line of battle—made twenty-one miles by 2 P. M. Enemy entrenched on our front. Night—withdraw and go into camp—moving-back rebels attack 15th A. C.—repulsed. This is Bentonville.

21st. Picket-firing—best rest last night that we have had in ten days—our batteries open—orders received—division files out—pass Gen. Blair's headquarters and Gen. G. A. Smith's—pass out of 4th Division breastworks—going to extreme right of our army—pickets—house—9th Ill. Mounted Infantry videttes—log houses—low land—form line of battle in a heavily wooded country and move forward instantly, scarcely giving time to form the line and to allow the skirmishers to deploy. Nothing joins our extreme left—skirmishers engaged—as we advance rebel batteries shell us—we push forward rapidly—strike line of rebels behind log breastworks; on to them so quick we captured half of them, the rest fled—at this point Lieut. Hughes of "I" lost one of his men on the skirmish-line. Following up the retreating rebel line through heavy woods, we got into swamp—engaged with rebel infantry and cavalry—

my men of "G" becoming scattered at this point, firing from behind cover of the trees; some of them missing in the dense battle smoke; and feeling the necessity of having them well in hand for emergency orders, I stepped out into a small open space and notified all within hearing that if they intended to remain with me to form instantly on my left; the principal men near by, including the sergeants, formed in good order—Gen. Mower, Tillson, Gillespie, and Race at hand—enemy reported flanking us—fix bayonets—fall back to better ground—give them musketry—Wyatt mortally wounded—number of others in "G" wounded and others missing—rebels reported still forcing our left flank—line ordered to retire—fell back slowly and in good order—did not hear the order at first—discovered the line retiring and fell back with it—rebels follow, cheering—Corp. John Hungerford killed—fell back to first line of rebel works and re-formed our line—awaited the enemy, who didn't come—regiment lost sixty killed, wounded, and missing—our skirmishers got into Joe Johnston's headquarters tents; also reached bridge over Mill Creek in rear of town of Bentonville—had our movement been supported, we could have held the bridge and destroyed or compelled the surrender of the enemy's force. Casualties in "E": O. P. Craig, killed; Mar. Fernald, John Knutstrum, wounded. Moved to left and joined right of 4th Division—found two lines of battle—drew cartridges—move again to left and rear—form line—throw up works and camp—artillery in position on our left—houses passed this morning used as hospitals—dead buried.

22d. Enemy gone—follow him into Bentonville—halt—wounded left by enemy in buildings—our wounded and dead being brought in from the scene of yesterday's action—found young Otho P. Craig still breathing; lying by fire, one hand in the coals badly burned; soon died—15th A. C. overtakes rear guard of enemy; engaged; our boys drive them away—we return to camp—our wounded doing well—some limbs amputated—men tied up before 25th Ind. headquarters for pillaging wounded men's knapsacks. Sunset—go on picket—visit field

hospital in search of some of our missing; found none—the floors of farm-house used for field hospital covered with our wounded; I stepped cautiously through the crowded, silent, prostrate men; one, as I approached, a fine-looking young man, sat up and gazed wistfully far away, then laid down and died instantly. Relieved from picket at 6—returned to camp and marched at 7—struck down river to point where stacked arms on 20th inst.; here passed Negro troops, 10th A. C.; also white troops in camp of same corps headquarters—zouave guard; boys groan at him; for two miles heard regiments as they passed that guard groaning and shouting derisively; unreasonably and damnably insulting—Gen. Sherman's circular order congratulatory—pushed on down river—pass 15th A. C. in camp—miserable day; wind blowing a hurricane; sand flying in clouds—sore, stiff, and weary.

24th. Broke camp at 11 A. M.—marched to river; crossed at Cox's bridge on pontoons—rebel earth-works—detached and furloughed men come out from Goldsboro to meet us—great rejoicing—we must be about to make communication with the land of patriotism and bad habits, since I see a fellow smoking a cigar—reach Goldsboro—Gen. Sherman and group of other generals review us as we pass into city—march two miles beyond town and camp—McLain and McMullen, of 30th Ill., call on us—recruits, lately from Henderson County—this is the third opportunity furloughed men and officers have had to reach us; but McKinney does not show up.

25th. The whistle of a locomotive from Newbern stirs our hearts; the whole army cheers—sunny morning—wagon-train goes to Kingston for clothing and supplies—regiment ordered out with small train for forage—"Sherman's army *shall have rest.*" Learn that mail is at division headquarters for us; excitement in consequence. Send note to *Plaindealer*.

26th. Mess held caucus this morning on change of cooks; did not determine—regiment busy building houses and policing—received mail.

27th. Transcribing orders for Lieut. Winsett—issue clothing—visit town, hospital, college—soldiers in buggies—depot—Negroes—refugees—train—wounded—Gen. H.—citizens—Col. Tillson gone home on furlough; is to have a brevet star; for what reason is what we are all guessing at.

28th. Making pay-rolls for "G"—got furlough for Sergt. Harvey.

29th. At work on pay-rolls—muster out Rufus Neal, of "G"—on Board of Survey to-day—passed upon clothing at brigade headquarters. Learn that Mac Wood is colonel of 154th Ill.; a good joke on Tillson if old Mac should rank equally with him at the close of the service.

30th. Make out list of articles to be purchased by Maj. Race at Newburn—issuing clothing—learn that Lieut. Watson, of 16th Ill., is in College Hospital, Goldsboro—marching orders for 5 to-morrow.

31st. Broke camp at 5—in company with 43d Ohio and twenty wagons, went for forage; orders not to go farther than seven miles; found nothing, and returned to camp.

April 1st. Inspection at 11 A. M.—knapsacks and quarters searched for quilts, clothing, and books, picked up during the campaign, to be turned over to hospitals; only one article found in "G," piece of sheeting. Officers drunk—Hallaman, of "I," "wetting" his commission. Receipted to Lieut. Winsett for McKinney's receipt for package of money—\$480, monument fund—Winsett does not wish to be held responsible.

2d. Maj. Race returned from Newburn—on picket—relieved Lieuts. Van Tuyl and Woodard. Very quiet along the outposts. We have lost "Old Joe"; he goes to command 20th A. C.

3d. In obedience to orders, took formal command of "G" and became accountable for its ordnance, commissary and general equipment—have been in command of "G" for over two months, but not till to-day have been responsible for its quartermaster's property. "Uncle Billy" has returned from

his visit to Gen. Grant. Campaign will open soon—extra baggage going to rear.

4th. Parade-ground enlivened by skirmish and squad drills. Busy on "G's" papers. Anxiety and solicitude increase as we approach the crisis of the rebellion! Bets offered that the rebellion will go down in from three to five months. Gen. Sherman says this army will be mustered out in five months.

5th. Called on Lieut. Henry Watson at College Hospital—his furlough—will start home to-morrow—tremendous cheering—"grapevine" news in abundance.

6th. Drills—cheers throughout the camp—shouts of "Peace! Peace! Grant has taken Richmond! Thanks to Almighty God!" Regiments assembled; dispatch read and shouted to! What's the price of gold in New York this morning? At brigade headquarters—"Major Bob," the expert fife-player—Dick Van Nostrand says he's getting scared; the war will soon be over, and he'll be out of a job!

7th. Mocking-birds along little stream in front of camp—days and nights resound with cheers!

8th. Policing—no drills—visit Goldsboro with Lieut. Van Tuyl, Simpson, Col. G., Maj. Race and Sergt. Ritchey. Called at office of Capt. Hall, brigade quartermaster—firing salutes—rockets—cheers!

9th. Men buying "Henry rifles" of 64th Ill. Doc Craig reported for duty—Capt. Shaw on leave of absence—campaign resumed to-morrow—men eager to be off—inspection to-day—circular from Gen. Grant: "Let us finish the job at once." Marching orders for 8 A. M.

10th. Cannonading at the front—broke camp at 11—passed through town and took road to Raleigh—torrents of rain—frequent halts—made ten miles—got into camp at 9 P. M. Cup of tea and laid down.

11th. Roused at 4 with marching orders for 5. Moved back on road three miles to assist trains—corduroyed the road and returned to camp—found troops moving out for the day's

march—took our place in column—rail barricades numerous—used by rebel cavalry—country flat—swamps numerous—slow progress—now in country called “Pine Levels.” Made eight miles—got into camp at sunset.

12th. Train mired down—this moment received dispatch that Lee has surrendered to Grant—tremendous cheering—men’s guns go down and their hats go up! Army wild with joy. Brigade massed and dispatch read. Cheers for Grant, for Sherman and for 3d Brigade!

10 A. M. Cannonading distant—slow progress—long and tedious delays—no bottom to these roads—wagons mire to the axle. Went into camp at 1 P. M. on rising ground. Finished “Life of Stonewall Jackson.”

13th. Two days’ rations issued. Broke camp at 8 A. M.—delay—Gen. Sherman’s circular read on Grant’s victories—cheers—hills covered with living green—orchards in bloom—in camp at 4 P. M.—three miles to Neuse River.

14th. Broke camp at 8 — marched to river — delay — cross — rebel paroled prisoners — beautiful scenery — farms — growing wheat — rail barricades — dead horses — graves — first view of city of Raleigh — dome of Capitol and church steeples to our right over tops of forest-crowned hills — troops encamped on our left — the city — entrance — heavy siege guns and earth-works — Fayetteville Street — ladies — Capitol — bronze statue of Washington — camp in suburbs west of city on Hillsboro road.

15th. Formed line for march — torrents of rain — order to march countermanded — rumor that Johnston has surrendered — cheers, cheers and cheers! extravagant demonstrations of joy! Visit city — citizens highly elated at the prospect of speedy peace. *Progress* and *Standard*, daily papers, are loyal — very strongly in favor of the old Government. Negotiations pending between Gens. Sherman and Johnston.

16th. Policed ground and arranged regular camp — attended service at Baptist church — Sabbath-school — soldiers — sermon very good — prayed for peace. Indeed the sound of

Sabbath bells and religious ceremonies came gratefully to our long-estranged senses.

17th. Inspection at 1 P. M. Visit city with Lieuts. Howard, Simpson and Capt. McGrath. Rode out to the Insane Asylum—on leaving camp first heard of the assassination of President Lincoln—a grape-shot through the heart would not have struck me more dumb. I at first thought it a ghastly joke—I could not believe the report. After a pleasant ride through the city, returned to camp only to have our worst fears confirmed. The President, Secretary Seward, Fred. Seward and Maj. Seward were assassinated—the former in his private box at Ford's Theatre; the others at the Secretary's home. The Searwards, according to later dispatch, were not killed. Gen. Howard's circular announcing the sad event received; profound sorrow fills every heart. Wrathful resolves and vows of vengeance. "The South has lost her best friend" is the opinion of all. "Let us hoist the black flag," say the soldiers. One says, "I've just commenced to soldier."

What is going on at the front we can not guess. It is said, however, that Gen. Sherman will succeed in obtaining the surrender of Johnston.

18th. No word from the negotiations pending between Gens. Sherman and Jackson.

19th. W. H. Davis and W. H. Roberts mustered out. Circular from Gen. Sherman received at brigade headquarters announcing that satisfactory terms had been made with Johnston for the surrender of his army—subject to the approval of the President. Armistice of five days. No cheers among our troops since the death of the President.

20th. Attend review of 10th A. C.—Gens. Sherman, Ames, Terry, Schofield, Slocum, Cox, Mower, Paine, Schurz and a host of other stars, known and unknown. Negro division—rumor that we march for Washington after the review.

21st. 23d A. C.—Gen. Schofield reviewed—not present—said to have been splendid.

22d. Attended review of 20th A. C.—Gen. Mower—magnificent—received particulars of President's death in New York *Herald*. Order received for review of 17th A. C. for 24th inst.

23d. Attended service at Episcopal church—Gens. Sherman and Barry present. Minister aged and prosy. Preparatory review by Gen. Force at 2 P. M. Lieut. Anderson of "G" reported for duty; this will relieve me, for which I am thankful. Thank God for the freedom which awaits us all! Sent a communication to the *Daily Progress* relating to the assassination of President Lincoln.

24th. Formed line for review at 8 A. M. After some delay marched to south part of city, stacked arms and awaited orders. Meantime, Adjt. Allen reported that Lieut.-Gen. Grant would review us—this was the first intimation we had of the presence of the General-in-chief. Enthusiasm at this announcement—had an additional incentive (if such were needed) to acquit ourselves well.

Passed in review—Gen. Grant looked quite natural. Spectators and generals enthusiastic over our appearance and demeanor.

P. M. Air thick with rumors—sick being sent to hospitals—trains loading with supplies and ammunition—every indication of a forward movement—rumored that Gen. Grant has given Johnston till 8 A. M. to-morrow to accept his terms of unconditional surrender; in case he does not, we move against him.

25th. Broke camp at 8. Moved west along railroad ten miles and went into regular camp. Communication to *Progress* appeared in this morning's issue. Relieved of "G" by order—thanks!

26th. Engine and coach passed west to Johnston this morning, carrying Gens. Grant, Sherman, Howard and Blair. Night—train returned from front—communicates with the army—cheers—Gen. Blair announces the surrender of Johnston and peace in consequence—rockets and cheers! Tillson

returned with a brevet star—he ran home like a small boy to exploit himself over a brevet star—what had he done to win it? He is a long way behind James D. Morgan, whom he despises.

27th. Broke camp at 6 and marched back to Raleigh—occupied old camp—found our brush shades intact. Worked on “G’s” papers. Night—visit the city—band serenading at Terry’s and Slocum’s headquarters. Rumor that we will march through to Washington.

28th. Work on papers—rumor that we march to Washington; thence by rail to Springfield, Ill., to be mustered out. We go via Petersburg and Richmond. Great rejoicing at this. Orders from Gens. Howard and Blair—circular to citizens from Gen. Howard—visit city. Interviewed Mrs. Stewart, a lady past eighty years of age, living in the city and acquainted with Andrew Johnson in his earliest years. Mrs. Stewart said: “He was born in 1808; I was married the 7th of March of that year; he was born on the 11th of that month. It was the custom to have a ball after weddings in those days. While we were dancing at a late hour I heard Polly had a boy. I went up into her room in my wedding dress—the room was a comfortable one, and reached by a flight of stairs from the outside—I went up and named him Andrew. I wanted to call him Andrew McDonald; but his father said, ‘No, only call him Andrew—that is as much as I can remember.’ His father was a tall, raw-boned man; don’t think he had twenty pounds of flesh on him, and the heartiest eater I ever saw. Andy’s parents lived with my step-father; his father drove team for my step-father, and they called my parents ‘Old Master and Missus.’ They were poor, but honest. I have seen Andy’s grandfather, who was a tailor.”

When about to take my leave, Mrs. Stewart said: “Will you see the President soon?” I thought I would. “Tell him Mrs. Stewart, who named him, is still living, very frail and

poor-to-do; tell him to send me a little present, a little sum of money or something."

I met other persons who had known Andy when a "poor tailor in Raleigh." One old gentleman, pointing to a large oak tree about fifty yards from his house, said that under that tree once stood the house of an old woman which Andy had helped to stone, and in consequence had to leave town.

HOMeward BOUND VIA RICHMOND AND WASHINGTON.

29th. Broke camp at 9. Gen. Howard's circular regulating the march—great pains are being taken to prevent injury of property or mistreatment of citizens along the route of march. Heavy penalties laid down against straggling or pillaging. After considerable delay on the route, reached the Neuse—crossed and went into camp—rain pouring on us as we turned in at 8 p. m. Very dark—wet—crawl into blankets.

Heard cannon shots at Raleigh all day at intervals, till sunset, when a salute of thirty-six guns was fired, commemorating the *reunion of States*, now thirty-six in number. The first were fired in memory of the fallen President.

30th. Drying clothing—no marching Sundays going home! Boy drowned in the Neuse. Took piece artillery down and fired over the water—raised body—bathed to-day with Lieut. "Lew"—S., H. and Davy Duston. Henry Allaman of our company and Wright of "H" returned from Salisbury Prison this eve. The former was wounded in neck and captured at Bentonville; the other was taken near Raleigh. The Confederates said to these boys when they were taken: "Let us have your knife and pocket-book." Took rings off their fingers; sold them at auction—one went at \$70 Confederate scrip. Rebel rank and file in Johnston's army lament the death of Abraham Lincoln. Slow to believe in the surrender of Lee! Jeff Davis escapes—paid their soldiers ten months' pay—\$1.65 in silver! Strawberries on the Neuse.

Maj. Race gave me a sketch of his life—a marked success. Simpson mustered as captain.

May 1st. Broke camp at 7—marched rapidly—passed through villages of Forestville and Wake Forest—college—citizens—beautiful country—groves—valleys—more oak and elm and less pine—country lads and lassies congregated at cross-roads to see the “Yankees” pass. Notice many officers and men of Lee’s army at their homes—Othello’s occupation gone! Army very orderly—disturb nothing and nobody. This march is much like a holiday parade. Passing through towns we unfurl “Old Glory” and our bands play, which brings all the citizens to their doors. Made seventeen miles. Going to bathe, came upon citizens taking articles of clothing, etc., from a cave! The horrible nightmare of Civil War no longer disturbs their sleeping and waking hours.

2d. Broke camp at 6—marched rapidly—citizens out to see the “Yankees” homeward bound. Country high and sandy—crossed Tar River—made twenty-two miles.

Boys plagued the Negroes greatly along the route, snapping gun-caps at them and making them take off their hats and shout for Sherman! Negroes were not displeased at this; but the guns and horse-play scared some of them, and the wenches scampered back over the fields to their homes!

3d. Marched at 5. Passed Ridgeway Junction—train of cars passed us here—Ridgeway Station—Warrenton Station—sick—got into an ambulance for the first time during the war! It is said we are racing with 15th A. C. for the first crossing of the Roanoke. It is considered worth an effort to have the advance after crossing the river—perhaps so; but we are flesh and blood, and the sun is hot, and, besides, there is no hurry. Reached within three miles of river—15th A. C. ahead—went into camp at 3 P. M. Made eighteen miles.

Fine plantations along to-day’s route; any number of Negroes and any amount of tobacco—seventy boxes of the latter found in one place. Boys appropriate it.

4th. 15th A. C. laying pontoons; progress slowly with this work—Lieut. Hankey—Company “C” sent forward to Petersburg with fifteen wagons for rations—remained in camp

till 3 P. M., when moved out and marched down to within half-mile of river—trains sent over first—first view of Roanoke—gleam of water through mass of dark-green foliage—twilight—went down to pontoon bridge—corps trains massed in the valley.

5th. Broke camp and marched at 3 A. M.—crossed river and marched rapidly towards Petersburg till daylight, when we halted for breakfast—spring shower; cooled the air and laid the dust, making the march delightful—we are now in “Ole Virginny”; took first drink upon her sacred soil from a sulphur spring—beautiful landscape—fine plantations—tobacco houses—Lee’s soldiers—Meherrin River—bridge burned—Wilson—Sheridan—reached creek; bathed face and feet—pushed on to Boydton Plank Road, historical ground, and camped near——’s store—some claim we made thirty miles to-day—men in good spirits—got into camp at 4 P. M.—citizens clever—some Union people—children brought us the cup of cold water—the Logan and Blair race seems at its crisis.

6th. Marched at 5—Negroes shouting for Sherman: “’Rah Sherman!”—men suffering from exhaustion and sun-stroke—made twenty-five miles—camped on north bank of—— Creek on farm where Gen. Scott is said to have been born, half-mile from Dinwiddie Court House—Five Forks close at hand, off our left.

7th. Marched at 5—arrived at Petersburg at 10 A. M.; camped two miles from city on the Appomattox—purchased supplies; first we have had from “God’s country” for some months—with Lieut. Lew Van Tuyl, visit city—ride mules—citizens—effect of grape, shell, and musketry on buildings—rebel hospitals—officers and soldiers in gray, less an arm or leg, resting at their homes.

For four years the approaches to the city and, in fact, the region round about has been tramped by the contending hosts till the face of Nature, barring the forests, is as bare as one’s hand. We were out where the Petersburg mine was exploded, and I studied the defensive earthworks with interest, for they

were intricate, elaborate, and, I believe, were never successfully stormed at any point for a time, long or short. They were built by slave-labor, and they certainly furnish evidence that the Southern leaders came in due time to realize the size of the job they had undertaken.

8th. Orders to march at 8 A. M.—left camp in company with Lieut. Brugel ("F") and visited fortifications east and north of city—exploded mine—Fort Hell—Fort Steadman—cemetery—bones of the dead—joined the column at the Appomattox, north of city, going out on Richmond Turnpike—marched to ——— Creek and camped—bath—bad conduct of men while passing through city—bad feeling between Eastern and Western armies; discreditable to both; a spirit indulged, however, only by the worst in each.

9th. "On to Richmond!"—left camp at 8—marched rapidly and cheerfully along the wide turnpike—passed through earthworks enclosing Richmond—evidences of battle—Drury's Bluff and Fort Darling off our right; Drury's Plantation on our left—beautiful residence and groves—James River and steamers, joyful to our long-exiled eyes—first view of Richmond—camped in suburbs of city—14th and 20th A. C.s already here—dinner—Gen. Sherman refuses the proffered hospitality of Halleck; bully for "Uncle Billy!" With McGrath, Lieut. Van Tuyl, and Simpson, visit Manchester—factories—Scott's Bridge—Castle Thunder—Libby Prison.

10th. With Lieut. Van Tuyl, Hankey, and Simpson, visit Belle Isle — graves — enclosures — low ground — soup-house, bakery, etc. Along the ramparts of this mournful spot Jeff Davis and his Cabinet were wont to enjoy an outing on pleasant days in their white flannel suits and gold-headed canes, looking down on the starving wretches who, by the fortunes of war, had become their victims.

11th. With Lieut. Hankey, visit Richmond—Castle Thunder—Libby Prison—Corcoran Prison—Dallgren Depot—Capitol—marble statue of Henry Clay—Crawford's bronze equestrian statue of Washington and the Virginia Compatriots—Gen.

Lee's residence—burned districts—left wing of our army commenced the march to Alexandria—stood on west side of Capitol Square and saw the head of column pass through the city—Gen. Sherman and staff in advance—cavalry—Gen. Davis and 14th A. C.—Gen. Morgan, brevet major-general, 2d Division; no honors to Gen. Halleck—20th A. C. will follow the 14th, and to-morrow the right wing will pass through—our A. C. in advance.

12th. Broke camp at 6—left the column while it was preparing to leave camp and crossed over into Richmond with 3d Division, which had the advance, as I wished to look over the city again.

St. Paul's Church, where Jeff Davis worshiped—his residence—the Patrick Henry Episcopal church, where this celebrated man made his great speech advocating war with King George; the church built on site of theatre destroyed by fire, which consumed a great number of persons—the Monument; inscriptions—Gen. Washington's headquarters, fine stone building on Main Street between Nineteenth and Twentieth; used formerly as hotel.

Joined my regiment as it debouched into Main Street—out of the city—Emmanuel Church—Chickahominy battle-ground off our right—cemetery—graves of soldiers—delays—very slow progress—went into camp early—troops ahead have bad roads, which impedes our progress—supper—mess talk of war with France in Mexico; we are not averse to the adventure.

RICHMOND TO WASHINGTON.

13th. Broke camp at 6—delays—crossed Chickahominy early—marched to Hanover Court House and camped—pontoon bridge being laid across Pamunkey—Bethesda Church; this is the church back upon which Sheridan drove Fitz-Hugh Lee in the severest cavalry fight of the war; the fight commenced at Hawe's Shop—skeletons of horses lying over the ground.

14th. Crossed Pamunkey; small, turbid stream—delays in getting over—did not clear the bridge much before noon—

after crossing, marched rapidly; made fourteen miles, and camped beyond Chesterfield Station on railroad — Concord Church—wedding—one of Lee's soldiers.

15th. Broke camp at 4. Our division in advance and our regiment in advance of division. Crossed tributaries of Mataponi—made twenty miles and camped across Po River, within five miles of Spottsylvania Court House. Lee's extreme right rested here—his works—got into camp at 2 P. M. Mounted and rode with Capt. McGrath to Spottsylvania Court House—rode over the entire field, several miles in length. Scene of Gen. Hancock's battles—Gen. Grant's headquarters—McAlisop's house—grave of Capt. McGrath's brother. The dead! Mr. Sanford at Spott's Tavern—grape and shell against his buildings. This battle-ground still bore the deep scars made by the artillery and trains through the woods along improvised roads.

16th. Broke camp and marched at 4. Reached Fredericksburg at 9 A. M. With Maj. Race and Maj.-Surg. Ritchey, visited battle-ground. Howison's Hill—Howison's residence—Howison himself—Gen. Lee's point of observation Howison's Hill—his position worth 100,000 men to him. Gen. Burnside's point of observation on heights opposite. Marye's Hill—Hamilton's Crossing.

The *stone wall*; cemetery on Marye's Hill—buildings damaged by our shell—marks of musketry on tombstones—plucked a rose here. Trenches filled with our dead. Ice-house and fair ground and their gruesome story.

Visited small shaft to the mother of Washington on Kenmore estate—Col. Lewis' residence—Mrs. Washington's home where she died—her character as portrayed by Mr. Bayne. Washington's father—his grave—Westmoreland County. Revolutionary buildings. Mr. Bayne's talk of the battles—Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville—Lee nothing less than a god! Sedgewick's retreat across Bank's Ford—dead floating down river.

The citizens—town demolished—Orphan Asylum. Capture of Jeff Davis announced by Gen. Sherman. Maj. Race speaks in just terms of the dishonesty and trickery of Tillson; and so, also, did Surg. Ritchey. Encamped near Potomac Creek—severe march—weather extremely hot—overtook column three miles from camp. The shaft that marks the grave of Mary Washington is chipped and marked by Vandals and musketry.

17th. God speed our weary feet to Alexandria! My flesh feels like it had been beaten with a maul. The dust is thick and the sun hot—the muscles of our legs hard as wood. Got along slowly—made ten miles only—camped in pines. Some deaths to-day from overheat. Did not get the nearest route to Alexandria and have twenty miles extra to march—15th A. C. is on direct road.

18th. Reached Occoquan River early this P. M. Blue Ridge Mountains off our left for two or three days—heavy rain this P. M.—bath—camped on heights north of river.

19th. Broke camp at 6 and emerged from the hills upon Strawberry Plains at 2 P. M.—country level—beautiful pastures—camped four miles from Alexandria—mail.

Learn that McKinney is in Alexandria and will join us to-morrow! Delighted to know that this eminent warrior, who was not with us on the Hood Chase, nor on the March to the Sea, nor in the Campaign through the Carolinas, will taste camp life with us for a day or two before we are reviewed and discharged.

20th. Doubts as to whether all the veterans will be mustered out. Boys will be sadly disappointed if they are not at home on the 4th July coming. McKinney returned to regiment after an absence of seven months.

21st. George ("Dad") Hand reported for duty to-day after an absence of nine or ten months; another of the absentees who will not adorn the coming grand review. It is due the men of my company who were faithful through long years of service that a deep and wide gulf should separate

them from those who were conspicuous by their absence from the post of duty.

When the "coffee-cooler" was an enlisted man with a stomach eaten out by fire-water before he entered the service, the offense was sufficiently heinous; but where the shirk was a commissioned officer, drawing liberal pay, we stood in need of an endowment akin to the miraculous to endure patiently a man so shamelessly indifferent to every sense of honor as to prefer the associations of "Smoky Row" to the manly discharge of his obligations to the men whose suffrages supplied his shoulder-straps and the salary for which the Government received no adequate return. Our one compensation lay in the conviction that his room was better than his company.

Recently promoted officers in Washington, drawing pay on final statements. Wife of Capt. McGrath, of Philadelphia, in camp to meet her husband.

Orders received this eve to march to Long Bridge at 8:30 to-morrow. We do not hope to compete successfully with the Army of the Potomac at the coming review. In discipline, in drill, in physique, *we are superior to the Eastern Army*; but we shall not be so well dressed and will not appear so well to the superficial observer. The Eastern people have an erroneous notion of us. They think we are a rabble!

23d. Broke camp at 8. Column moved to camp between Alexandria and Washington to be close to the Capitol at the appointed hour for review. I did not move with the column to-day; but, in company with Maj.-Surg. Ritchey and Acting Quartermaster Hughes, mounted and rode to Mt. Vernon, eight miles distant. View from Rose Hill of the valley in which Mt. Vernon is situated. Lunch at a freedman's, a descendant of one of Washington's emancipated blacks—strawberries—returned in evening—views of Potomac—views of Washington and Alexandria from bluff—cross into Alexandria—lunch at restaurant—reached camp at sunset, having spent some hours at Mt. Vernon, minutely inspecting the place, to form some conception of the home life of the First President.

24th. Broke camp at 6 and moved across Long Bridge to Washington. Met Lieut. Porter, 16th Ill. Lee's residence off our left. Around the Capitol building to suburbs and massed. At 9 A. M. moved forward—inscriptions—brilliant pageant—emerged from the thronged Capitol at 12 M. Moved out on a continuation of 14th Street to camp—right of road in woods. Our army did splendidly. Pennsylvania Avenue was brilliantly decorated with the national colors and placards of welcome.

At the Treasury building the old "Tenth" received its full measure of applause for its steady lines and finely executed changes of direction. But, notwithstanding the flood-tide of exultation, the Capitol was lonesome in the absence of Abraham Lincoln. The President and the Cabinet, Gen. Sherman, and other distinguished men were on the reviewing-stand.

With Lieuts. Van Tuyl and Woodard, visited the city in the evening.

25th. Enlarged booth—sent a bit of chaff to the *Daily Chronicle* concerning our rations since our return to "God's country."

26th. Visited the White House. As I stepped into the portico a carriage drove up, from which Pres. Johnson alighted. The doors of the mansion swung wide. We raised our hats, and the President returned the salute, bowing several times to different portions of the crowd. We were soon after admitted. Saw Gov. Curtan, of Pennsylvania, in one of the upper chambers. In the East Room laborers were busy taking down the platform on which rested Pres. Lincoln's catafalque. The Yankee Vandal was present, as usual, with his pocket-knife out, splitting walking-canes out of the detached boards lying around. A fat man, with an impatient air, inquires the room of the President. The mansion and grounds precisely the same as when I saw them four years since, at the beginning of the struggle, when Gen. Scott commanded

our armies. Revisited the Capitol and all the other places of public interest.

Attended Grover's Theatre with Lieut. Van Tuyl, Brown and Sergt. Fuller.

27th. With Capt. Shaw, slept in city—breakfast at café—met with Jno. Jackson, formerly of "B," now captain in a Negro regiment. He gave me a *Chronicle* containing my squib. Visited Government buildings with Shaw, who had never seen them—camp—Atlanta baggage received this evening.

28th. Enlarged our "dog" tent with tents received in stored baggage. This P. M. visit Crystal Springs on Rock Creek. Mossy spring.

This A. M. made out ordnance and commissary and general equipment returns. Went to city with Maj. Crenshaw, 25th Ind., who drew pay on muster-out papers as captain. Applied to First National Bank (Jay Cook & Co.) for payment—after banking hours—referred by an employee of the bank to a subordinate, who cashed the major's check for half of one per cent.

30th. Went to Ordnance and Quartermaster's Departments in city to settle my accounts with Government. Could not finish on account of the rush—have to wait a few days on Quartermaster's Department. Both departments hard pressed. Met P. De Krigger, Tillson and Gen. Leggett at Willard's. Bassett, "Doc" of "B," and Dick Van Nostrand, "E" men, have difficulty with Invalid Corps, City "Provos"—our boys overpowered—three of "E" in guard-house—released—the only defeat of "E" during the war.

Visit Canterbury with captain of Army of the Potomac.

31st. Found on table in tent on my return from city a letter for "M. H. J." from Mary F. Hamilton, of the Treasury Department. She read my squib in the *Chronicle* and asks me to dine with her! Good Lord! look at my shabby old uniform—just out of the woods; fine escort for a lady in a fashionable café! I'll see McKinney. He's got something

to wear! I'll send him! Lew and McK. absent in city—Gen. Grant and wife passed in carriage.

June 1st. Lieut. John S. Spear of the Signal Service, Regular Army, called—an old classmate—pleasant interview—crowds of soldiers going from one general's headquarters to another, calling for a speech!

2d. Called at the Quartermaster's Department about papers. Sent note to M. F. H. from Willard's—received reply—fell in with Lieut. Hankey, Maj. Race and Simpson, with whom visited Smithsonian Institute and Navy Yard.

3d. Went again to Quartermaster-General's office on business. Met in town Capt. Kennedy and Lieut. Fannestah of "K."

BY RAIL TO PARKERSBURG—DOWN THE OHIO RIVER
TO LOUISVILLE.

4th. Received note from Com. Div. "C" of M. Called on Gen. Force, as requested. Moving to place me on his staff as ordnance officer, which I do not want—unable to call on Miss Hamilton, who sent me a note and some money. Sent McKinney to call on her—he took the money and returned it to her—he reported that he found her a very pleasant lady, of which I have no doubt.

Received marching orders for 5 A. M. to-morrow. Army goes west to Louisville, Ky. Gen. Force's compliments; came to naught, perforce, as the army is soon to dissolve.

5th. Broke camp at 5 and marched to depot of B. & O. R. R. Westward ho! Relay house—Bladensburg—Patapsco River scenery—picnic parties—factories—night—Harper's Ferry—Western Virginia—people cheer us and wave handkerchiefs in friendly salutation.

6th. Mountain scenery—Potomac—Cumberland—Sanitary Commission—coffee—mountains increase in size—we ascend the range—magnificent views. As our train poised on the western summit, detained for the moment, the hundreds of faces looking down a sheer perpendicular hundreds of feet be-

low upon the roof of a farm-house and the beautiful level fields stretching far away, an involuntary chorus of cheers from our car windows woke the echoes of the hills around us.

7th. Breakfast at Thornton—Grafton—McKinney leaves us, as usual—country rough—petroleum scaffolding and derricks—Kanawha River—Parkersburg—leave train and go into camp on bank of Kanawha, with orders to move at 5—bath.

8th. Broke camp and marched through Parkersburg to levee, which we found crowded with steamers—left wing of our regiment boarded the *Marmora*, right wing the *Camelia*—large number of steamers accompanied us, bearing the other regiments of our division—Blennerhassett's Island; farms thereon—went to shoals, where we reshipped on steamers awaiting us—our entire regiment boarded the *Empire City*—greeting along the shores by the people—our pilot being unacquainted with the channel of the upper Ohio, had to lay up for the night just below Gallipolis.

9th. Rested well last night—Maysville—scenery improving—hills cultivated; covered with orchards and vineyards—found violin and guitar aboard; Jim Boyd and "Doc" Craig musicians; excellent music. Night—Cincinnati—run till 12 and laid by till daylight.

10th. Warsaw—Madison—Louisville at 12 M.—disembarked and marched to camp five miles west of city on banks of Ohio—regiment attracted some attention passing through the streets—camped on bad ground; swampy, miasmatic, and swarming with mosquitoes—rumor that we will be paid and furloughed.

11th. A camp rumor that 84th Ill. passed through Louisville last evening mustered out—having no rations in camp, dined at Louisville Hotel—our regiment was offered provost duty in city; Col. Gillespie declined—43d Ohio went—got note from McKinney for \$480, monument money.

12th. After some delay, we changed camp to high, open ground, where we were paid off, the army receiving an immense sum in greenbacks, crisp and new, direct from the Mint. [*Mem.*

—Across the interval of forty-five years, I recall Father Linell, our chaplain, trying to hold the attention of a confused mass of restless soldiery while he proved that all men would be saved. "It is a fact and I can prove it," said the chaplain. The pockets of the men were full of greenbacks and their heads full of a speedy and final discharge from the army, and if they were all going to be saved, what's the use of a pother about it? and much as they loved the old chaplain, he could not hold them.]

At Louisville, the troops having nothing to do but to wait the pleasure of the Government, I took a furlough for thirty days, and when I boarded the train for St. Louis I found myself in the company of Gen. James D. Morgan, our old division commander. The train was packed to suffocation, and we sat down on our grips on the narrow platform of the old-fashioned cars, where we were hammered and jammed and trodden upon from 4 P. M. till midnight before we could get inside. The general sat patiently through it all without offering a word of complaint. In St. Louis I went to bed and slept, and kept on sleeping till they were about to break down the door of my room with a battering-ram, for I had secured myself against intruders in case I slept beyond my call. When I awoke it was upon a new heaven and a new earth, for old things had passed away. I was glad to be in the dear old city which was my father's trade Mecca in the old days. To this port his cargoes of grain and pork and other and minor produce were shipped and from thence went his shipments of merchandise home. Among some trifles purchased in the city was a pair of shoes, for which I paid \$14.00 (war prices); I can buy as good now for \$5.00.

While the days were passing by, I took the train for Galesburg and thence down to Monmouth. It was a sunny, peaceful day in June when a young soldier, who had entered the Army under age at the fall of Sumter, stepped from the carriage to the walk in his twenty-fourth year, rather the worse for the wear. As he passed through the gate his mother, her dear old face wreathed in smiles, came and placed her arm around him and

drew him within the sanctuary of home as one rescued from some dire fate.

I met my regiment at Camp Douglas, Chicago, where we were discharged to date, the 4th of July, 1865.

APPENDIX.

General Orders, } HEADQUARTERS 17TH ARMY CORPS.
No. 1. } *Goldsboro, N. C., March 24, 1865.*

The badge now used by the corps being similar to one formerly adopted by another corps, the major-general commanding has concluded to adopt, as a distinguishing badge for this command, an arrow.

In its swiftness, in its surety of striking where wanted, and in its destructive powers, when so intended it is probably as emblematical of this corps as any design that could be adopted. The arrow for divisions will be two inches long and for corps headquarters one and one-half inches.

The 1st Division arrow will be red; the 3d Division, white; and the 4th Division, blue.

The 9th Illinois Mounted Infantry, same as the 4th Division; and for corps headquarters it will be of gold or any metal, gilt.

The badge will be worn on the hat or cap.

It is expected that every officer and man in the command will, as soon as practicable, assume his badge.

The wagons and ambulances will be marked with the badge of their respective commands; the arrow being twelve inches long.

By command of MAJ.-GEN. F. P. BLAIR.

Official: (Signed) C. CADLE, JR., *A. A. Gen'l.*
CHAS. CHRISTENSEN, *Lieut., A. d. C. & A. A. Gen'l.*

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Sacramento, January 2, 1865.

Maj.-Gen. W. T. Sherman, Savannah:

The series of victories which have attended your army during the past year—the capture of Atlanta, the triumphant march from Atlanta to the sea-coast, and the subsequent capture of Savannah—have filled the hearts of all who love their country with joy, and justly entitle you to the profound gratitude of the Nation. For and on behalf of the people of this State I beg to tender you, and through you to the officers and soldiers under your command, my heart-felt thanks for the signal services your army has rendered to the cause of civilization, liberty, humanity, and good government.

To you as their great leader I tender my cordial congratulations, with the prayer that God may preserve and protect you to lead the victorious hosts of the Republic on to still greater victories, even to the conquering of an honorable and permanent peace.

I am, General, gratefully,
Your obedient servant,

Official: (Signed) FRED T. LOW, *Governor.*

(Signed) L. M. DAYTON, A. A. G.



A photograph of the pot-trammels (*alias* "pot-hooks") made by James Jamison over a peat fire in Londonderry, Ireland, in the year 1690, during the siege of that place by the Irish, led by King James II. They were brought to America in the year 1713 by John Jamison, who settled in Little Britain Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

After the death of John and his son Samuel Jamison, they became the property of James Jamison, who took them with him to Virginia and thence to Kentucky in 1798, thence to Perry County, Indiana in 1820, where he died in 1821, and his unmarried daughter Sallie fell heir to the pot-trammels and carried them with her when she removed to Henderson County, Illinois, in 1840, where she lived to the age of eighty-five, and before her death she gave the trammels to her grand-nephew James Shoemaker, who removed to southwest Nebraska, where this photograph was recently taken.

The hooks are in a good state of preservation at the age of 221 years. They have been in America 198 years.

BEMENT, TEXAS, October 3, 1899.

Matthew H. Jamison:

DEAR COUSIN,—James Jamison was the son of Samuel Jamison, Sr., and brother to Capt. Adam, John, Samuel, Jr., William and Col. Joseph, and was the grandfather of the writer, S. S. Jamison. My sister Margaret, now living in southwest Iowa, at the age of eighty-six years, informs me she ate mush made in a pot hanging on those hooks over the fire at Grandfather James Jamison's in Grayson County, Kentucky, seventy-seven years ago; so they are no *myth*, but a genuine antique heirloom of the old Jamison family.

Sincerely yours,

S. S. JAMISON.

PATRIOTISM OF ILLINOIS.

The State had a population in 1860 of 1,704,323. She sent into the field during the Civil War 258,217 of her brave sons, of whom 28,642 were killed in battle or died of wounds and disease. Henderson County, in 1860, had a population of 9,499, and 1,153 of her sons represented her on many battle-fields in the years 1861-65. Some of the larger and more populous counties in the Commonwealth maintained the cause of the Union at a greater sacrifice, but none of them with a stronger devotion.

In the year 1863 I saw the statement in the *New York Observer*, a Presbyterian religious weekly (none too loyal to the cause of the Union, however), that Gen. Joe Hooker, on the eve of the battle of Chancellorsville, declared that God Almighty himself could not prevent him achieving a victory over Lee's army. It may have been no more than a shrewd guess at Hooker's well-known mental predilections.

Gen. John Pope, of Illinois, in command of the Army of the Mississippi in its operations around New Madrid and the capture of the Confederates in their efforts to escape from Island No. 10, was known at times to be very insolent and blasphemous toward the Volunteer officers, he himself being a West Pointer. His "headquarters-in-the-saddle" order, on taking command in Virginia, was a type of the man with his head turned, and quite in line with Hooker's mental athletics. It is a remarkable coincidence that both men were brought low in a very striking manner.

It is also true that Gens. Grant, Sherman and Thomas were neither blasphemous nor obscene, but men of pure thought and high aims under all conditions. Gen. Sherman

would indeed throw off a "cuss-word" at times, which, with him, was no more than a verbal flourish. All of them, and many other Union officers I might name, held woman in supreme respect, and that is accounted to be the foundation of genuine morality.

The Union officers given to strong drink died early. I can not recall one who lived beyond middle life.

They were susceptible to malignant disease, such as typhoid and yellow fever. Almost without exception, they were the true sons of Mars, who dared to lead the forlorn hope at every hazard and to the last extremity. Of such was General Joe Mower. None of them, from Alexander to Napoleon, ever shared the fortunes of a finer soldier. When the deep pulsations of the rebel batteries, as under Van Dorn and Price at Corinth, filled the air with sulphuric grape and canister, "Old Joe" would advance, spurn the fate that awaited him, and come out of it all his face transfigured with the flame of battle! The boys of the old "Tenth Illinois" can never forget Gen. Mower and his aide, Capt. De Grass.

There was dark disloyalty in the Church in 1861.

Old Dr. Pressley, of the United Presbyterian Church at Pittsburgh, Pa., was a genuine "Copperhead," and his relative who founded the Public Library at Monmouth, Ill., disinherited his son because he enlisted in the Union Army!

European Globe-trotters have come to this country to see the American method of slaughtering hogs and curing the pork on a colossal and economic scale. Some of these visitors, at the first glimpse of the endless chain of pigs descending to the knife on the overhead trolley, gagged at the sight and retreated! After slaughter, the pig in the packing-house

is done up with such minuteness—hair, ears, eyebrows, ascending and descending colon, vermiform appendix, hoofs, his last and undigested meal, that the floor will be scanned with a microscope to see if they haven't missed something. Now, it was different in the early fifties in the slaughter- and packing-house of Jamison & McKinney at the Yellow Banks. The work was carried on with method and dispatch by hand, but with incredible waste also. The spare-ribs went begging for a market at one cent a pound, and I have seen pork tenderloins cast outside by the ton and rotting for the want of consumers.

The Columbus, Ga., *Sun and Times* claimed the following letter was found in the streets of Columbia, S. C., after the army of Gen. Sherman had left. The rebel paper claimed that the original had been preserved, and can be shown and substantiated, which, of course, is a gross falsehood. It is inserted here as a "Secesh" curiosity. Old Henry Clay Dean, of "Rebels' Cove," Mo., is the only "Copperhead" who had the "gall" to vouch for it.

"CAMP NEAR CAMDEN, S. C., February 26, 1865.

"MY DEAR WIFE,—I have no time for particulars. We have had a glorious time in this State. Unrestricted license to burn and plunder was the order of the day. The chivalry have been stripped of most of their valuables. Gold watches, silver pitchers, cups, spoons, forks, etc., are as common in camp as blackberries. The terms of plunder are as follows: Each company is required to exhibit the results of its operations at any given place—one-fifth and first choice falls to the share of the Commander-in-chief and staff; one-fifth to the corps commanders and staff; one-fifth to field officers of regiments; and two-fifths to the company.

"Officers are not allowed to join these expeditions without disguising themselves as privates. One of our corps commanders borrowed a suit of rough clothes from one of my

men, and was successful in this place. He got a large quantity of silver (among other things an old-time milk pitcher) and a very fine gold watch from a Mrs. De Saussure, at this place. De Saussure was one of the F. F. V.s of S. C., and was made to fork over liberally. Officers over the rank of captain are not made to put their plunder in the estimate for general distribution. This is very unfair, and for that reason, in order to protect themselves, subordinate officers and privates keep back everything that they can carry about their persons, such as rings, ear-rings, breast-pins, etc., of which, if I ever get home, I have about a quart. I am not joking—I have at least a quart of jewelry for you and all the girls, and some No. 1 diamond rings and pins among them.

“Gen. Sherman has silver and gold enough to start a bank. His share in gold watches alone at Columbia was two hundred and seventy-five. But I said I could not go into particulars. All the general officers and many besides had valuables of every description, down to the embroidered ladies’ pocket-handkerchiefs. I have my share of them, too. We took gold and silver enough from the d——d rebels to have redeemed their infernal currency twice over. This (the currency), whenever we came across it, we burned, as we considered it utterly worthless.

“I wish all the jewelry this army has could be carried to the ‘Old Bay State.’ It would deck her out in glorious style; but, alas! it will be scattered all over the Northern States. The d——d niggers, as a general rule, prefer to stay at home, particularly after they found out that we only wanted the able-bodied men (and, to tell you the truth, the youngest and best-looking women). Sometimes we took off whole families and plantations of niggers, by way of repaying Secessionists. But the useless part of them we soon manage to lose; sometimes in crossing rivers, sometimes in other ways.

“I shall write to you again from Wilmington, Goldsboro, or some other place in N. C. The order to march has arrived, and I must close hurriedly. Love to grandmother and Aunt

Charlotte. Take care of yourself and children. Don't show this letter outside of the family.

"Your affectionate husband,

"THOS. J. MYERS, *Lieut., etc.*

"P. S.—I will send this by the first flag of truce to be mailed, unless I have an opportunity of sending it to Hilton Head. Tell Sallie I am saving a pearl bracelet and ear-rings for her; but Lambert got the necklace and breast-pin of the same set. I am trying to trade him out of them. These were taken from the Misses Jamison, daughters of the President of the South Carolina Convention. We found these on our trip through Georgia."

GEN. JEFF C. DAVIS AT ATLANTA.

TOO SICK TO GO IN THE FIGHT OF JULY 28, 1864, THOUGH HE
MADE THE EFFORT.

Communicated to the *National Tribune* by
Capt. David R. Waters.

With a view to some comments on the battle of July 28, 1864, before Atlanta, I desire to prelude with the following extracts from Gen. Sherman's "Memoirs":

"As Gen. Jeff C. Davis' division was, as it were, left out of line, I ordered it on the evening before to march down toward Turner's Ferry and then to take a road laid down on our maps which led from there toward Eastport, ready to engage any enemy that might attack our right flank; after the same manner as had been done to the left flank on the 22d. * * * As the skirmish fire warmed up along the 5th Corps, I became convinced that Hood designed to attack this right flank to prevent, if possible, the extension of our line in that direction. I regained my horse, rode rapidly back to see that Davis' division had been dispatched as ordered. I found Gen. Davis in person, who was unwell, and had sent his division that morning early under the command of his senior brigadier, Morgan; but, as I attached great importance to the movement, he mounted his horse and rode away to overtake and hurry forward the movement, so as to come up on the left rear of the enemy during the expected battle. * * * At no instant of time did I feel the least uneasiness about the result of the 28th, but wanted to

reap fuller results, hoping that Davis' division would come up at the instant of defeat and catch the enemy in flank, but the woods were dense, the roads obscure, and, as usual, the division got on the wrong road and did not come into position until about dark."

On the day of this battle I was serving as a volunteer aid with Gen. Jeff C. Davis, having resigned from the service the previous April, but upon his invitation I had joined his headquarters the day before his division crossed the Chattahoochee. On the 28th his headquarters were at a house on our right, near the left of Blair. When Gen. Sherman arrived Gen. Davis was sick in bed. The corps commander, Gen. J. M. Palmer, was seated on a porch in front of the room occupied by Davis, into which were open windows. Gen. Sherman was excited and very impatient. He censured Palmer for a mistake in the order to Davis that was misleading Gen. James D. Morgan. Palmer resented Sherman's reflections on him, and insisted that he had given the order precisely as Sherman had issued it. Here was the beginning of the estrangement that arose between Sherman and Palmer that resulted in Palmer's retirement from Sherman's command and the placing of Gen. Jeff C. Davis in command of the 14th Corps in the march to the sea and to the end of the war.

Finally, nervously chewing a cigar and pacing the porch, Sherman exclaimed: "I wish to God Davis was in command of his division to-day." Davis heard this remark, and immediately arose and dressed. His horse was brought out, and the staff ordered to mount. His colored servant assisted him into the saddle, but upon gaining his seat he fainted and would have fallen had he not been caught. He was carried back to his bed, entirely unable to ride. Every effort possible was made by the staff to find Morgan and bring the division into the fight on Hood's left, while Logan was repeatedly repulsing with pitiful slaughter the brave enemy who charged his front again and again. Logan reported 765 dead out of Hood's charging column in his front. Had Morgan got into action as Sherman

planned, Hood's army would have been routed and Atlanta won without Jonesboro, for the division was strong, finely disciplined, and veterans, who had met the enemy in every fight from Nashville to Atlanta, besides Island No. 10 and Corinth. I cannot understand why Gen. Sherman so spitefully alludes to Morgan's failure by saying: "As usual, this division got on the wrong road." I never knew it to be misled before. Gen. Davis was beyond all question a brave and skilled officer and always enjoyed the confidence of Gen. Sherman.

I am constrained to write these particulars of that eventful day in vindication of the gallant Davis, who was not merely unwell, as stated by Sherman, but a very sick man, in bed, and was wholly unable to ride to his command, although he made a determined effort to do so.

STOP THIS SILLINESS.

The *National Tribune* submits the following table and comment:

"The number of ninety-day men and 'eleventh-hour' soldiers is being worked to death by those who are opposed to pension legislation, and are using it with some effect to create dissension in the ranks of the veterans. It is twin brother to the other clamor used so effectively for the same purpose about the number of deserters, bounty-jumpers, and shirks on the pension-roll. Comrades should pay no attention whatever to this clamor from outsiders and discountenance it among themselves. It has little basis in truth, and conveys a prejudiced view of the constitution of the Army which put down the rebellion. While the ninety-day men did their share, they were relatively very few at that time and are quite as few to-day. This is not a matter of mere assertion, but is strongly supported by the actual figures. Some time ago Commissioner Davenport decided to

have the services of the pensioners as shown by his rolls collated and compared, and he was astonished at the result, as all other students of statistics are. We have all of us become more or less affected by these exaggerated reports. At that time there were 541,739 pensioners on the rolls, and the services of those men were as follows:

	<i>Percentage.</i>	<i>Number.</i>
Served 4 years or more....."	.042	22,753
Served 3 years and less than 4 years ..	.203	109,973
Served 2 years and less than 3 years ..	.221	119,724
Served 1 year and less than 2 years ..	.244	132,185
Served 6 months and less than 1 year.....	.203	109,973
Served 3 months and less than 6 months084	45,506
Served 1 month and less than 3 months003	1,625

541,739

"A study of this table will be very interesting to everyone. From this it would appear that the entire number of men who served less than six months was only 45,506, or less than one in eight of the whole. One man out of every five served less than a year, and one man out of every four served less than two years. About the same proportions served less than three years and less than four years. Therefore, this blathering about the three-months men is concentrating all the attention upon one man to the exclusion of consideration of the seven men who rendered much longer service and bore a heavy portion of the war."

A GRAY TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

HENRY WATTERSON MADE THE SPEECH OF PRESENTATION OF
THE STATUE IN THE STATE CAPITOL OF KENTUCKY,
ON NOVEMBER 8, 1911.

While the President of the United States and a large assemblage of people, including many of those who wore the gray in the conflict between the North and the South, looked on, an heroic bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled in the Capitol building.

"Proof of a reunited country," said Governor Willson, of Kentucky, in accepting the statue on behalf of the State, is made evident in the selection of Henry Watterson, a Confederate soldier, to present this image of the great President to the people of his native State. The greatness and the goodness, the nobility and the sweetness of Abraham Lincoln are recognized as earnestly by those who wore the gray as by those who wore the blue." The unveiling of the Lincoln statue in the rotunda in the Kentucky Capitol preceded the dedication of the Lincoln Monument at Hodgenville, Ky., by a day. Many of those who came from distant States to Frankfort to attend the exercises continued their journey to Hodgenville.

Near there is the Lincoln farm, where the cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born is now preserved in a monumental structure, recently completed. It was the dedication of this memorial which brought President Taft and others of note to Hodgenville.

HENRY WATTERSON ON LINCOLN.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES ADDED TO THE INTEREST OF THE
EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

[Frankfort, Ky., November 8, 1911.]

Henry Watterson, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, delivered an address on Abraham Lincoln at the unveiling of the Lincoln Memorial. Mr. Watterson's oration was devoted mainly to the personality, the origin and spiritual life and character of Abraham Lincoln. He gave a minute account of the Lincoln and Hanks families, derived from documentary evidence; disproved the falsehoods touching Lincoln's birth, and traced his noble qualities of head and heart to his mother. In concluding this passage he said:

"To-morrow there will assemble in a little clearing of the wildwood of Kentucky a goodly company. The President and the Chief Justice and the rest will gather about a lowly cabin to consecrate a shrine. Of him that was born there the final earthly word was spoken long ago; but, Mother of God, shall that throng pass down the hillside and away without looking into the heaven above in unutterable love and homage with the thought of a spirit there which knew in this world naught of splendor and power and fame; whose sad lot it was to live and die in obscurity, struggle, almost in penury and squalor; whose tragic fate it was, after she had lain half a lifetime in her humble, unmarked grave, to be pursued by the deepest, darkest calumny that can attach itself to the name of woman; the hapless, the fair-haired Nancy Hanks?

"No falser, fouler story ever gained currency than that

which impeaches the character of the mother of Abraham Lincoln. It had never any foundation whatsoever. Every known fact flatly contradicts it. Every aspect of circumstantial evidence stamps it a preposterous lie.

"It offends the soul of a brave and just manhood, it should arouse in the heart of every true woman a sense of wrong that so much as a shadow should rest upon the memory of the little cabin in which Nancy Lincoln gave to the world an immortal son, born in clean, unchallenged wedlock, no thought of taint or shame anywhere."

Mr. Watterson told the story of Lincoln's friendship with Joshua Fry Speed, an uncle of the donor of the statue, in the early days at Springfield, Ill. He added:

"It is of record that he stood closer to Joshua Fry Speed than to any other. The ties of early manhood between the two were never broken. To the end Lincoln could turn to Speed, certain to get the truth, equally sure of sound counsel and unselfish fidelity."

Mr. Watterson told a graphic story of the coming of Lincoln to Washington and his first inauguration. His narrative took the form of a personal reminiscence.

"I was engaged by Mr. Gobright, the general manager of the Associated Press in the national capital," said he, "to assist him and Maj. Ben Perley Poore, a widely known newspaper correspondent of those days, with their report of the inaugural ceremonies of the 4th of March, 1861. The newly elected President had arrived in Washington ten days before—to be exact, the morning of the 23d of February. It was a Saturday. That same afternoon he came to the Capitol escorted by Mr. Seward, and being on the floor of the House, I saw him for the first time and was, indeed, presented to him.

"Early in the morning of the 4th of March I discovered, thrust into the keyhole of my bedroom a slip of paper which read: 'For Inaugural Address see Col. Ward H. Lamon.' Who was 'Col. Ward H. Lamon'? I had never heard of him. The city was crowded with strangers. To find one of them

was to look for a needle in a haystack. I went directly to Willard's Hotel. As I passed through the long corridor of the second floor, spliced with little dark entryways, to the apartments facing on Pennsylvania Avenue, I saw through a half-opened door Mr. Lincoln himself pacing to and fro, apparently reading a manuscript. I went straight in. He was alone, and, as he turned and met me, he extended his hand, called my name, and said: 'What can I do for you?' I told him my errand and dilemma, showing him the brief memorandum. 'Why,' said he, 'you have come to the right shop; Lamon is in the next room. I will take you to him, and he will fix you all right.' No sooner said than done, and supplied with the press copy of the inaugural address, I gratefully and gleefully took my leave.

"Two hours later I found myself in the Senate chamber, witnessing there the oath of office administered to Vice-President-elect Hannibal Hamlin. Thence I followed the cortege through the long passageway and across the rotunda to the east portico, where a temporary wooden platform had been erected, keeping close to Mr. Lincoln.

"He was tall and ungainly, wearing a black suit, a black tie and a black silk hat. He carried a gold- or a silver-headed walking-cane. As we came out into the open and upon the provisional stand, where there was a table containing a Bible, a pitcher and a glass of water, he drew from his breast pocket the manuscript I had seen him reading at the hotel, laid this before him, placing the cane upon it as a paper-weight, removed from their leathern case his steel-rimmed spectacles, and raised his hand—he was exceedingly deliberate and composed—to remove his hat. As he did so, I lifted my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, who stood at my side, reached over my arm, took the hat, and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address, which followed.

"His self-possession was perfect. Dignity herself could not have been more unexcited. His voice was a little high-pitched, but resonant, quite reaching the outer fringes of the

vast crowd in front; his expression serious to the point of gravity; not a scintillation of humor. In spite of the campaign pictures, I was prepared to expect much. Judge Douglas had said to me upon his return to Washington after the famous campaign of 1858 for the Illinois senatorship, from which the Little Giant had come off victor: 'He is the greatest debater I have ever met, either here or anywhere else.'

"To me the address meant war. As the crowd upon the portico dispersed back into the Capitol, I found myself wedged in between John Bell of Tennessee and Reverdy Johnson of Maryland. Each took me by an arm and we sat down upon a bench just outside the rotunda. They were very optimistic. No, there would be no war, no fight; all the troubles would be tided over; the Union still was safe. I was but a boy, just one and twenty. They were the two most intellectual and renowned of the surviving Whig leaders of the school of Clay and Webster, one of them just defeated for President in the preceding election. Their talk puzzled me greatly, for to my mind there seemed no escape from the armed collision of the sections—secession already accomplished and a Confederate government actually established.

"There is in youth a prophetic instinct which grows duller with advancing years. As I look behind me, I not only bear this in mind, illustrated by the converse of those two veteran statesmen that day in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, but I feel it and realize [it, so that I am much less confident, with a lifetime of experience to guide me, than I was when, buoyed by the ignorance and bravery, but also the inspiration of youth, the problems ahead read plain and clear as out of an open book.

"The duty Lincoln had been commissioned to do was to save the Union. With an overwhelming majority of the people the institution of African slavery was not an issue. In his homely, enlightened way, Lincoln declared that if he could preserve the Union with slavery, he would do it, or, without slavery, he would do it, or, with some free and others slaves,

he would do that. The Proclamation of Emancipation was a war measure purely. He knew he had no constitutional warrant, and, true to his oath of office, he held back as long as he could; but so clear-sighted was his sense of justice, so empty his heart of rancor, that he wished and sought to qualify the rigor of the act by some measure of restitution, and so prepared the Joint Resolution to be passed by Congress appropriating 400 million dollars for the purpose, which still stands in his own handwriting.

"He was himself a Southern man. All his people were Southerners. 'If slavery be not wrong,' he said, 'nothing is wrong,' echoing in this the opinion of most of the Virginia gentlemen of the Eighteenth Century and voicing the sentiments of thousands of brave men who wore the Confederate gray. Not less than the North, therefore, has the South reason to canonize Lincoln; for he was the one friend we had at court—aside from Grant and Sherman—when friends were most in need.

"If Lincoln had lived, there would have been no era of reconstruction, with its mistaken theories, repressive agencies and oppressive legislation. If Lincoln had lived, there would have been wanting to the extremism of the time the bloody cue of his taking off to mount the steeds and spur the flanks of vengeance. For Lincoln entertained, with respect to the rehabilitation of the Union, the single wish that the Southern States—to use his homely phraseology—'should come back home and behave themselves'; and if he had lived, he would have made this wish effectual, as he made everything effectual to which he seriously addressed himself. Poor, insane John Wilkes Booth! Was he, too, an instrument in the hands of God to put a still deeper damnation upon the taking off of the Confederacy and to sink the Southern people yet lower in the abyss of affliction and humiliation the living Lincoln had spared us?

"Tragedy walks hand in hand with History, and the eyes of Glory are wet with tears—'with malice toward none, with

charity for all'—since Christ said: 'Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God,' has the heart of man, stirred to its depths by human exigency, delivered a message so sublime? Irresistibly the mind recurs to that other martyr of the ages, whom not alone in the circumstances of obscure birth and tragic death, but in those of simple living and childlike faith, Lincoln so closely resembled. Yon lowly cabin which is to be officially dedicated on the morrow may well be likened to the manger of Bethlehem, the boy that went thence to a god-like destiny, to the Son of God, the Father Almighty of him and of us all. For whence his prompting except from God?"

Mr. Watterson paid a tribute to President Taft and concluded with a stirring peroration, in which he said:

"'Let us here highly resolve,' the words still ring like a trumpet-call from that green-grown hillside of Gettysburg dotted with the graves of heroes, 'that these men shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.' Repeat we the declaration. As we gather about this effigy in bronze and marble in this the Capitol of Kentucky, of Kentucky, the most world-famous among the States of America, whose birthright carries with it a universal and unchallenged badge of honor; of Kentucky, which gave to the longest and bloodiest of modern wars both its chieftains, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, and to each of the contending armies a quota of fighting men larger than was contributed by any other State singly to either Army; of that Kentucky whose Clay, antedating Lincoln in the arts of conciliation and eloquence, tried to effect and did for a time effect by compromise what Lincoln could only compass by the sword, and whose Crittenden was last seriously to invoke the spirit of fraternity and peace; of our own Kentucky, 'dark and bloody ground' of the savage, beloved home of all that we hold generous and valiant in man, graceful and lovely in woman, wherein

when the battle was ended the war was over, and, once a Kentuckian always a Kentuckian, the Federal and the Confederate were brothers again—let us, here, whether we call ourselves Democrats or Republicans, renew our allegiance to the Constitution of the Republic and the perpetuity of the Union."



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